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The
DISTANT PRIZE

A BOOK ABOUT ROVERS,
RANGERS AND RASCALS

By Charles J. Finger



Decorations by Henry Pitz

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY
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To these, who also seek the Distant Prize,

JAKE OMANSKY

WILBUR MACEY STONE

A. B. CALDER

and who are men of unconquerable optimism

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THE DISTANT PRIZE

CHAPTER I

WHEN a boy, the sort that pored over maps and traced imaginary voyages up rivers, and, spread flat on the grass, imagined the clouds as ice fields and the sky as open sea water on which my ship sailed into dangerous straits, I chanced, one happy day, on Jules Verne's *Voyage Round the World*. It held me as no book had done before, especially when the wanderers came to Patagonia where they were guided over the Andes by a tall native, very clever with his gun, sure of hand and quick of eye, who, in whatever danger that befell, was never overshadowed by doubts or anxieties.

I had, much earlier, decided to find Lilliput and its diminutive race of men, and the world took on a certain grayness, for a time, when I discovered that no such land existed. But there could be no mistake about Patagonia, which, on my map, was marked with the word *Unexplored*. Thenceforth, I went through the long years of youth with a very definite ambition. I submitted to the discipline of the schoolroom because there was a finer and freer life awaiting me. Ceremonials of the daily life were but as shadows through which I must pass, as others had passed who presently achieved; then I would set foot where none had trod. Some day I would see far horizons, and know what the world had to give, and see a brighter sun and bluer skies; and would be alone where sea gulls cried and beat their curving wings. For somewhere, far away, life would be neither fruitless nor dreary, and each new day would be an added joy, and struggle and effort would bring things fine and new.

The day came when I broke away from enmeshing circumstances. I saw new places—enchanted islands at Cape Verde, and those other islands where Carthaginian Hanno first set foot, and the dismal country of the Senegal, and lonely Tristan d'Achuna, and Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego. In those days it was not easy as now to get to such places. I saw much, experienced much, enjoyed much. Things unpleasant and vexing befell me,

but left no mark of disappointment, for the world became, as new horizons opened, more rich and wonderful than I had dreamed. But one thing that I found strange, impressed me. No matter where I set foot, I met or heard of men who knew every foot of the way. In a lonely valley in the Andes I found a man who had been there many years. In the middle of Tierra del Fuego I encountered a Norwegian who told me that he was then entering on his twentieth year's residence there. At Ooshia-ya, the most southerly settlement in the world, lived a man named Bridges, who told me a strange tale of his predecessor. A Scot from the Hebrides had made a home on one of the islands in the Chiloé archipelago, and sometimes played the bagpipes to the natives. He it was who told me that Charles Darwin, being near there in the *Beagle*, encountered a little band of wandering white men. When I expressed surprise he said, "Some day some one'll find the North Pole, an' there'll be a Hielander livin' up there." He referred to the subject of adventurous pilgrims again, later that day, telling me of an Indian, a Navajo, he had seen and spoken to in Canada, many years before, who told of adventures in Borneo; then he ended by saying, "Some one ought to write a book about wanderin' hard cases."

Now as to the Navajo in Canada who had been to Borneo, while the tale had a queer ring about

it, I found it true, two summers ago. For, being in Tuba City, Arizona, I heard of Come-back Charlie who was accounted a liar by white men and Indians. (Come-back Charlie died last year, and his name is likely to be forgotten.) But it is certain that he had been in Africa, in Borneo, in Malaysia, and in India. His years were many when I saw him, his hair was white, and he was totally blind; but he lived alone in his hogan and found his way about—from house to spring, and from house to woodpile—by an arrangement of wires, for much adventure and experience had made him self-sufficient. As for those experiences, the accounting is simple. He had been one of those gathered in at Fort Sumner, a boy aged eleven then, and an English sportsman named Captain Day adopted him. With Day he went on hunting trips to Africa, Borneo and elsewhere, so saw marvels which he stored in his mind. The sportsman, after a lengthy stay in London, went to Canada to shoot moose and there died without making any disposition for his Indian attendant. So Charlie set his face south and made his way to his native Arizona where he told his tale, found his words doubted, so withdrew into himself.

As for the Scot's desire for a book—well, there is this! To be sure there are many volumes dealing with rascals, rovers and rangers, and this is not intended to increase the number. Rather my

purpose is to exhibit a few men of derring-do whose efforts and adventures sometimes resulted in the widening of national boundaries, sometimes advancing civilization in other ways; but such men did not consciously bend their efforts to that end. They sought, indeed, some distant prize, sometimes with a curious degree of recklessness, and they often marched (as Thoreau said) to music inaudible to other men's ears. At any rate they avoided colorless monotony in their lives, and occasionally their efforts led to unforeseen and important results.

Consider some of those men. You may have read about Dr. Thomas Dover, M.D., Cambridge, who, after taking his degree, found himself regarding with distaste the dreams and aspirations of his fellow students. So he shipped with Captain Woodes Rogers on a piratical cruise, helped to take the *Acapulca* with its booty of \$6,000,000, assisted in rescuing Alexander Selkirk from his lone island, commanded a pirate ship of his own and sacked Guya Guayaquil; then he gave up piracy, became a fashionable doctor in London, and wrote a book or two on medicine. Or there is Hiuen-Tsaing, the Buddhist monk who, in the 600's, left the peace of a convent to trudge through deserts of shifting sands, to climb snow-clad mountains, to know hardships, and who suffered humiliations at the hands of brigands; then he re-

turned to the simplicity of convent life. And what of Batuta, who, burning with some imprisoned fire, left his comfortable valley and set forth on what proved to be a twenty-five-year journey that led him to Peking in the 1300's, and to many places besides, and keeping on and on in spite of wretchedness of circumstances, and the enervating favor of kings? Or there is the Bolognese, Varthema, who fled from a serene and fairly prosperous life, who abjured country and religion that he might see Mecca and Medina, who faced peril by land and sea, who lived the miserable life of the pagans of Narsinga, who knew prison, who knew, too, the favor of princesses, who refused wealth and position—all that he might "see how places were." But we shall meet many whose deeds were no less remarkable.

Such men profited not at all because of the way they followed. Neither influence nor fame came to them, nor did they seek either. The enrichment of the world that resulted from their adventures—new lands opened, new rivers found on which cities were built in time—they did not live to see; indeed, when men came to occupy, and to plow, and to plant and reap, the discoverers often fled farther afield. The wrongful usage they sometimes experienced brought them no sympathy. What, then, was the prize they sought?

Perhaps there is no answer to that question. Cer-

tainly we must reject the assertion so frequently made—that those who leave the ways of civilized life are merely flying from narrow and petty things; for the rover's life, too, is made up of narrow and petty things, even as a journey is made up of inches. Yet there is a Distant Prize, though not the same one for all men. For some it is enough that they grapple with life at first-hand. For others there is the delight of new scenes. This one seeks to experience a swift interchange of sensations. That one would recapture the zest of childhood when everything is strange and interesting, with each new day bringing a fresh wonder. Another had a burning desire to know what lies over the mountain and beyond the river. But all seek fullness of life. That seems to be the Distant Prize.

Such a purpose, dimly apprehended perhaps, might have moved that old-time rover whose remains I saw unearthed a few days ago in the Arkansas valley. Long before white men built a civilized order on this continent, that primitive man went forth to see and to adventure among strange peoples. The copper ornament that he wore, a thin plate a few inches square fastened in such way about his head as to hang on his forehead, may be taken as evidence that he came from the north. The stone pipe that he smoked must have seemed a wonderful thing to those he visited, and among whom he died. We can picture his

coming into the Arkansas River valley carrying his earthen pot by a hide handle, the receptacle in which he carried his fire. What curiosity would be manifested on both sides—the rover interested in the woven grass clothes worn by the people of the valley, in their ways, in their ornaments of mother-of-pearl and of small pierced stones which they wore as necklaces, in their rudimentary corn growing, in their bluff shelters; and the people interested in the stranger; where he came from, in his pipe-smoking, in his copper ornament, in his quiver of arrows made of unfamiliar stone. What attempts there would be at understanding, and what eager delight because of a word now and then which visitor and visited had in common, and what vast interest, too, on the part of quiet and prosaic people in the valley who never went far afield! But it is not safe to speculate too much, and still less will it do to theorize on insufficient data, for that way danger lies.

Which reminds me of a story of unwise theorizing which is to the point: Nor far from where I live is a heap of weed-grown debris, and because of it a story grew to the effect that a band of wanderers came south long ago and fortified themselves, as the Romans did in Britain. For some irresponsible liar started a tale that it marked an ancient battle-ground. At least at first he said, "It may have been," when questioned, he not being

of the intellectually brave sort to confess his ignorance. But presently, emboldened, he said, "Most probably it was a battle-ground." Then he passed into assertion, saying, "It was here that a battle was fought and the defenders entrenched themselves." So the baseless tale gained credence. Soon, because of that reflex egoism which people call "local pride," and make themselves believe that their particular corner of the world was especially favored by the gods, repeating all sorts of tales and stories by way of imagined proof but never verifying, the legend grew and threatened to become history. Then came a stranger with a camera who took pictures of the debris and published them in a newspaper; also he wrote an article about the ruins, theorizing with great gusto, and quoting the aforesaid irresponsible liar. Next, the Boosters' Club printed the tale as authentic history, in a leaflet, and persuaded tourists to go out of their way to look at the ruin by putting up a sign-board; and then a local character took possession of the place and showed unhappy tourists rudimentary parapets, ditches, bastions and ravelins. He also sold them colored postcards with a picture of the place. But one day an earnest young amateur archeologist, not so much doubting as working in a spirit of independent verification, labored manfully in a blazing sun with pick and shovel, until, his suspicions aroused with good cause, he

thought it proper to examine old records in the neighboring court-house. They proved, beyond a doubt, that the alleged ancient fort was nothing but an abandoned brick yard.

Such baseless assertions are numerous. They have been hung around both heroes and rascals. Because of them, and because of the pernicious activity of hero-worshippers, mild-mannered men who would regard Pretty Boy Floyd, and Dillinger, and Wild Bill with grave suspicion if they lived in the neighborhood where those gunmen were active, are placing them in the gallery of heroic figures. For if you add cant to crime and put in a strong dash of sentimentality, you come near to making a hero, even to deifying a rascal.

We were talking of such matters—this young archeologist and I, with a third man—as we sat by the river near where we found the skeleton, and the third man, speaking of rovers, said, “Maybe the first American adventurer of whom we know something, though mighty little, might have seen Julius Cæsar.”

I looked at the speaker sharply, suspecting him of joking, but saw that he was quite serious. There he sat in perfect self-assurance, cleaning his pipe, apparently unaware that he had said anything likely to startle his hearers.

“Because,” he went on, “I remember reading in Pliny that Metullus Celer, when Proconsul of

Gaul, was presented by the king of Boetii with three or four red men who had landed in a canoe on the German coast. It happened somewhere about 55 B. C., and Pliny repeated the tale, which was first told by Pomponius Mela. Humboldt discussed the matter in his book on North America."

"Red men? North American Indians?" said I.

The third man shrugged his shoulders, then said, "One doesn't repudiate inconvenient facts."

"You mean you believe it?" asked the young archeologist.

"I mean I wouldn't deny it," answered the man. "I wouldn't refuse to believe it. What is being done could have been done."

His attitude was thoughtful as he filled his pipe.

"There are other recorded instances, perhaps not easily verifiable, but still—" he went on, then stopped in mid-sentence to light his pipe.

We waited, expectantly.

"I came across one in Bembo's *History of Venice*, a sixteenth-century book," he went on. "To be exact, it was 1530 when it appeared. In it is an account of a French vessel sailing the English coast, in 1508, and how the crew saw 'a boatload of American Indians.'"

"Food?" said the archeologist. "What would they live on?"

"That's the point, to be sure," said the third man. "But if a canoe could cross the Atlantic in

1508, it could do so a thousand years earlier. You've got to admit that."

"There's human endurance," said I.

"Exactly," admitted the third man. "But we'll keep in mind how Robert Machin made somewhat of a journey in the 1300's when his little boat was blown off the English coast, and he landed on the island of Madeira, discovering it. That's pretty well authenticated. If you lengthen Machin's journey by a third, you get a distance equal to that between Ireland and St. John's, Newfoundland. I'm thinking of food and endurance, of human possibility. . . . Yes. Now I think of it there's another account of an ocean crossing. Wallace mentions it in his *Account of the Island of Orkney*. An Eskimo canoe found on the beach on the island of Eda in the year 1662, was hung in the church, but whether the Eskimo was in it or not I don't know. I mean when it landed."

I remember that we discussed the instances and wondered why such extraordinary voyages were forgotten, until the archeologist said that the public memory was curiously unsure. People had forgotten, he said in that peculiarly modest way of his, that there was a president of the United States before Washington's election, John Hanson of Maryland. "Or," said he, "ask ten men caught at random, who made the first transatlantic flight in an airplane, and the answer will be, in nine cases,

Charles Lindbergh. The tenth man may remember that, eight years before Lindbergh's flight, Brown and Allcock flew across in an old-fashioned plane, without adequate instruments, and were awarded the \$50,000 prize offered by the *Daily Mail*."

The third man wrenched the talk back to the original subject saying that at any rate there were reasons for believing there was something in the evidence, something to give grounds for the belief that a transatlantic voyage in an open boat was possible, and ended by expressing a wish that there were modern and verifiable records.

"There I'm with you," said I.

Presently, in the astonishing way in which one happens to come across references to something in which one is interested, a newspaper clipping here, something told elsewhere, a quite unexpected reference in another place, modern instances of men who made transatlantic voyages in little boats began to come my way. There was Alfred Johnson who, on June 15th, 1876, started from New York in a twenty-foot rowboat and landed at Abercastle, in Wales, on August 11th. In 1881, two American sailors rowed across the Atlantic in a fourteen-foot boat, and arrived at Falmouth, in England, on August 24th. Again, in 1890, two New England sea-dogs, Captain W. A. Andrews and Josiah Lawlor, each in a fourteen-foot dory, started from Boston on a race across the Atlantic. Andrews landed

in Cornwall, but Josiah Lawlor was overturned in mid-Atlantic, though, luckily, a westbound steamer picked him up. Not to be outdone, Lawlor made another try in a smaller boat in 1911 and crossed safely to Spain. Another instance came in, sent by an indefatigable collector of facts in Boston, named Keddie. It told how, in 1896, Harbro and Samuelson rowed in a sixteen-foot boat from New York to the Scilly Isles in fifty-five days. A postcard from Keddie gave another instance of two men who started from Boston in a nineteen-foot rowboat in 1903 and made the passage to Gibraltar in a hundred days. And, to end the list, a canoeist told me of a German captain who made his lone way in an opposite direction, going from Bremen to the Azores, then on to New York, breaking the long-distance canoe record.

So the possibility of a transatlantic voyage in an open boat seems well enough established, and doubters are thrown back on the possibility of men existing on short commons, and on human endurance. Certainly long ago, as now, men were skilled in the management of water craft; and dullness, monotony, fear, fatigue, determination and energy moved men in the dawn of history as they move us. But the question of food was the rock on which we stuck. Yet there are many cases of adventurers in strange fields whose accomplishments were paraded, and who marched forward, as it

were, with banners and trumpets to proclaim their powers of abstinence, which seems a melancholy way to gain delight. There is no need to go to the far-off case of Cicely Ridgeway, who in 1457 ate nothing for forty days rather than plead guilty of murdering her husband—an early instance of both the hunger strike and the third degree. For there is the well-authenticated instance of Dr. Tanner of New York, who, doubting the statement that life could be supported only from eight to ten days without food, started to test for himself and ate nothing from June 28th to August 1st, 1880. It is hard to understand the rapturous emotion of the Italian Merlatti who burned to outdo Tanner, but, undertaking the task of breaking the established record, he went without food, taking nothing but water for fifty days, in 1896, and at the end of the experiment was proclaimed to be “in good health but emaciated.”

But such experimental cases hardly prove anything where the purpose of this book is concerned, for rovers and adventurers did prodigious deeds while they went on short commons. Yet it was due to a recognition that men have been able to abstain from food for long periods of time that the court, in the case of the wreck of the *Mignonette*, declared that both Captain Dudley and his first mate Edward Stephens were guilty of murder when they killed the boy Richard Parker for food

in 1884, after they had been in an open boat for twenty days. For similar reasons the Donner party, of which we shall read later, was condemned for their act of cannibalism in the mountains when they tried the trail to California. The deed was regarded with proper horror, as weakness, or cowardice, or both.

But consider a case or two of men fighting through to a goal on very short commons. We pass over that mad expedition of Cambyzes who set out with his army to attack the Ammonians, and pushed southward without proper preparation, and with sad results. For "before the army had traveled over one-fifth of the journey, all the grain food which they had with them ran out, and after that the yoked beasts were eaten and failed them . . . the soldiers, so long as they could get anything from the earth, lived on grassy plants. When they came to the sand, some of them wrought a fearful thing; in tens they chose by lot from themselves one man and ate him."

Holding fast to instances on this North American continent we have that classic instance of the march of Benedict Arnold and Daniel Morgan through the wilderness of Maine, their men in such straits that they killed and ate their pet dogs. We glance more particularly at Sir John Franklin in the Polar Sea, for there is a tale to ponder! For months they struggled forward, supporting exist-

ence on mosses, counting it a rare treat to come upon the bones of a deer long dead, which they could grind to powder and eat mixed with snow. Nevertheless they fought on until "the whole party ate the remains of their shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they could find," the men so weak that they could not carry their tent and were forced to abandon it—yet they refused to collapse in despair though a good day's journey was only six miles. And they came through triumphantly after journeying more than fifty-five hundred miles.

But take the case of the Bathurst Inlet Patrol.

On the fifth day of June, 1912, two white men appeared on the shores of the Arctic and fraternized with a party of Eskimos. They were R. V. Radford, a man of considerable experience in travel in the wilds, who had collected for the U. S. Biological Society of Washington, D. C.; and a young Canadian named T. G. Street, of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Radford, it would appear, was a man somewhat inclined to regard those not of his own race in light esteem, and to treat them as inferiors—a dangerous habit born of ignorance and of prejudice. When the natives refused to obey him and guide him to a distant place, though there was very little reason why they should do so since the reward he offered could not weigh against their wishes and ideas of conduct, Radford beat some of them with the

handle of his whip. After that there were confused happenings: Radford and a couple of natives in angry struggle, other natives running, Street running to the rescue of Radford, shouting as he ran. Street, it seems, had already started with his sled, but hearing the noise left his dogs, to return and do what he could. In the end both Radford and Street lay on the ice, stabbed and dying. It was, the explorer Dellenbaugh told me, the only case on record of Eskimos killing white men. And it means something that the natives did sad offices for the dead men, putting their bodies away decently; nor did they keep any of the white men's possessions.

When, after many months, the news of the tragedy reached Halifax, the Northwest Mounted Police officials planned an investigation but not a punitive expedition. What with many untoward circumstances including the wreck of a Hudson's Bay Company schooner which had started with an investigation party on board, and what with other untoward circumstances, it was not until March 21st, 1917, that the investigating party started on the long trail with twenty-five dogs. The party consisted of Inspector French, Sergeant-Major Caulkin, three men natives and one woman. By April 10th they were in strange country, barren and rocky, delayed by frequent blizzards, and by fog, and were traveling by compass. One remark made

in the report serves to give some notion of how things were with them. From a party of natives they "procured a native stone lamp and some blubber, but this method of cooking was so slow that after several attempts to boil a kettle, consisting of an all-night vigil, we eventually abandoned the lamp and found small twigs . . . sufficient to make a small fire." That was on May 15th, and the natives were Killin-e-muits who had been concerned in the murder of Radford and Street. So they took the required depositions, talked to the natives about the necessity for law and order, then prepared for the return journey, after trading for fish as dog-food, since they were entirely out of meat. But they visited the island of Kwog-jog, the place of the tragedy, and took notes. The upshot of the investigation tended to show that Radford had "used very little discretion or judgment in handling natives when trying to obtain their services," even threatening to shoot them because they would not accompany him to desired points.

Having done what they set out to do, they turned on the homebound trail, and one is dismayed to remember in what stress they were. By May 18th they were going on two meals of half-raw deer meat each day, with from fourteen to sixteen hours' traveling between meals on ice bare and jagged that cut the dogs' feet so that the majority were lame. So it became necessary to make sealskin boots

for the dogs, "but the ice was so sharp that they would wear out a pair in one night, as was also the case with our own footwear."

On May 21st they had reached the southern end of Bathurst Inlet and were going over ice above which ran fifteen inches of water, and there they met a party of natives who told them of a frozen-in ship off the Arctic coast, nine days away to the west. That came as welcome news, since provisions were down to almost nothing, and ammunition too; so they headed in the direction of the ship. There were days when travel was impossible on account of snow, and days when a thick layer of snow on rotten ice made it dangerous to travel. Then—it strains the imagination—they came across a lone Scandinavian on Tree River by the name of Albin Kihlman, who was engaged in trapping. One struggles with deep problems, thinking of that daring adventurer.

After a hearty meal with him of grizzly bear which made them all very sick, they went on and on June 8th arrived at the ice-bound schooner, the *Teddy Bear*. But there they gained little help, for the schooner was short of provisions. However, Captain Barnard did what he could, and told them of a Hudson's Bay Company post at Barnard Harbor; so after two days' rest on the schooner they started off again over sea ice that showed signs of breaking up, and on June 13th they reached the

lonely outpost where the manager, Mr. Phillips, who had but very few supplies, shared with them.

"Most of us," runs the report, "were continually frozen about the face and hands, and with regard to snow blindness we were suffering from this more or less during the whole journey." They were "in very poor shape as regards health."

But consider the distance they had traveled, and the return journey had to be planned!

Over routes	1835	miles
Deer hunting	284	"
Seal hunting	114	"
Looking for native camps	250	"
	<hr/>	
	2483	"

On September 4th, 1917, they were at the mouth of the Coppermine River, homeward bound, but with another mouth to feed, for they took with them the lone trapper of Tree River, because he had not sufficient supplies to see him through the winter. At the Coppermine they camped, waiting for the frosts to harden the marshes they would have to cross, and it was October 16th before they were able to continue their journey. But the first few days' travel were so difficult, what with thin ice, and rough and rocky lands between the marshes, that they made no more than eight miles each day. So they headed for the Arctic sea ice, but there things were only

slightly better and every yard had to be tested by a man who walked ahead of the teams and probed with a spear. All the while they kept a good look-out for deer. It was about the season when the herds would move southward over the ice from Victoria Island, and Inspector French intended to move south with the deer, that plan offering the only hope of securing food. On the last day of October the first herds crossed, and the men shot eleven head.

The middle of November found them at Bathurst Inlet again—there had been a discouraging number of detours—with provisions down to a low point and the dogs in poor condition because of short commons; but they had the luck to shoot five deer, so the dogs had a good feed. After that, going south along Bathurst Inlet, the way became heavy, and again they suffered from lack of food. Indeed their condition became perilous, and tragedy might have touched them had they not found, on November 22nd, a quantity of deer carcasses. A party of natives, long before, had speared the animals and taken only the skins; but wolves, wolverines and ravens had been busy for many a day. However the find was a lucky one, so they turned the dogs loose for awhile, the men chopped off such pieces of meat as seemed eatable, and next day the party proceeded on their way. The partly rotten meat had unpleasant effects on the men;

also there came out of the unknown, packs of wolves, dark brown and rangy, larger than timber wolves, which molested them day and night.

We see them, as December opens, with foot-gear in wretched condition, their clothing always wet and often frozen, the dogs not getting the meat they needed, but they pushed on, in forced marches, in the hope of locating a certain cache that had been established in 1915. To make better time, and to relieve the weakening dogs, they abandoned one sled. Now and then they saw deer but could not get near enough to make a hit, because "it was so calm and clear, and one could not avoid the deadly scrunch of feet on the snow which always alarmed the deer and put them to flight." One sad day they had to shoot five dogs to feed the others, and when that food was gone the dogs went a day without food, on which, at night, they stole a bag of deerskin clothing and devoured it. Five dogs were sacrificed also on December 22nd. Then, on Christmas day came a piece of good luck when two of the natives left the igloo to hunt, and returned soon with the news that they had come upon a herd of musk ox and killed twenty. So there they camped for a few days, eating and resting, and on the last day of the year Sergeant-Major Caulkin and one of the natives sallied forth to locate the cache, sixteen miles away. On the finding of that much depended.

Presently the search party returned with bad news. The cache had broken down, and wolves had done sad work biting through lard cans, tearing open and scattering sacks of flour, and spoiling what they had not eaten. Seventy pounds of flour, some condensed soup, a few pounds of tobacco and some candles were all that could be salvaged. Then came many days of weary tramping, many blizzards, heavy snow-drifts and heart-breaking detours with no food at all except a few mouthfuls of soup. But they struggled on, "feeling very groggy about the legs," and on January 26th, on the further side of Baker Lake, saw the smoke of the Hudson's Bay Company station. But such was the stress of weather that they could not go on, and were forced to camp in sight of the haven for twenty hours. The report ends with the bare statement that they rested at the station for one day, "thawed out a little," then went on. Then come four dozen words, closing the report, in which French testifies to the way in which his fellow voyagers "put their heart entirely in the trip and under the most trying circumstances always stood by me." Many a man has been far more verbose when testifying to his own courage in a dentist's chair.

One recovers from the shock of the tale to wonder at the endurance of which man is capable. But a recognition of that power of endurance is neces-

sary, otherwise one would balk, and refuse to believe much that should be readily accepted. Yet we can, at the best, know of the doings of a few men of enterprise. What endurances have there been on the part of many who set foot on unknown lands, ten thousand daring fools whose names we shall never know, whose deeds we shall never learn! Undaunted, they too dared the vast unknown. They, too, sought a Distant Prize.



CHAPTER II

HAIL, Eirik the Red! He seems to have been one of those who loved the vigorous, wholesome life for its own sake. We must see him as a hot-blooded young fellow, quick to quarrel, swift to act. With him it was first a word, then a blow. Akin in spirit he was to that bold Gunnbjorn who, blown from the coast of Iceland, handled his boat in most masterly way and came to new islands which he named Gunnbjorn Skerries. For Eirik, too, had sailed in unknown seas. One day, when still in Norway, he and his father Thorvald quarreled with a neighbor, and words led to fight, so the neighbor was slain, for the Thorvalds set no high value on human life when a principle lay involved. But others in the neighborhood did not

hold the Thorvalds free from blame, regarded them, indeed, as undesirable citizens; so the father and son launched their boat and set sail for Iceland, an island that had been first settled from Norway in the days of King Harald Haarfagre in the year 870.

For a time matters went smoothly enough for them in the new land, but one day when father and son were working on a mountainside they let, by some unhappy chance, many tons of earth and rock slide down on the house of an unfriendly neighbor named Valthjef, killing him. Thereupon friends of Valthjef made much objection, and Eirik, the power of mastery strong in him, used his battle ax to such effect that he cut down many men, and the rest fled in great fear. Before many days Eirik found himself outlawed by the community; whereupon he swore that he would find a land for himself where people could not annoy him, or cross him, even though he went to the islands discovered by Gunnbjorn where no men lived.

There were others in Iceland who were eager to adventure, companions of similar spirit who scorned to live cramped and restricted lives, men eager for experience. So Eirik launched his boat, and there were hands to help.

Westward they sailed into unknown seas, their boat gallantly meeting high crested rollers, and came, after many days, to a land of glaciers. They

turned south then, sailed on until they rounded a cape which we now call Farewell, and, sighting a pleasant island to which they gave the name Eiriksey, steered for it and landed there. And the year was 981.

Many daring voyages Eirik made alone and with companions exploring far north, once landing at a place he called Snaefell, the location of which we do not know, sailing along fiords, now and then returning to the settlement where his companions were. For three years he lived life on his own terms, then sailed back to Iceland. And so fine a tale he told of what he had seen in Greenland, so frank and pleasant a business was life in that new land he said, that presently twenty-five ships sailed back with him to the west, of which fourteen reached the desired haven. Other ships brought cattle, sheep, goats and horses; so a colony began to grow, which, at its height, numbered about two thousand people. And Eirik the Red, who had known so difficult a time obeying laws made by other men, got along very well indeed among these strong, combative, powerful colonists, the more because every man's freedom was limited only by the rights of others, and none dared encroach on his neighbor. Invasion was the only crime.

For a time the Vikings thought the land uninhabited, but presently "they found remnants of

human dwellings," says Ari Frodi, "stone weapons and fragments of boats," and the people represented by those remains they called Skraelings. The cattle thrive, fish were found in great abundance, fur-bearing animals were plentiful, and there was abundance of grass, flowers, berries and dwarf trees. The houses the settlers built were of stone and of considerable size, and of stone, too, were the stables and barns.

Especially is this to be noticed. Eirik, turbulent as he had been in his youth and in the old countries, considered it right and proper to establish a social organization, and to frame laws and appoint chieftains and assistants to see that those laws were enforced.

Now Eirik had three sons, Leif, Thorvald and Thorstein; all great explorers, all good sailors; all given to think bluntly and fiercely, and to act swiftly on decision. Of the three Leif was most daring. A day came, in the year 999, when he thought it would be well to visit Norway, the mother country, of which he had heard so much; but he scorned to follow the old route by way of Iceland; so, striking east along latitude 60° , he made the first officially recorded transoceanic voyage in the world's history, and came happily to port. A gallant sight the people found it, who swarmed on quays and walls, to see the weather-beaten ship

come in, the men from that strange land, brown as Indians, hardy and fierce, happy in the delight of triumph and success.

King Olaf Tryggvason, hearing the news, must needs have Leif in court to tell his tale, and the king listened gladly and closely, not alone for interest, but because he had something in mind. For the old Norse gods, mythic creatures given to war and slaughter, to noble deeds as well as foul (deeds which, nevertheless, had been told in fine poetic utterance), were now banished with all their allies, and Christianity was the religion of the land. Nothing would do for King Olaf but that Leif should go again to Greenland, taking priests and holy banners, to proclaim the new faith. So, in a double service, Leif sailed. But what with winds and cross currents, he missed the land he set out to find; though, doubtless, the disappointment sat not at all heavy on him, he being one to rejoice at new horizons. The land he did reach, finally, turned out to be congenial, with grassy meadows and flowing streams, with "self-sown wheat and grapevines, and a tree called *mesur*," and . . . "of all these things they took samples; some trees were so large that they used them for house-beams . . . and they also found some men on a wreck whom they rescued and took back to Greenland, wherefore men called him Leif the Lucky." Other roving spirits went to that land in the south, but

whether it could have been what is now Labrador, or the Gaspé Peninsula, or Maine, or Massachusetts, is a matter of doubt, and a subject for much, though fruitless, discussion. Nor were those lands touched again, as far as we know, until John Davis, in the year 1585, sailed into the strait which now bears his name, and thought himself the first discoverer. Of the colony (which returned to Iceland in the year 1006), Davis saw no trace, and it was almost forgotten of men until about the time I write this, when, Stefansson tells me, abundant evidences of occupancy are being unearthed, with tools, clothes, armor, weapons, and carved doorposts, finely preserved. There are, however, tribal memories surviving among the Eskimos of the meeting of Vikings and Skraelings, with an account of a battle which must have taken place, since the same (or a similar) battle is told of in Viking sagas.

Also there is this. Professor Oluf Opsjon, a student of Norse history, believes that he has discovered and translated Runic inscriptions on a lava rock not far from Seattle, and infers therefrom that a band of Norse Vikings crossed the continent from east to west in the year 1010, the band being thirty-one in number, twenty-four of whom were males. In a fight with Red Indians, Opsjon told the world, "twelve of the Norsemen were killed and the others escaped after two men had been captured. Six of the women were taken

prisoners while the woman with the baby in her arms was thrown from the boulder and killed. Later, six of the survivors returned to the spring and the scene of the battle. There they dug a grave near the rock and buried their dead, who had been stripped of everything they possessed. As to the burial mound, it is plainly visible."

Something of wonder fills one who contemplates the patient chronicler carving with care the record on the lava rock. But until further light guides us, we must hold judgment in suspense, and class the unknown Viking leader, and his journey, with Madoc and his Welsh colony which settled, tradition says, in Florida in the year 1169.

Fifty years before John Davis entered the strait that bears his name, a lad of twenty years of age had set out on an adventure that was to lead to much. His name was Cabeza de Vaca Nuñez, and he sailed from Spain under the command of Panfilo de Narvaez, with glory, adventure, and plunder in mind—especially plunder, since all sorts of stories were rife in Europe about gold and precious stones which were to be had, for the picking up, in the New World. As for Narvaez, he was like a shining light for many men, as he swaggered about the wine-shops of Valladolid, telling how he had lost his eye fighting against Cortez in the battle of

Campoala; but reminding careless ones that his remaining eye was good enough to pick out a place in an enemy's armor for his sword's point. So, being appointed governor of Florida in 1526 (Florida at that time meaning an unknown territory stretching west of the Atlantic), he had no trouble in getting men to join him. The word "men" is used somewhat loosely, since, in those vivid days, youth was given to follow a very lively inspiration. Some of those who went on Magellan's cruise, which took three years, were, when they returned, no more than fifteen years of age; the youngest was fourteen, the oldest forty-six. Almost everything that is great has been done by youth, runs an old saying.

Westward then Narvaez sailed, landed at Apalachee Bay, and started to march inland, with an eye open for palaces of gold, and diamond bedecked kings. But he found only Indians who showed a certain proficiency in agriculture, and who held certain ceremonies in their lodges having to do with sun-worship, but who seemed, to the Spaniards, creatures without even dawning intelligence, therefore subject to extinction. So came slayings, and retaliations. When Narvaez returned to Apalachee Bay, he found his ships burned and destroyed. Still, about difficulties resolute men care little or nothing, and Narvaez was famed for his resolution. Undaunted by disaster he built boats,

launched them on the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and sailed west. But a storm caught him near the Mississippi, and his boats were wrecked on a November night in the year 1528. Four men only escaped, and one of them was Cabeza de Vaca.

Romance mongers have done much to distort the tale of Cabeza de Vaca's wanderings, but to strip things down, then to measure distances on a map, is to be astonished at the man's great journey. For nearly six years he wandered with Indians in the Gulf region, then fell in with the three white men who had escaped when the boats were wrecked. Striking westward they crossed Texas, followed the Rio Grande from about its junction with the Conchos, crossed Chihuahua and came to the Rio Yaqui where they stayed awhile at an Indian village which they called Corazones, and there learned of the existence of Spanish settlements and sought them. Thus on April 1st, 1536, they met their own people at San Miguel.

Popular imagination has been stirred by the tale of De Vaca's wanderings, and once some one wrote a book in which wonder was expressed because of those years of "terrible privation." But privation does not enter into the case. Doubtless Cabeza de Vaca, his two white companions and the Negro Estevan, who comprised the party of four, were lean as harriers and tough as hickory when they entered San Miguel, fit, too, as trained ath-

letes. The country through which they had passed was a health-giving territory, game was plentiful, water fairly abundant since they held close to rivers and crossed watersheds by shortest routes, and the men were able to live off the country as easily as the Indians themselves. Besides, they would know that hospitality which the primitive man has nearly always accorded strangers.

We can imagine something of the general interest that the tale told by Cabeza de Vaca would awaken on his arrival at Mexico City. The conquerors of Mexico had by no means lost their thirst for gold and had heard tales of the seven cities of Cibola somewhere in the north. True, Cabeza de Vaca had not seen them, but he had crossed a vast territory and narrowly skirted them. Cortez, who burned to explore the northern lands, planned an expedition; but the Viceroy Mendoza forestalled him. He sent the Negro, Estevan, and Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan monk, northward to explore, so the two left San Miguel in March, 1539. In the way of executives the world over, the monk sent his representative, Estevan, ahead when they were well started, that he might act as a news gathering machine, and when the Negro reported, the information was that the Seven Cities of Cibola were indeed almost at hand, so forward in search of the prize Marcos de Niza went. He reached the Zuni pueblos in western New Mexico, persuaded him-

self that he had set eyes on the promised prize, then turned his face homeward to make report; but into the pueblos he did not go lest he should share the fate that had befallen Estevan who had been slain. It would seem that what Friar Marcos lacked in the way of accurate knowledge he made up for in imagination, for being returned to the Spanish settlements he gave his hearers glowing tales of the wealth of Cibola.

But practical results grew out of the monk's romancing, just as unforeseen and important results grew out of many another wild story, for Cortes, with the hope of getting vast treasure, Obregon says, organized an expedition by sea which sailed up the Gulf of California to the mouth of the Colorado River. Also Governor Coronado, in 1540, set out with six hundred armed men and many natives, a well-organized and well-managed expedition, that swept widely afield discovering the Grand Canyon, the Pecos River, and perhaps going as far as the southern boundary of Nebraska. That, however, is not an adventure falling within the compass of this book since we are to hold as well as may be to the acts of individuals playing a lone hand, more or less. Yet the line must be hard to draw.

But there were other outcomes of Cabeza de Vaca's adventure. Foremost among those who heard the tale of De Vaca's wanderings, in Spain,

was Hernando de Soto. Of him one thinks as a cheery, impulsive, exuberant sort of man; one of iron resolution, of strong desire, and belief in his own ability; willing to "undertake anything which the King felt strong enough to propose to him," and all the more readily if such proposition fell in with his own tastes and ambition. He had lived in the shadow of combat as a soldier with Pizarro in Peru. He had seen Atahualpa, and that dazzling mass of gold and silver which the Incas gathered to buy off the Spaniards. Having heard Cabeza de Vaca's tale, the double lure of gold and adventure fascinated him. It is true that Cabeza de Vaca brought back no gold, thereby disappointing the court and the church; but he had told of the Seven Cities of Cibola where, it was said, flashing gems were common as stones in Seville, and where houses were roofed with gold.

Hypnotized by the glitter of his imaginings, De Soto sought a commission. As always, there were political ramifications, which need not concern us; and there were court intrigues and jealousies; but, in the end, De Soto found himself, with the title of Adelantado, granted the kingly permission to raise a force of five hundred men, with arms, horses, munitions, and stores; and, further, he had the promise of a salary of fifteen hundred ducats a year, which were to be paid out of the profits of the conquest. De Soto, having been

given knighthood, the king's end of the enterprise was comfortably, if inexpensively, done. De Soto had met with opposition, it is true, but, as the saying is, "You may speak with gold and other tongues are dumb," and with gold he spoke. The end was that a great press of people, and soldiers with banners and trumpets, and children throwing flowers under marching feet, and twelve priests who were to accompany the expedition crowded the streets of Seville. Aboard the ships went 620 men, and horses for 223. Then the sails of the ships filled, loud guns roared, a course was set, and on May 25th, 1539, a new adventurer set foot on Florida's shores in Espiritu Santo Bay; strong to conquer, but with nothing very definite to attack; quite incapable of taking a rational view of things because of an expectation that looked for pomp and circumstance, and luxury and display.

But there was one in the company who could see plain, though his name we do not know, since he hid his identity under the pen name of "A Gentleman of Elvas" when he published his record. That record is often a sad one; of cruelty towards unarmed, or very inadequately armed, natives; of needless killings; of such barbarities as setting dogs to tear defenceless savages. It is well to reconcile the mind to fiendishness and say no more about it. "The Indians," he wrote, "lived in isolated villages and were as fierce and warlike as any in the

New World . . . and looked upon the horses as if they had been tigers, and feared them mightily." And well might they be "fierce," remembering what they had suffered. Yet there was the testimony of Cabeza de Vaca, who had said, when he came to know them better, that the average individual among the Indians was neither morally nor intellectually inferior to the average among his own people. Not in those words had he given his opinion, but his testimony was to that effect. Besides, the experiences of Cabeza de Vaca, and his companions three, testified to hospitality. Then there was the case of Juan Ortiz in which lies a strange tale.

You must picture the conquistadors making their way through a cypress-grown land, swampy, mosquito-infected; here and there black stagnant water, here and there putrid mud; occasionally coming upon Indian villages; full of resolution either to rule or to exterminate the inhabitants; one Spaniard telling another that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. You see the knights in their steel corselets, with much of their Spanish finery still hanging to them, picking a way for their horses with doubtful care, for equestrian dexterity did not count for very much in such a place. You see the gleam of steel between the tree trunks, where the footmen march in a long, snaky line. So occupied are the men, that they are not con-

scious of watching eyes, and of swiftly moving naked bodies, until a stone, hurled with great force by some practised slinger, strikes a soldier. Then comes a hurried gathering together of the invaders, and a skirmish which lasts a few minutes only, for the natives retreat to the cover of the woods. But one man, naked and painted and feathered like his fellows, stands flinging up his arms and shouting; then, when quiet falls on the Spaniards, they hear him begging for mercy, in the name of God and the Holy Virgin. One Spaniard steps forth to meet this strange native. There are explanations, and when they are finished, the invaders have something wonderful to talk about. For the stranger told how he had been with the Indians for eleven years, how his name was Juan Ortiz, and how he was of "good blood and an hidalgo" in his native land, and how he had been a member of the Narvaez party. Obviously, his presence in the flesh testified to something besides unadulterated viciousness in his hosts. Furthermore (and here is where the Spaniards had a key to much, had they seen fit to use it), Juan made a vigorous plea for his wild comrades, saying that they were misunderstood, and giving it as his opinion that a true zeal for civilization should not involve conquest and destruction. He testified that Indians, as well as white men, were capable of truthfulness, honesty, honor, fidelity, courage, and

self-respect; though it is also true that he told tales later of barbarities, or is reported to have told such tales. But there was evidence in his presence.

The outcome of that encounter was a meeting between invader and invaded, with the former assuring the latter that they came with clean hands and clear consciences; which being done, the great, paramount question came up—Where lay all that gold of which the world talked? How the invaders expected the Indians to know anything at all about gold, seeing that they did not use it, or how they expected the Indians to know of Spanish terms relating to distances, history does not say; but the notion got abroad that the chief had estimated that some thirty leagues separated them from the gold. Nor did the Spaniards as much as guess that the Indians of that territory were as foreign to the Indians of the gold-bearing lands, to Aztecs and Incas, as Spaniards were foreign to Chinese or natives of Siberia. Anyway there was the impression, perhaps with the Spaniards believing what they wished to believe. Perhaps wisdom (or experience) taught the Indians that it was well to build a golden bridge for the departure of an enemy; or perhaps the information was secured by those peculiar methods with which witch-hunters worked.

However that may be, De Soto and his men went west, to the great contentment of the Indians, nor is it possible to chart their course with anything ap-

proaching accuracy. The account given by the Gentleman of Elvas leaves us hazy as to geography. It is mainly a record of skirmishes, conversations held with chiefs, the taking and torturing of prisoners; of quite unnecessary cruelties, the occasional death of a Spaniard, sufferings from heat, and fever, and hunger; of the enslavement of natives, and the chaining and making of burden-bearers of them. Pretexts to justify wrongs inflicted are many, but there were no Indian captives who were able to parallel the experiences of Juan Ortiz, or of Cabeza de Vaca and his companions, telling a tale of hospitality to their fellows.

Were it not for the Gentleman of Elvas, who had a keen eye and used it, the De Soto tale of four years' wanderings would be a much less vivid one. We see the cavalry in endless difficulties in marsh land and forest; and it is easy to infer that De Soto became lax, or allowed his men to become lax, which amounts to the same thing. We see the invaders marching over vast tracts of land and counting it all useless, its inhabitants mere soulless barbarians. We see the Spaniards imbued with nothing except a lust for blood and gold, as tyrants using their giant strength to oppress. We see them steadily degenerating. On the other hand the Gentleman of Elvas tells of his astonishment at the cleverness of the Indians in basket weaving, and how they "fashioned garments like shawls,

some of them made from the bark of the trees, and others of a grass resembling nettle, which, by threading out, became like flax," and how the men wore a loin-cloth of deerskin. That information, so much at variance with fanciful pictures which have been made at various times, was, years later, verified by another observer, Adair, who reported of the Indians that "they make the handsomest clothes I ever saw. . . . They divide large swamp canes into thin narrow splinters, which they dye of various colors, and manage the workmanship so well, that both the outside and inside are covered with a variety of pleasing figures." These two statements, and other observations which were made later, destroy the fine web of theory which unscientific gentlemen with a bent for archeology have spun, by which they present a pretty tale of a vanished people, swept away by Siouan invasion, some branches of the vanished folk, in particular the pot-makers, coming variously from Asia by the Aleutian route, or from Mayan countries. Most strenuously have the theorists resisted the idea of indigenous culture, or even indigenous people, for some strange reason.

We see the De Soto party a wandering, half-disorganized, disappointed, disgruntled body of rovers, gaining a few battles over a weak and unprotected foe; regarding themselves as invincible, without any disinterested devotion to any common

good; almost nearing dissolution as an invading army. Then came a sort of Waterloo. At Mauvila, which some take to be a town where Mobile now stands, De Soto found a fortified place with a strong stockade, flanked by wooden towers, with a population of ten thousand. One makes due allowance for exaggeration, with the old Spanish saying in mind, "A traveled man hath leave to lie." Besides, defeat involves explanations. However, the settlement was large enough to make a theater for a tragedy. Into the town De Soto must needs ride in state with an escort of fifteen mounted lances, and thirty men on foot; then, perhaps remembering that great dangers go hand in hand with great honors, he left the greater part of his escort at the gate and entered with only ten, of whom two were priests, one a cook, and others captive Indian women. He had walked into a trap.

The settlement which had seemed abandoned suddenly proved to be otherwise, for arrows began to drop among the invaders, though those who shot them were concealed. A horse fell, then another, then a man. De Soto ordered a retreat and turned, with his men, but darts struck them as they went. At the gate, where he joined his guard, the enemy seemed to shrink from hand-to-hand combat, but the play of arrows still continued. Reports are somewhat confusing, but, apparently the attack from ambush must have continued to the

place where De Soto had left his main body on the plain, otherwise how account for the loss of eighty men and thirty-five horses, "who were no less mourned and wept than were the men"? In revenge, De Soto burned the town, which revenge cost, the Gentleman of Elvas says, eighteen Spaniards and two thousand five hundred Indians—though who took the careful census of the enemy does not transpire. Perhaps a couple of naughts slipped in by accident in the transcription. One remembers that battle of Cananor, when the Moor suffered so great a defeat that "the sea was dyed with blood, and the bodies washed ashore next day formed, as it were, a hedge upon the beach." Anyway, revenge there had to be in one form or another, no matter what it cost nor what new revenge it brought in turn; and, as the old proverb runs, "If a man cannot be revenged on the ass, he falls furiously on the pack saddle."

Hope seems to have died in De Soto's heart when he came to realize that, by a sort of attrition, hardly noticeable at first, his force had diminished by a hundred horses and two hundred men. There seems to have come over him an abandonment of the hope of glory, and the substitution of a melancholy determination to find gold. Northward he turned, and again came the old miserable quarrelling with natives, the old masterfulness where the enemy was weak. And the enemy could never have

been strong if we are to judge from the artifacts that are being dug up from ancient graves. De Soto, it would seem, was like a captain without chart or compass, headed he knew not where. At one place he was attacked by Indians who came carrying fire in earthen pots, and set fire to the long grass, so that twelve Spaniards and several horses were lost; and it is clear from the account that "they had not slept as if in war."

There are many incidents in the De Soto adventure on which one could dwell, especially that one telling of the Spaniard who chose to go native and live the Arkansas Indian life rather than continue a career as conquistador in which, like Sancho Panza, he received more blows than meat. There is, too, the tale of the pearl-laden princess abducted by De Soto; but I, for one, doubt the pearls since they are rare enough in the section traversed by De Soto, today. Nor, in the burials I have uncovered, and seen uncovered, were there pearls. But there were pieces of mother-of-pearl; and there were, too, small white stones, pierced, that had once been neck ornaments. We may suppose that conquistadors, as other men, would not let a promising story die for want of a little local coloring.

One more or less popular painting shows De Soto and his men gazing on the Mississippi for the first time, the men in bright armor, De Soto

with extended sword, pennants fluttering from lances, and crouched Indians regarding the discoverer with admiration and awe. Facts do not lend themselves to that representation. Rather must we see the men tattered and torn, dressed in fantastic rags and garments obtained from Indians; lean and hungry-looking and dirty; ragged of hair, and of beard. No romantic version of their garb and appearance will bear the test of examination. Nor can we picture them as seeing that wide strip of yellow water, the Mississippi, with the absurdly cheerful and confident air which the artist has indicated. On the contrary, after all those streams they had crossed, often wading waist-deep, after so many dismal bayous, so many mud-flats, so many creeks, so many swamps with tangled brushwood, and so many stretches of black water foul with the foulness of a hundred years of stagnancy, the wide river would come, not as a wonderful discovery, as if they visualized all that we now know and have, but only as another hateful barrier between them and the illusive gold they sought.

Miserable the conquistadors must have looked to the tall chief, Quigaltam, who sat on the opposite bank. For while there is something tremendously inspiring about the overcoming of difficulties, yet it is also true that difficulties of the kind De Soto and his men had faced, and the wearing battles to overcome them, strip man of his dignity

and make of him, to outward appearance, a mere crawling thing. The fantastic, fluttering rags in which he is garbed, so obviously unsuited to the environment, make the man from civilization a miserably inferior being to the bright, free creatures, self-possessed and self-sufficient, to whom the wilds are as water to the fish.

The chief saw no shining heroes, but rather despicable intruders, especially when he noticed the burden-bearers, who were Indians in chains. (In parenthesis it may as well be said that one reads with wonder of such encounters being conducted with a broad stretch of water in between, much as one wonders at discussions between civilized man and primitive, which involve deep speculations, conducted by men unfamiliar with each other's language. But we must hang to the record.) The chief, then, saw no shining heroes, and affected a contemptuous air. De Soto, however, was still the man with a vision; dimmed perhaps and vague, but yet with something of the spirit of pride in him. So, with a kind of don't-believe-what-you-see-but-only-what I-tell-you manner, he called on the Indian chief to do him homage; for he was the governor, appointed by Spain, of all the surrounding territory; he was the Child of the Sun. Quigaltam, who had something of the executive in him, seeing so great a discrepancy between appearance and word, and probably thinking that

the Child of the Sun shone with a reflected light very dull and sober-tinted, returned answer that revealed abundant faith in himself.

“Neither for you nor for any man will I set back one foot,” he is reported to have said, and open challenge lay in the words. And the self-styled Child of the Sun, physically worn, burning with fever, disappointed at the failure of his quest, knew that the dark was near.

One more flourish, one further act of violence and cruelty, the gods allowed him; then, on May 21st, 1542, exactly a year after the discovery of the Mississippi, De Soto died, and his body was sunk in the river he had discovered—not, we imagine, with any idea that the Father of Waters should be his monument, but as the easiest way to dispose of a troublesome problem.

It is an interesting thought that if the Spaniards had intended to get gold by their own labors instead of taking it from those who had gathered it, they might have found it in the territory over which they passed, the territory indeed in which gold was first discovered in these States. For to Georgia that honor of yielding the first gold to white men must go, since on Duke Creek the wandering Negro Charlie picked up nuggets, and the gold afterwards found there proved abundant enough to cause the whites to dispossess the Indians from their Cherokee lands. Also because of that

Georgian familiarity with gold, it was a Georgian, William Green Russell, who came to be the first of the diggers at Pike's Peak; and another Georgian, Isaac Humphrey, was one of the earliest miners in California.

Returning to the tale of the survivors of the De Soto party, there is a strange item as to their meeting an Indian woman who said that, no more than nine days before, she had been with another party of Spaniards. Without inquiring too closely into her tale they branded her as a liar, "as all Indians are." But she may have told the truth, for an Indian woman had left the Coronado party at its furthest point east, though that point, and the most westerly point touched by the De Soto men, would have been separated, as far as we can tell, by a two week's walk. Still it was near enough.

How the survivors reached the sea, how they built boats, and how they eventually reached a Spanish settlement on the river Panuco would make a good tale, if enough was known of their route. But the record leaves this journey in some obscurity, and the leader, Moscosco, must take his place with the shadowy rovers.

Meanwhile, there had been activities in the north where men sought Distant Prizes. There was Medard Chouart, sometimes known as Groseillers

(the name he chose for himself), ready enough to leave France for Canada, having been fired to adventure by the tales told by a Jesuit priest. We see him as one of fifty-two émigrés, setting out in 1641. Five years later he is trading with Indians, the Hurons. His first wife dying, he marries again, this time choosing the sister of a kindred soul named Radisson, whereupon the two become fast friends and engage in a trading partnership in the neighborhood of Three Rivers. For nearer details where these and other fur-traders are concerned—and it is a fascinating study—those interested should go to the books of Constance Lindsay Skinner.

Hearing the call of far places, in 1659 they set off, bent on adventure; traded with Hurons; reached the shore of Lake Superior in the summer of 1659; then traveled southwest for six weeks, and so came in touch with the Ticonintates Indians, who made their home in what is now Wisconsin. From the natives they heard the tale of a great river in the west, and, moved by an insatiable desire to see, decided to go in search of it.

But there are men who, seeing the world about them in high-relief, must pause to enjoy; so the two adventurers, finding good hunting and fishing in the lake country of Minnesota, fraternized with the Assiniboines, and were, for a time, as contented as men of the Ulysses spirit can be. When they returned to Montreal, after a year's absence, in

August, 1660, they took with them not only a knowledge of the way to a great body of fresh water in the west but also tales of a place of great richness in furs; and, to prove their tales they had with them three hundred Indians and sixty canoes loaded with valuable pelts. So, many of those who like to live in ease until a good thing is discovered by others, made plans to exploit the new territory. But Groseillers, not being the sort of man to enrich exploiters, made two more expeditions to the Minnesota country, on his own account; accompanied, the first time, with six *coureurs de bois*, the second time, with ten; and each time returned with rich booty in pelts of bears, otter, lynxes, and beavers.

How this rover (who got on so well with Indians) had trouble with authorities, when they sought to curb his hunting and trapping and make them a government monopoly, how he tried to finance a company and yet keep his operations secret, and what trickeries and wilinesses were resorted to by those who tried to circumvent him, are matters not to be told here, though they were discouraging and injurious enough. The extraordinary thing is, that the adventurer suddenly decided to attack the financial stronghold in its innermost citadel.

I remember having seen a French print that told more about Radisson and Groseillers in a glance

than could be told in pages of print. It showed a group in a Parisian attic. There were men in silks and buckles, and two who were fantastically dressed in leather hunting shirts, and fringed leggings, and moccasins. Long rifles hung on the wall, thrown over the ceiling beams were pelts, and a bearskin nailed to the wall played an important part. The picture represented a meeting, in the early summer of 1667, of Groseillers and Radisson with Lord Preston, the ambassador, and other British notables.

Theatrical as it may seem for two men to walk about the streets of Paris dressed like Canadian backwoodsmen, and to receive distinguished visitors in an attic decorated with tomahawks and hunting knives and pelts, yet who shall say that there is not method in such madness? The spectacularity impressed those who had to be impressed. The two adventurers knew their Indians and their fashionable society too, and the knowledge led them to believe that all men were brothers under the skin. Anyway, the acting had the desired effect, for there were diplomatic secrecies, much correspondence, and letters of recommendation forthcoming; and, on June 4th, 1667, Radisson and Groseillers gained entrance to Windsor Castle, the English royal residence, and told Prince Rupert about how things were in the country south and west of the Great Lakes. And so well did the men

who had managed Indians also manage royalty, that, a year later to the day, at Wapping, on the Thames, great excitement touched the riverside, when Prince Rupert stood on the deck of the *Nonsuch*, drank a health to the adventurers, and then descended to his royal barge while guns thundered and flags fluttered, and watched the fifty-ton vessel drop down with the tide. On board, Groseillers saluted, and waved a farewell to his companion Radisson who, because of some accident, had to be left behind. Then, September 29th, 1668, the *Nonsuch* let go anchor in Hudson Bay, at the mouth of Rupert's River—or the Nemiscau, to give its French name—in latitude 51° , and simple Nodway Indians gazed on people of a sort who had not touched that shore for a quarter of a century.

Soon those Indians were flocking to the trader with furs, instead of taking them to the St. Lawrence River country, and the wily Groseillers, advertising as good executives do, was telling them that "King Charles will give double what King Louis does." Loyalty with him was nothing, individual effort everything.

In the course of the first winter Groseillers built a fort. By systematic effort he secured information from Nodways, Kilistineaux and other tribes. He knew those arts by which a man could live among, and secure the respect of the natives. Looking at

things squarely, one must see him as a supreme egotist, counting himself as above governments, condescending to attach himself to them indeed, much as a cat condescends to favor a house with its presence, and, being offended, walks away, to return or not, as circumstances arrange themselves.

When the *Nonsuch* returned with provisions, in 1670, Groseillers decided to go to England and see how his financiers, diplomats, kings and princes were; taking pelts in plenty, and nonchalantly giving those who were left behind instructions as to the conduct of things on that barren shore; concerning himself not at all over the fact that he had dispossessed an appointed superior who had orders from his royal supporters. In London he appeared unexpectedly in the theater in a private box at a fashionable performance, careless of the fact that charges of malfeasance hung over him. On another day, in Paris, we find Lord Preston much concerned for fear that the adventurers might throw in their lot with France, and thus lose, for England, all that promising fur trade in America. So Preston sent his Captain Codey to see what could be done about the matter, and the emissary found Groseillers, and Radisson, and a Falstaffian company, drinking brandy in a room on the third floor of a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the adventurer "apparelled more like a savage than a Christian. His black hair, just touched with gray, hung in

wild profusion about his bare neck and shoulders. He showed a swart complexion, seamed and pitted with frost and exposure in a rigorous climate. A huge scar, wrought by the tomahawk of a drunken Indian, disfigured his left cheek." He wore a "wide collar of marten's skin; his feet were adorned by buckskin moccasins. In his leather belt was sheathed a long knife."

What of diplomacies there were, what of arguments and whisperings, need not concern us here. Samuel Pepys, of the diaries, concerned himself much at the time about the matter and handled many documents; but the crux of the affair is revealed in a remark made by Radisson, who voiced also the sentiments of Groseillers, to the effect that he "neither knew nor cared what England or France said of him." In the end he "determined to go to England for ever, and so strongly bind myself to his Majesty's service, and to those interested in the nation, that no other cause could ever detach me from it." The upshot of it all was that on May 17th, 1684, the adventurers sailed once more for Hudson Bay with three ships; took a trading fort from the French, gathered in a booty of twelve thousand beaver skins, then settled down to business in real earnest. Thus was planted the seed that became a mighty tree that became the parent of a forest, as it were. South it spread, and north, and west, this Hudson's Bay Company, and many were

the trail-makers that became active because of its growth, as we shall see.

But France had her eyes turned in other directions, and the man who attracted her attention was a king among rovers, not only because of his stature, his strength, and the way he demanded respect, but because in him lay that fearlessness which is born of self-confidence. He was René Robert Cavelier de La Salle, born in Rouen, November 22nd, 1643. At an early age he had taken for his motto, "Ever Onward." How he sailed for Montreal in 1666, how he first tried the life of a settler, but found fur trading with the Indian tribes more to his liking, how he marched to music that he alone heard, makes a fine tale; but the fire of ambition became lit in him when he heard, from Indians, of a river they called Missi-Sepi, the Great River, which might or might not lead to China. As soon as the gods permitted, off he went to see what lay south of the Lake Erie, a land no white man had penetrated, and thus he discovered Ohio, and Indiana, and the Ohio River, though of that discovery no official record exists. History has only one brief paragraph, in the form of a memorandum made to the king of France, in 1677, which reads, "In this year and the ensuing years, he (La Salle) undertook divers voyages at great expense, in

which he was the first to discover a vast expanse of land south of the Great Lakes, and also the River Ohio. He followed it to a spot where it falls away from a considerable height into a vast stretch of marsh land, at a latitude of 37 degrees, and after its volume had become increased by the waters of a very large stream coming from the north. According to all probabilities all these waters find an outlet into the Gulf of Mexico."

Probably, had it not been for the "great expense," even that meager mention would not have appeared. But of that expense all the little world in France talked, for La Salle had borrowed right and left, and, during his absence, the debt had grown, not only because of interest, but because La Salle had neglected to note down certain items. To make matters worse, La Salle had returned with nothing to his credit, neither gold, nor a way to China; yet there he was, talking about a new expedition, and about finding a waterway to some western sea. But your genius, and your carping critic, live in different worlds. The wise man draws more advantages from his enemies than a fool from his friends; and La Salle had enemies to spare, and the advantage he drew from them was to get away from them. First, there was a minor journey, when he explored Lake Ontario, and built a fort where Kingston, Ontario, now stands; this being done at the command of Governor Frontenac. Then, find-

ing on his return that creditors were still pressing, he went to France, managed to light others with the flame of his enthusiasm, and sailed once more, with letters patent in his possession which authorized him to discover the Western Sea, for the glory of France. And, better than the royal favor, was the friendship of a man he found, one with a soul "sticht to the starres." For he met Henri de Tonti, the son of a banker, inventor of a device known as the Tontine mode of insurance, man of furious energy, who had been in the army and in the navy too. *Main de Fer*, or Iron Hand, he was called, because of an artificial hand made of iron that he wore, to replace a hand lost by the explosion of a grenade in an engagement in Sicily. And a terrible weapon he made of that hand on occasion, using it as a hammer, as battle mace, as club, as tomahawk. No better Porthos could have been found, to be a companion for Aramis La Salle. No better lieutenant could La Salle have desired, to manage his thirty men, all good and true, who landed in Canada in September, 1678.

Then came nine years of glorious activity for La Salle. At the end of that nine years we would see, if we painted a blank map of North America with strokes wherever explorers had gone, something like this: The coloring of Florida where Ponce de Leon had been in 1513; a band of color to mark Cabeza de Vaca's trail westward from

Florida to the Pacific; a zig-zag line from Florida to the Mississippi at its confluence with the Red River, then across Louisiana and into Arkansas, and so back to the Spanish Colony in Tampico, Mexico; a roughly oval shaped line that swept up into Arizona from Lower California and enclosed much of New Mexico, Texas, and Kansas; then the marking from Montreal to the Hudson Bay fur colony, and for the New England and Dutch settlements; and, finally, the band showing La Salle's discovery of the Ohio, and his journey down the Mississippi, which would end on the Texas coast west of Galveston. Outside of these markings, the map would remain white: a vast territory to be explored by the rovers to come, unofficial and unlicensed—an army of fur traders, gold seekers, and adventurers.

Finely spirited affairs we see in progress during that nine years—the fighting of men in office, the building of a fort at Niagara, the building of a fifty-ton ship, called the *Griffon*, to sail the lakes west of Niagara, desertions frustrated by Tonti, trading and trapping contrary to the provisions of the commission, and the departure of the ship with a valuable cargo intended for the paying off of those ever-increasing debts. But the *Griffon* perished in a storm and the cargo was lost, so that La Salle found himself, in spite of all his efforts, the poorer by \$42,000.

But La Salle was not the sort to collapse in despair, or to build an altar to grief; so we see him in December, 1681, at Fort St. Joseph, meeting Tonti, and twenty-one others who were filled with love of adventure; and with them were thirty Indians, ready to cast their lots with the whites. It makes a strange picture, that of La Salle and his companions setting out from the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan over the ice; the canoes rigged out as sleds; the leaders not at all glittering heroes in armor, but rough-clad, and ready to lend a helping hand whenever and wherever needed; the Indians trailing on foot, and making for the rendezvous on the upper Mississippi; the coureurs de bois, hardy and enduring, decorated with eagle feathers, their faces painted with vermilion and soot, their belted red shirts, and gay sashes fringed with horsehair. One must, too, correct what is generally a hazy notion concerning the canoes, for so many pictures fail to give adequate idea of them. Like the violin, they reached a stage of perfection, and improvement therefore was impossible. So the description given by Wood, in his *Historic Mackinac*, in 1800, fits things as they were in the latter's 1600's. "These canoes," he says, "are about forty feet long, over five feet wide, and three feet deep, made from the bark taken from the white birch tree, and sewed together with the small roots of the hemlock tree. The strips of bark were cut into the proper shape,

and stretched upon a strong frame, composed of split cedar, and firmly sewed to it with the hemlock fibres. It is now ready for pitching—or, rather ‘gumming’—which is performed by spreading on the seams a kind of resin prepared from sap extracted from the pine tree—carefully laid on, and pressed firmly with the thumb. It hardens and stops every leak.”

It is a high testimonial to the foresight, the care, the executive ability of La Salle and Tonti that the first passage down the Mississippi was made without any clash with natives, and without disaster. On the ninth day of April they reached their goal, and La Salle took possession, officially, in the name of Louis le Grand, of “this country of Louisiana.” One member of the party only, a gunsmith named Prudhomme, gave concern to the adventurers, when, on a hunting expedition, he disappeared. The explorers, at the time, were making a ten-day camp and building a fort, “at the foot of the third bluff of the Chickasaw,” and though search parties went out to look for the lost man, they found no trace. On the tenth day, when the party was embarking, Prudhomme came down the river astride a tree trunk, somewhat exhausted, but confident of a happy end to his adventure.

We see La Salle conducting a successful return, meeting with all sorts of opposition in Canada, sailing for France, and proposing to the king the

seizing of the northern part of Mexico, the finding of the mouth of the Mississippi by sea, and the establishing of a fort sixty leagues inland which could be used as a base in case of war between France and Spain. For that venture he asked for two hundred men as a preliminary working force, but he expected to increase it by enlisting a few freebooters at San Domingo. He would also gather together his former companions, and a body of Indians. With those, a ship of thirty guns, provisions and ammunitions, he thought it would be possible to seize Mexico for France, and, incidentally, have a very exciting time for himself. So there were official consultations, and wire pullings, and those chicaneries that always go with political activities; but in the end La Salle had his men, and his ship, the *Joly*, his cannon and guns, and supplies for nine months. The fly in the ointment was the appointment of one Sire de Beaujeu as ship's commander, with a planned division of authority, by which, "when La Salle should be on land, Beaujeu would have to provide him with all the succor he might require, exception being made for orders that would be against the safety of the ship and navigation." There were, in fact, two appointed heads of the expedition; and, as all the world agrees, a creature with two heads can be nothing but a monstrosity.

Those who have been fortunate enough to read

Eugene Manlove Rhode's essay on Peñalosa will know how the Mexican adventurer came into contact with La Salle, to help him through the miserable bickering and jealousy of the court. For Peñalosa, hot-tongued and direct, in Santa Fé had suffered at the hands of the Inquisition, had been stripped of his offices and been in prison for thirty-two months; also, his property had been sold for a low price—it was worth three hundred thousand crowns—and the greater part of the receipts were kept by the Inquisition. It was an ill-balanced punishment for a mild offence, that of quarreling with the churchmen about the proper treatment of Indians, Peñalosa's method being mildness. That method had succeeded when he went adventuring on a three months' expedition from Santa Fé; reaching in the course of his journey the site of the present Omaha, and going "through the country of the Escanxaques, to the large river which they called Mischipi;" and his dream had been the occupation of that land for Spain, though he was no Spaniard born, but American. As might be expected, his quarrel with the church ended all his hopes for further discovery, in spite of his powerful connections with important people in Spain; for, when the tree begins to fall, many hands are ready to give a push. Going to London, his ship passage having been paid by an old soldier-comrade, he gained the ear of the king, and the Duke

of York, who listened to his description of the rich lands that bordered on the Mischipi. But the arm of the church was long, active too, so James turned from Peñalosa when priests whispered. Next, he went to France, where the Grand Monarch heard him, the more readily because there was La Salle with his tale of a rich land, and a possible way to China. Then Peñalosa fades out of the picture. Our last glimpse of him is a disappointed man in his sixties, wandering about Paris, and dying on the same day that closed La Salle's life.

But Peñalosa had helped La Salle, and the Frenchman sailed from La Rochelle with four ships instead of the one he had expected, then made for the mouth of the Mississippi, with emigrants and troops, and tools, and farm stock; for, to build a fort at the Mississippi's mouth seemed the best and most important thing to do in order to discourage Spanish hopes. But the expedition, as had been said, was handicapped from the start; for M. Beaujeu, powerful at court, remained as joint commander with La Salle, the line which separated their duties very ill-defined indeed.

The first disaster befell them off the West Indies, when pirates attacked the little fleet and took a ship. Whether that confusion caused them to lose their bearings cannot be known, but they missed the delta of the Mississippi badly, and entered what is now Matagorda Bay, Texas, to have one ship

run aground so fast that there was no getting her afloat again. La Salle, however, seems to have thought that the bay was one of the many Mississippi channels, so after making arrangements by which one of the ships should be left with him, he landed with his colonists and stores to build his Fort St. Louis, and Beaujeu sailed for France.

Not until Spaniards captured a French vessel off the coast of Yucatan, did Spain learn of the plan to capture Northern Mexico for France; learned, too, from a sailor who had escaped from the pirates, of a colony established somewhere on the Texas coast. Then, for three years, expeditions left Vera Cruz to locate the colony, but Fort St. Louis, not being visible from the sea, was missed by the searchers. They found the remains of La Salle's ship, the *Belle*, also the stranded wreck of the *St. François*; but nothing more appeared to tell the story. A land expedition likewise brought no news, nor did a cavalry detachment under De Leon; so the Spanish officials began to believe that the French colony was a myth, until there came a report that white men were living among Indians. Then, one day, a Frenchman, naked and painted in Indian fashion, being captured by Spaniards, told his tale, whereupon De Leon and his cavalry went forth again, and this time discovered the ruins of the fort; but no living man. A day or two later they came across a band of Tejas Indians, and found with them a

man and a boy who had been with the La Salle colonists; so gradually things were pieced together. It was learned that while the fort was being built, more than thirty men had died. Then it came out that, leaving a man named Joutel in charge of the construction work, La Salle had set forth in search of the Mississippi, on the last day of October, coasting in five canoes, while the *Belle* kept in sight but standing off for safety's sake. In that attempt a dozen men were lost, and the party returned to the fort. Next, with twenty good walkers, La Salle set off on foot—a four-hundred-mile journey, which must have meant many a sad disappointment, since the men would easily mistake any bay—Galveston, Sabine, Calcasieu, Vermillion—for the hoped-for haven. Being headed northeast for fifty leagues or so, they found a river, which La Salle took to be the river sought for, though it might well have been Red River. Also, by another of those strange encounters which are so numerous in the history of exploration, they met two Indians who had been with La Salle on his 1682 expedition down the Mississippi: so there were checkings up and comparisons, much as when two ships, which have lost their reckonings, meet in mid-ocean. Thereupon La Salle planned to make search by sea, on the *Belle*. But being arrived at Matagorda Bay again, he found his hopes vanished, for the ship had been lost, with fifteen men, and all supplies,

owing, it seems, to the carelessness of the crew.

But that uncontrolled emphasis in La Salle would not let him give up. Off he started again, with twenty picked men, each man with two pounds of gunpowder, one pound of lead, five pounds of flour, two dozen knives and awls (the latter for barter), and in time they came to the Trinity River, which empties into Galveston Bay, where La Salle was taken ill with a hernia. When he recovered, he found his band reduced to eight, what with death, desertion, and accident; and there seemed to be nothing for it but to return to the colony at Matagorda Bay. It was the miserable end of an eight months' effort. But after a rest, again he started on his quest for the Distant Prize, in the early part of 1687, and, in mid-March, was at the Red River, two leagues from where, on his former trip, he had cached provisions. To retrieve the hidden stuff, he sent eight men among whom were the surgeon, Lieutaud, Duhant, and Nica, an Indian. The relief expedition found the provisions quite spoiled and useless, so left them; but, on their return trip, Nica shot two buffalo, and sent word to La Salle of the kill. It was cheering news to the waiting men, who were in desperate straits; and La Salle immediately despatched three messengers, led by one Moranger, with pack horses, to load the meat to camp.

What follows has a strange ring, but we must

suppose that weariness and privation had wakened the tiger in the men, and blunted the edge of judgment. For Moranger, arriving at the kill, found Duhant and his companions eating meat, and quite undispensed to give thought to their companions. He abused them for their callousness in feasting while their comrades starved, and the end of it was a fight, the slaying of Moranger with a hatchet wielded by the surgeon, and the killing of the Indian who had shot the buffalo.

Meanwhile, back at the camp, La Salle having waited impatiently, and long enough for the return of his messengers, set forth to find them, with Father Douay as his companion. When near the place of the murder, Duhant, who lay hidden in the mesquite, fired at La Salle, the bullet entering his skull. So died, at the age of forty-three, on the twentieth day of March, 1687, René Robert Cavelier de La Salle who, because of his failure, has been often condemned as incapable. But some see him, more justly I think, as one of the world's great rovers; one who never lived life at random, whose ways were noiseless, who faced great problems, and who died trying to complete what he had begun.

But there comes an aftermath, like the work of some spirit of doom in a Greek tragedy. The murderers joined forces with a few others of the La Salle party from the settlement, with intention of

marching on to the Mississippi, then ascending it to Starved Rock, on the Illinois, where Tonti had been left in charge of things. With them an Englishman presently joined, one by the name of James, but from where he came there is no clear record. Out of the nowhere he came, and into the nowhere he returned, after he had played his part. That part was the shooting of both Duhant and the surgeon, following a violent quarrel over the division of certain provisions. It might appear an act of mighty valor, if we knew all the details. But noble deeds are soon wrapped in darkness when they lack for song—or they may be the mere emotional acts of rascals.

It has been said that a dash of paint on the northeast coast of a map would represent the English-settlement at Plymouth. If we except Captain John Smith and his Pocahontas romance (which does not stand the fierce light of criticism), nothing of adventurous nature happened to mar the quiet, almost dullness, of the Northeast until the coming of one Thomas Morton, who built a house on the Boston Bay shore and called it Merrymount. The thought comes that a certain challenge lay in the name, when the power to blight and destroy all that savored of merriment, which the Puritans exercised, is remembered.

From London he came, from roistering London; its taverns, and playhouses, and bear pits; and he proclaimed himself an enemy of Stubbesism. Be it known that Stubbes of London had his followers who pointed to the Puritans with pride, and denounced many things, but more especially all such wickednesses as play-acting, and mummery, and dancing, and those women who colored their faces with "oils, liquers, unguents, and waters made to that end, thinking to make themselves fairer than God made them." Of Stubbes, so disliked by Morton, a sample is not amiss. Thus:

The women use great ruffs and neckerchers of holland, lawn, camerick, and such cloth, as the greatest thread shall not be so big as the least hair that is; then, lest they should fall down, they are smeared and starched in the Devil's liquor, I mean Starch; after that dried with great diligence, streacked, patted and rubbed very nicely, and so applied to their goodly necks, and, withall, under-propped with supportasses, the stately arches of pride; beyond all this they have a further fetch, nothing inferior to the rest; as, namely, three of four degrees of minor ruffs, placed *gradatim*, step by step, one beneath another, and all under the master ruff.

Thomas Morton was the kind of man to strike out his own plan of life, ungoverned by Stubbes and unmoved by his prejudices, careless whether people looked upon him as a wicked person, a disturber of social order, or what, so long as he in-

fringed on no man's privacy. Fond of adventure, of hunting, of thrilling experiences, of good and bad company, when Captain Wellaston told him that he had gathered some two dozen young men with whose help he intended to establish a trading post in New England, Thomas Morton took his gun, his rod, his dog, his fiddle, and his books, and marched aboard. Being landed at the selected port, he had little to do with the quiet, prosaic settlers, who appeared to him to be given to obliquity of vision; but he had very much to do with the out-of-doors, and with that which cultivated the imagination, and aroused interest. To be vivid and active meant living, to him. As for the place, "the more I looked, the more I liked it, And," he wrote, "when I had more seriously considered of the bewty of the place, with all her fair endowments, I did not thinke that in all the knowne world it could be paralel'd, for so many goodly groves of trees, dainty, fine, round, rising hillocks, delicate, faire large plaines, sweet cristall fountains, and clere running brooks that twine in fine meadows through the meads, making so swete a murmuring noise to hear as lull the senses with delight asleepe, so pleasantly do they glide."

He found much, in New England, to increase and multiply his happiness. He believed that those things which helped, which invigorated, which made for his delight, so long as that delight was not

won at the expense of others, were right. But he found himself in a community of Stubbesists. Every one about him seemed bent on playing the part of traffic policeman, indicating a road, eliminating choice. They frowned on his pleasures. They drew inferences which were quite unwarranted. If we consider personality as a shell we create about ourselves, then Morton's shell was like that which is about a chrysalis—an integument to preserve the self, to the end that there may be a fluttering abroad to taste and enjoy the fruits of the world. But there are also shells into which some selves withdraw to become doleful creatures, very self-absorbed, very censorious, very much opposed to communion with other selves; and of the last Morton found enough and to spare. Morton was sociable, but not social-minded; and those about him were neither. Consequently, there were frequent clashings, especially when elders, in sedate discourse, sought to impose their tastes and preferences upon the sinful man from outside. They objected when Morton went into the woods on Sundays, taking his dog and gun. They objected to his pipe, his shrewd bargaining and association with the Indians, his fiddle-playing, his singing. When, like some Falstaff, he gathered his half dozen "proper young men" for a convivial evening at Merrymount, the elders were shocked and talked about him with side-long glances. But the last straw

was laid on the Puritan camel's back when Thomas Morton set up a May-pole. Then, in quite a different way to that in which Shakespeare had in mind,

. . . it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,

things happened. Shocked at the sight of revelries at Merrymount, with young men dancing, some of them tricked out as milkmaids (which was quite in order, since in Morton's London Juliet and Desdemona on the stage were striding, grown men), the elders met. Presently, forth went Miles Standish with musketeers, and took Thomas Morton prisoner, haled him before Dogberrys and Justice Shallows and there set him down. We imagine a scene something like that in which Mr. Pickwick and his friends appeared before Nupkins, but with the accused full of a Sam Weller impudence. When, failing to stick to the point, some one pointed out that the name Merrymount stood for an unpardonable levity, Morton laughed, and cursed their ignorance and told them that maremount meant hill by the sea, if they knew their Latin. The end of it was that Master Morton stood denounced as an indulger in Satanic revels, and, as a most undesirable citizen was ordered to be deported to England. Next, by the way of destroying the evil root and branch, the torch was applied to

Merrymount, and the "drunken and debaste crew" scattered; though where the drunkenness ever came in, has not been fully established.

"A fig for your law," you imagine Morton saying, in scorn.

"With laws the land must be built, and laws are made for rascals," declared one of the judges.

"And, God wot, the law creates rascals," answered Morton.

So the "lawless roisterer," who considered himself a manufactured rascal, was ordered to be "sett into the bilbowes and afterwards sent prisoner to England by the ship called *The Gift* now returning hither; that all his goods shall be seized upon to defray the charge of the transportation and payment of his Debts, & to give satisfaction to the Indians for a cannoe he unjustly tooke away from them; & that his house after the goodes are taken out shalbe burnt downe to the grounde in sight of the Indians for there satisfaction. . . ." Thus came the first deportation, and the punishment can with difficulty be said to fit the crime.

Out of Morton's experiences came a book called *New English Canaan*, which not only boosted, as we would say, the new-settled land as a sportsman's paradise, but held up to scornful laughter the elected and appointed men who failed to make a frank and pleasant business out of life, and were too self-conscious and self-absorbed for their souls'

health. But disadvantages were outweighed by advantages, for this man who loved "a dogge and gunne," and whose soul was akin to the soul of Isaac Walton; and when he had told London (perhaps some at the Mermaid tavern), many things, emphasizing how "in divers times wild turkeys have sailed by our doores; and there, a gunne being commonly in readinesse, salutes them with such courtesies as makes them take a turn in the cooke-roome," and how "no man living there on Boston Bay was ever known to be troubled with a cold or a cough," he again sailed west. This time he went with an Isaac Allerton, who acted as a sort of foreign agent for the Plymouth colony, and who appreciated Morton's favorable description of the new land. Morton was certainly ready to forget and forgive, but not so those he had, in his book, called "cruell schismaticks." Like the pope's mule that saved up its revenging kick for seven years, the old hands in the colony bided their time and found it. Morton had "made complaint against uss in England," they said, and he remained the undesirable citizen that he had been when Governor Bradford charged him with setting up a May-pole and "drinking and dancing about it many days together, inviting the Indian women for their consorts, dancing and frisking together," and "worse practices," alleged but not proven. So Thomas Morton, scholar, musician, hunter, man of abun-

dant good fellowship, finding himself unwanted, called his "dogge" and took his "gunne and fiddle" and set off walking to Maine, vanished from the sight of men.

In Massachusetts, and particularly in Boston, no very disturbing character appeared to detract men from their quiet ways, until the latter part of 1683. Then, on an October day, a timid young man named Joseph Phillips appeared in General Court and told a tale. On the evening before, when he took his airing, he had met a fellow-servant, a jolly blade named Charles Lawrence, who invited him to a party in an upper room, above the shop where Lawrence worked. Expecting nothing more than a little improving conversation, for Phillips was a quiet minded young man, he followed Lawrence. What was his astonishment on climbing the stairs, to hear a great uproar! Entering the room he found himself in the company of rough sailor men from the frigate *Rose of Argier*, then at anchor in the harbor. With them were other "bucanier looking men." A great bowl of punch on the table told a tale of roistering, and some of the men were dancing; one played a viol, some were singing, and two or three, greeting Joseph Phillips boisterously, insisted that he drink punch with them. How matters went after that Joseph did not know, but in the

morning he found that his hat had been cut, his coat was missing, and forty shillings of his money had vanished. Nothing was done about it by the officers of the law, and nothing could be done, though Joseph's depositions were duly taken, spread on the records of Sussex county, and numbered 2274. But men began to talk, to take notice, then to remember and compare notes. Out of that remembering grew a tale.

The tale told how, out of Maine and into Boston came a boy from a farm, a handy fellow who could do many things and was very willing to do them. Of his parents and upbringing men knew little, and cared little, and the boy, William Phips, easily became part of Boston when he opened his general repair and carpenter shop. In time he ventured into other fields of activity, buying and sailing a trading sloop; and it was on one of his voyages that he heard of an old-time Spanish wreck somewhere in the Bahamas, which wreck was said to be full of gold and treasure. That the salvaging of wrecks paid those who salvaged, Phips was certain, for he had found one broken ship; and what with pieces of metal, and a gun or two, an anchor and chain, all of which he sold without any trouble, Phips made a little money. Nor did people laugh until they heard that he planned a greater thing. He proposed to go to England, to see and to talk with King Charles II, tell His Majesty about the old

Spanish wreck and get royal permission and royal help to go treasure finding.

And, wonder of wonders! Phips went and won. Not only did Charles II listen to Phips's tale, but gave him a ship, *Rose of Argier*, with the understanding that one fourth of the treasure should go to the king. But there remained the crew, also the fitting up of the ship with material and supplies—and Phips had no money. However, he had a golden tongue and a persuasive manner and those he used to such good advantage that he found men not only willing to work on shares, but who put up money for sea-going necessities. The only man on board who had no partnership was the cook; and he enlisted on promises, for the other men agreed to pay his wages from their profits. As for the king's share, that would be watched in the interests of fair play by two agents who were to go on the voyage, and report progress. Phips, happy in his vision of a rich prize, agreed to much.

So the *Rose* sailed on September 5th, 1683, but with insufficient store of supplies, and put in at Limerick, Ireland, to get more. The notions of some of the men on board, when it came to provisioning a ship, were peculiar; for the carpenter went on shore and shot a sheep, and others of the crew fell to selling their hats to the Irish—a peculiar piece of trading somewhat difficult to account for. Anyway Phips had much trouble on

hand, and custom-house officers and other officials had to be mollified. At last the *Rose* reached Boston, as has been said, and the crew, which seems to have persuaded itself into a buccaneering spirit, took things with a high hand. Indeed, on the voyage that spirit had manifested itself, for some one stole the royal agent's wine, brandy and cheese; then when Phips spoke of punishment, the men retorted that sailors who "paid for their own victualls and received noe wages will not be corrected for every Small fault."

Phips, busy buying diving tubs, or helping to make them, had little time to attend to the conduct of his men, so for three weeks they went about the town without any sort of shyness, taking their selfish joyance as they chose, to the dismay of those whose business it was to enforce the law. They took the town; and when Phips finished his diving tubs and found himself in charge of a crew that had developed a fine high-handedness, he proceeded to take the harbor. All ships, he announced, should strike their flags to him, and emphasized his order by firing a shot across the bows of any alleged offender. As might be expected a lawsuit tested the case of Phips's authority, in which Phips declared that he "had private orders from his majestie for soe doing that that he would show to noe body." A second case at law arose when Phips fired on a ship, the *Samuel and Thomas*. Boston felt easier on

January 15th, 1684, when the *Rose* sailed for the Bahamas.

Not one but many wrecks Phips examined, without finding the treasure ship. There were plottings among the men, and mutinies, too, also a demand by the crew that Phips turn pirate and hoist his black flag in the South Seas; but Phips fought his opponents, brought them to terms, and sailed for Jamaica where he got rid of every man jack of his crew, shipped a new one, and sailed for England. At Porto Plata, where the *Rose* put in, the adventurer captain chanced to meet an old Spaniard who gave Phips some important information regarding the location of the treasure ship, but that Phips kept to himself.

In spite of charges of bad management preferred against him, Phips, in England, persuaded men of wealth and influence to trust him, with the result that he sailed once more, this time with two ships, both armed and well-fitted. Again they found many wrecks, but not *the* wreck, until a lucky chance turned the trick. A boat, with a diver, was being rowed back to the ship, after a day of searching, when one of the men, looking down into the clear water, saw a brightly colored sea-feather, or coral branch. Down went the diver to secure it, and came up again full of excitement. He had seen, he declared, great guns on the bottom, and also what looked like a hulk. Diving again to make sure,

he returned with a bar of gold. So there followed days of activity and Phips found the treasure ship in six fathoms deep. Thereafter, day after day, the divers brought up bars of silver, gold pieces, ingots of gold, treasure chests, bags of money, pieces of eight and plate of great value, besides jewels. In the end it was more than a million dollars' worth of treasure that Phips took to England, and great was the joy in the land.

We see Phips, once a Boston handyman, entertained by the king at Windsor, presented with a golden cup, receiving from the hands of the king a gold medal and chain, then dropping to his knee and receiving knighthood; and presently, as all the world knows, he became governor of Massachusetts. Phips, indeed, was one of those who disproved the saying of Livy, that men are not blessed with good fortune and good sense at the same time; for in Phips's case fortune played the pipe, and the man danced very well to the end.



CHAPTER III

IN the year when Thomas Morton suffered deportation (in 1628, to be specific) Peter the Great in Russia began to wonder about his eastward dominions, their confines and resources, so took action by sending out an expedition. Because of that action, before many years had passed, a young Connecticut man (who once thought to be a minister of the gospel), went a-roving, saw more than Peter's messengers saw, had an idea and described it to Thomas Jefferson, whereupon in due time came the Lewis and Clark expedition, then the fur traders, then the Mormons, then the Oregon settlers, then the gold hunters, and presently

a vast wave of humanity that swept to the Pacific coast. So to the tale.

Peter the Great and his successor Catherine, like many monarchs of far-off days, had the royal habit of founding expeditions to distant lands, and ordering the adventurers to pay their own expenses provided they furnished a handsome royal share. On such an expedition went two commanders, Chirikof and Behring, who found Alaska in the middle of July, 1741, though similarly financed expeditions had sighted the Aleutians before them.

"A great discovery no doubt," wrote the Dutchman, Behring, in his log, "and the accomplishment of all our desires, but who knows where we are, when we shall see Russia, and what we shall eat in the meantime." He did not see Russia again, for he died on the Alaskan coast, December 8th, 1741. And how the explorers were lost among ice-bound islands, how they suffered from storm and stress and cold, how scurvy-bitten men died at the rate of one and two a day, how they were cast ashore where living became possible only because a stranded whale afforded them food and light and warmth, is a tale of terror not pertinent just now and here. What is very pertinent is that they killed sea-otters, when they learned the way of the natives, used the flesh for food, and dressed and stored the pelts. When they reached Russia, their pelts made the

Empress Catherine dream of wealth to which the million dollars' worth of jewelry she wore would be a mere trifle. When the news of that fortune in furs filtered down to those outside the court, many a rich man treated many a poor man with kindness, not without purpose though; and any adventurer, however poor he might be, could have a substantial advance, if he would agree to cross Siberia and sail for the new land; which many did. The tale of the riches gained by some of the adventurers dazzles the imagination; even though pelts of sea-otters, which today would be counted cheap at two thousand dollars each, then brought only a tenth of that price. For by the hundred thousand, hunters took sea-otters, blue foxes, silver foxes, sables, and the news flew far and flew fast.

Somewhere in the Pacific, Captain Cook then on his famous cruise to find the northwest passage and to discover any land waiting to be seized in the name of his king, heard the tale of treasure, so sailed Alaska way. His instructions were, in part, that he was, "with the consent of the natives, to take possession of . . . countries . . . that have not been already discovered or visited by any European power." In Alaska, he refused for a time to see signs of Russian occupancy, though the natives had beads and knives and clothes of Russian make. When a native offered him a paper written in Russian and removed his cap in Russian fashion; and

when a second document came his way, Cook could no longer refuse to see signs of Russian occupancy, and knew he must meet such representatives as were there, either in person or by proxy.

On board was one man, and one only, fitted for the task of going on shore to make friends with natives and find the Russian commander. That man was John Ledyard. And Ledyard did his work well as he did everything. He found the Russian commander and brought him and Cook together. The officials exchanged civilities, and, in the way of diplomats the world over, each hid from the other all that could be hidden, and talked about everything except the thing uppermost; after which Cook sailed away.

Temptations come to tell of Cook, and of the Russians, but John Ledyard is the hero now and must have the stage. We see him as a straight-limbed youth dreaming no dreams, as far as the world knows, other than the preparing himself for missionary work, so entering Dartmouth College, after a boyhood spent in Groton, Connecticut. But books came to interest him only mildly when there was a world to see; so he deserted his classes, and lived for awhile with Indians of the Six Nations, an experiment that led him to take a light-hearted view of life, and to refuse to be hemmed in like a fat bull of Bashan. Of money he had none; but there were trees and there were axes, so he fash-

ioned himself a canoe, in the way of primitive man, then paddled down the river to Hartford. At New London, finding a captain with a sympathetic heart, he shipped as deck-hand, crossed the Atlantic and landed at Gibraltar where he enlisted in a British regiment. His record is meager from this point until he shipped with Captain Cook on that explorer's third voyage round the world, 1776-1780; and thenceforth his individuality again becomes submerged, until the time of his mission to the Russian Commander, the story of which has just been told.

What has not been told is the way in which he traveled as ambassador; for he went from the ship in a kayak, or skin canoe, paddled by two men and completely covered, except for the two round holes to accommodate the rowers; and "as there was no other place for me but to be thrust into the space between the two holes, extended at length upon my back, and wholly excluded from seeing the way I went, or the power of extricating myself on any emergency."

A man so given to adapt himself cheerfully to circumstances would be sure to delight Cook, so Ledyard continued to sail and see the world with that commander, and, the voyage ended, was paid off in England. Then came two years in the British service as marine, until, being transferred to a British man-of-war on service in Long Island, he

very properly deserted (since he could not take arms against his own) , visited his home town, and reported that he was "as happy as need be. I have a little cash, two coats, three waistcoats, six pair stockings, and half a dozen ruffled shirts. . . . I eat and drink when I am asked, and visit when invited. All I want of my friends is friendship, possessed of that I am happy."

Still, it would seem that Ledyard's cup of happiness had a bitter drop in it, for Ulysses cannot be Diogenes. Memories of rich and magnificent glories surged up to form a kaleidoscopic pageant, and lazy contentment could not be possible for him. The unknown and the untried called, and he sought diligently for some one to finance him to the end that a trip to the northwest might be made. Robert Morris, the Philadelphian financier, seemed to promise favorably, and Ledyard wrote to a friend how he had met him in two interviews, and expected to clinch matters in a third; but Morris cooled off, and "the flame . . . I kindled in America terminated off in a flash." Morris had too many irons in the fire, one of them that great speculation in Washington, D. C., real estate—a venture that led to his imprisonment for debt.

Then Ledyard remembered Jefferson, so went to Paris. There he sat long and talked with the statesman, telling him of Russian doings in the northwest, and of riches, and of a country wealthy

beyond belief. He found Jefferson willing to listen, anxious to plan, eager to adventure. The Jeffersonian finger traced a way on the map of the world—east to St. Petersburg, and across Siberia, to Kamchatka, then to Alaska, and so on to Washington, D. C. "And," said Jefferson, dismissing difficulties of travel airily, "when you are there take a leisurely look at Oregon. We must know something about the western side of our continent." As for passports, there would be no trouble at all. He, Jefferson would see to that where the Empress Catherine was concerned. As for finances, there was Sir Joseph Banks who had been with Captain Cook on board the *Endeavor*.

Sir Joseph Banks did help so well that in December, 1786, Ledyard set off, going by way of Stockholm, then to Finland; riding in carts, on sledges, walking, riding with farmers; anyway served so long as leagues were put behind him; and he made the creditable speed of two hundred miles each week, arriving in St. Petersburg in the middle of March. "On the whole," he wrote to Jefferson, "mankind have used me pretty well."

Now Catherine, the Empress, was a woman who had notions of her own when it came to matters that touched her personally; and those notions had led her to befriend Diderot, the savant, by buying his library, establishing him as custodian, and paying him fifty years' salary in advance; had led her,

too, to engage a Scots physician as her personal attendant, one named William Browne. The Scot, hearing Ledyard's story, felt almost persuaded to go with him, but duty prevented. Yet he did accompany him far into Siberia; so, with that valuable help and his own stout heart, Ledyard, by September 18th, 1787, had reached a point within six hundred miles of the Pacific, when petty officialdom stepped in and arrested him on suspicion. "I know not how I passed through the kingdoms of Poland and Prussia or thence to London, where I arrived in the beginning of May, disappointed, ragged, penniless."

So there was the end of the beginning of Jefferson's effort to lay out trade routes in the far west, an effort, as all the world knows, so close to his heart that, when Congress voted an inconsiderable sum for the expedition, he dipped into his own purse. Ledyard's trip was a first attempt at what became the Lewis and Clark expedition, which set out on May 14th, 1804, from St. Louis.

As for Ledyard, we see him again in London and in touch with Sir Joseph Banks. We see him writing a note in which he says "Tomorrow morning," in answer to an inquiry as to when he could be ready to join an expedition to cross Africa from east to west. Then we see him at Cairo, where, at the age of forty-eight, on January 17th, 1789, he died from a fever.

When John Ledyard started on his adventurous journey to Oregon, two Kentucky adventurers were actively engaged. Simon Kenton was taking a Kentucky flatboat down the river, on which rode a party of forty-one men, women and children, nineteen horses, and a few cattle—and a cat, the first to enter Kentucky. The date of the migration was September 16th, 1783, and the place to which the party was bound was Kenton's Salt River Colony. The other adventurer was Daniel Boone, the veteran pioneer, who was on his way to Maysville (then Limestone), and though past his fiftieth year, counting himself a sturdy youngster.

Simon Kenton, born in 1755, known by neighbors on the Bull Run Mountain as a ne'er-do-well who boasted that he had never done a day's work in his life, ran away from home in his sixteenth year, and took the name Butler, by way of throwing pursuers off his trail, since he believed he had killed one William Leachman in a fist fight.

In the neighborhood of Fort Pitt, he fell in with two rovers who told a tale of the unexplored country called Kentucky. A flame lit in Simon's heart as he listened, and presently dream became deed. The three built a canoe, floated down the Ohio looking for the promised Utopia, failed to find it, then landed on the Kanawha, at Elk River, built a cabin, and the winter's hunting and trapping turned out very well indeed. Trouble with Indians

resulted in the death of one of the trio, so Simon and the other (both were lads of eighteen) took to the wilderness and, by chance, came across a party of Virginian explorers seeking a location for a settlement. As young Kenton had no aims in particular, he joined them, acting as pilot and adviser and brought his party safely to a satisfactory place; then left them and made his way to the Monongahela country. Before long he was on the Ohio River again, this time with a party of six, one of whom was Daniel Greathouse, rascal-rover, whose deed of blood sadly stained the white man's honor and brought about wide-spread destruction in its train. For there had been, of necessity, minor frictions between red man and white; but Chief Logan, a man of comprehensiveness of view, clear-sighted, a calm reasoner, an eloquent pleader before his own people, had been strongly on the side of order. Greathouse with another named Baker, according to the frank testimony of Kenton, seizing an opportunity when Logan was absent, swept down with a few borderers and killed Logan's wife and children. Of that massacre Logan thought a Captain Cresap to be guilty, and he declared war on the whites. No poet could have used more courtly language than Logan, in a speech admonishing the white men, and announcing the opening of hostilities. It strikes a note of profound sadness at the beginning, with, "There runs not a drop of

my blood in the veins of any living creature," then goes on to predict a day of reckoning.

When war broke out, Lord Dunmore selected nineteen-year-old Kenton to do spy service, and during the campaign he became acquainted with George Rogers Clark and Simon Girty, frontiersmen both. Girty, who later continued to serve with the British forces, was declared a traitor by the Pennsylvania Legislature. He lived with, and was adopted by, Seneca Indians; and men in offices, and those who repeat what they hear others say, without verification, have denounced him as a "fiendish traitor." For all that, he impressed young Kenton as a man of valor, and honest worth of character; one who always stuck closely to the compact of friendship they had made: "Girty and I, two lonely men on the banks of the Ohio, pledged ourselves one to another, hand in hand, for life or death, when there was nobody in the wilderness but God and us."

The Dunmore War being ended, Kenton again embarked on the Ohio, this time with a companion named Thomas Wilson. They seem to have been bound for "just anywhere," but they landed in Mason County, between Maysville and Dover, and there, for the first time in the history of Kentucky, corn was planted and grown. For Kenton it was Paradise enow, what with deer, bear meat, fish, wild turkeys, berries, fruits, and corn; so he staked

a claim, by girdling trees, and wondered much why such a fair land should remain uninhabited.

Years later, Kenton told Judge James about that corn growing, and added this, which holds a curiously interesting item: "The Indians never made but two settlements in Kentucky; one at Slate Creek and one at Lul-bel-grud, and at both places they planted corn; but what the name Lul-bel-grud came from I never heard." Kenton was no reading man, or he might have recognized the name as being curiously similar to that given by Swift, in his *Gulliver's Travels*, to the town to which Gulliver was taken by the giant Glumdelick. And one passage in Boone's dedicated biography fits things together with a neat click. For Boone, telling of his adventures in the year 1770, said: "We had with us for our amusement a book called *History of Gulliver's Travels*. Gulliver gave an account of his young master carrying him on a market-day for a show to a town called Lulbegrud. A young man of our camp called Alexander Neely, came to my camp one night and told us that he had been that day to Lulbegrud and had killed two Brobbdigings in their capital." So it makes a pleasant item for Believe-it-or-Not people, that the first cat and the first corn in Kentucky are to the credit of Kenton, and the first book is to the credit of Boone.

It goes without saying that Kenton soon tired of raising corn, especially when he learned that a

community had settled at Harrodsburg, and another had gathered about Daniel Boone; so when Black Hawk and his hundred warriors attacked Boonesborough, April 24th, 1777, the gods arranged matters so that Kenton was there.

You picture things as they were: the stockade, and the towers; the clearing in front, with stumps still standing; the modulated light of early morning sunshine, with light fleecy clouds, and the music of birds in the air; the background of forest; a noise of hammering within the stockade; the men going forth with hoes, and stopping to drink at the cheerful little creek. At the stockade gate, where rambler roses climb the posts and peer in through the spaces between, to see children at play, stand three men with loaded guns. One of them is Kenton. Their vigilance seems needless, since, as far as they can see down that happy valley, there is no sign of enemy. But when the two men with the hoes are a quarter of a mile away, a shot is fired from the forest, and from behind stumps, here and there, Indians rise, and others glide swiftly in the shadows. An instant later the two men are in full flight towards the fort, with some Indians advancing fast, but keeping well to cover, others following in their rear and thus protected against the guns of the men at the gate. Sixty yards or so from the stockade, one of the men falls, and, insolently, an Indian leaps on him to scalp him, though in the

insolence is also design, since the act must needs draw an attack and a sally from the fort. And so it was. For down comes Kenton and his two, dropping the scalper on the way, preparing their fighting gear as they run, pursuing, yelling. Out, too, comes Daniel Boone, with ten men, all of them ready for the death grapple, firing on the run, or dropping on a knee to shoot; none firing wildly, but each sending his bullet true to the mark, scattering the threatened peril back into the forest from whence it came. Then, quick! They must turn about, for though the eight riflemen in the fort do their best to hold the enemy back, out from the woods comes a new party, intercepting Boone and his companions.

“Back to the fort!” roars Boone; and now it is clubbed rifle against tomahawk and arrow, with the pioneers, young athletes all, winning by daring and strength, and because of a soaring faith in their own superiority. They had almost neared the gate, were fifty yards or so away, when down went Boone with a useless leg, as a bullet hit him, and, like murderous Memnon, an Indian leaped upon him. But Boone had his godlike Antilochus in Kenton, who, seeing what had befallen his Nestor, felled the Indian with a mighty blow, stooped to his knee, flung Boone over his shoulder, and reached the gate.

The incident serves to show what those early

settlers had to meet almost lone handed. Not until the year 1778, did they get anything in the way of protection, when a detachment of a hundred men, under Colonel Bowman, marched to the settlements. Then there was new work for Kenton, for Bowman sent him into Ohio, "to view the Chillicothe station of Indians."

As a spy, then, Kenton crossed the river, made observations in company with two companions named Montgomery and Clark, and, by way of killing two birds with one stone, stole a few Indian horses, then headed south for the river and safety. At Logan's Gap, a fine crossing place since a great sand-bar lies there, they tried to drive the horses over, but the day being windy, and the water rough, the horses would not drive. So, leaving his companions with the animals, Kenton climbed the bank to reconnoiter, and came upon five Indians, who were mounted, and in search of the stolen horses.

He fired. The powder flashed in the pan. An Indian named Bo-nah slid from his horse to grapple with Kenton, who scurried into the undergrowth, only to confront two other Indians. We imagine a confused struggle, in the course of which Kenton was knocked down and tied hands and feet. Montgomery was killed and scalped, while Clark escaped by jumping into the river and clinging to a log, thus getting ashore in Kentucky.

As for the Indians, we see them jubilant at having recovered the horses, and because they had captured a man second in importance on the frontier to Daniel Boone.

Had hopelessness, or helplessness, possessed Kenton, he must have died or been driven mad by what followed. That night, and for many nights thereafter, he lay stretched on his back, with his arms extended, a pole across his breast, to which his elbows were lashed, a halter about his neck and fastened to a tree, and his wrists and ankles tied to driven stakes. On the first day's travel his captors made him play Mazeppa, fastening him to a three-year-old unbroken colt. That experiment must not be regarded as a piece of theatrical torture, but as a handy way of transporting a prisoner, treating him as they would have treated any piece of cargo. But the horse, unused to such a burden, made a great to-do over it the first day, though he went quietly when accustomed to the strange load. Yet, even with a staid, plodding animal, the ride must have been exquisitely painful.

When near Chilicothe, a runner having been sent ahead, out came warriors and squaws, to see the captive. Then, extending a quarter of a mile from the council house, were two parallel lines of Indians, armed with sticks, thongs, stones and clubs; and Kenton knew that he would have to run the gauntlet, exhausted though he was. If, in the

bitterness of hopelessness he tried to escape the ordeal, then there were warriors with knives and tomahawks.

At a heavy blow on his shoulders, by way of signal to start, Kenton leaped forward, running zig-zag, his head bent, to dodge the blows launched at him; running warriors behind to urge him if he hesitated. And when within arm's length of the council-house door, a blow delivered by a squaw, with an iron bar, felled him. So, according to the rules, he would have to run again; which he did, to be felled once more. His long training in the ways of Indians taught him that the giving to him of water to drink, and the dressing of his wounds, were only preliminaries to future tortures—with no more honor or chivalry in the act than in the act of a pugilist in the ring, when he raises the man he has knocked down, in order to avail himself of the weak condition of his opponent, who otherwise might be helped by a brief nine seconds' rest. While the Indians tended him, inside the council house the warriors debated about his fate; and, by the war club test, they decided that he should burn at the stake, in the presence of warriors from other tribes. On the following day, he was taken to Piqua, where again he had to run the gauntlet; then to Machachack, and again a gauntlet running. But this time desperation nerved him to a new effort, and he broke through the line, made for the

thicket, enjoyed five minutes of freedom while in full career, then, dashing down a trail, came full upon a party of mounted Indians on their way to Machachack. Swiftly he doubled, but a blow from a tomahawk brought him down, and left a scar and indentation on his skull that stayed with him to the end of his days.

For the next few days Indians came from near and far, to gaze at him as he sat at the foot of the stake in the council house; some trying to enter into conversation, some jeering and insulting him, some inflicting petty tortures. Then, in the dusk of one evening, a new party came, a war-party with scalps; and there was jeering and laughing at the white captive painted black. Out from that party one man stepped, and it was Simon Girty, trader and adventurer, renegade rover, rascal, and friend; now joined with the British, and among Indians to spy and report.

And "he was good to me," Kenton testified, "when he came up to me when the Ingins had me painted black. I knew him at first; he asked me a good many questions, but I thought it best not to be too forward, and I held back from telling my name, but when I did tell him, O, he was mighty glad to see me; he flung his arms round me and cried like a child; I never did see one man so glad to see another yet. He made a speech to the Ingins—he knew the Ingin tongue, and knew how to

speak—and told them that if ever they meant to do him a favor they must do it now and save my life. Girty afterwards when we were at Detroit together cried often to me, and told me he was sorry of the part he took against the whites, that he was too hasty. Yes, Girty was good to me.”

That piece of evidence comes fairly direct. It appeared in print in the Cincinnati *Mirror*, December 7th, 1833, from the pen of F. W. Thomas, who paid a visit to Kenton, who was then in his seventy-eighth year, but still tough, and clear-minded. Also, in those days, certain ethical standards in journalism were upheld as a matter of course, and a character sketch was regarded as a genuine achievement of investigation, not as something to give people in search of excitement a new variety of mental dissipation. As for the unknown Mr. Thomas, one feels a warm glow of gratitude towards him as a see-er of the worth while, a sort of Boswell who recognized a forgotten hero in the old man of Urbana. He knew, too, how to seize on saliences revelatory of character, as when he related Kenton's talk, so full of indignation, on hearing the reading, by his wife, of McClurg's *Sketches of Western Adventure*.

“Well, I'll tell you, it's not true,” old Kenton said. “'Tis not true.” The book says that when Blackfish, the Ingin warrior, asked me, when they took me prisoner, if Colonel Boone had sent me to

steal their horses, that I said 'No, sir.' I tell you I never said *sir* to an Ingin in my life. I scarcely ever say it to a white man." If that does not ring true I do not know my hard-cases. "I scarcely ever say it to a white man." What vitality lies behind that! The remark is born of a self-assertion which was the very bone and fiber of the man. Not overweening egoism, but an overpowering sense of innate aristocratic superiority prompted it, a real kingship that lifted him high above the mediocrity all about him, a most sturdy individualism. The indomitable warrior must needs guard each and every shred of the margin of freedom for which he had striven in that life-long battle. You can see the old lion, wrinkled and scarred, frowning his displeasure and anger at the suggestion that he had ever been guilty of as much as a shadow of meekness, rising from his chair with clenched fist—"Sir! I scarcely ever say it to a white man."

Girty's persuasiveness prevailed, and Kenton went free, though he remained Girty's prisoner. The Indians as fierce in friendship as in hate, swift to pass from one extreme to the other, crowded about him in congratulation. The sudden transition from one extreme to another seems inexplicable to many, to most men who have spent their lives harnessed to a civilized organization; but a little reflection will cause them to cease from puzzlement, since exactly the same swift transition

from extreme to extreme marks the conduct of men in everyday life, though the movement is not from hate to love, but the reverse, the hero of today becoming the neglected one, or the scorned one of tomorrow. The financial king whose name is spoken with bated breath one minute is execrated the next. The political event upon which we felicitate ourselves this year becomes the laughing-stock of the year after. The sword forgets the smith who forged it, and the Hosannahs and palm branches of Sunday become a cross silhouetted against the sky on Friday.

Ten days after Kenton's reprieve, and when in Girty's camp, a party of Indians came and demanded Kenton's life, in return for several warriors who had been slain in a raid. Girty's eloquence could not prevail, and the Indians took their prisoner. How there came to be more gauntlet running, how Kenton's arm was fractured and his collar bone broken by tomahawk blows, how he suffered in a score of ways while being hurried forward to Sandusky, is a tale that reads like fiction, for the tribes seemed determined to make a ceremony of his burning. "I began to meet troops of boys painted black," Kenton's testimony runs, "mounted on fine horses (20 or more), who would ride around me and dart off with the most terrific shouts and screams." Then, when all that boisterous business seemed at its worst, when he seemed

bereft of friends and nothing seemed worth while except proud self-control, with the hour of his death inexorably assigned, suddenly the radiance of Zeus rested upon him. For sad Logan came—Logan who had suffered so much at the hands of white men, yet remained full of loyalty and fidelity for such as held to a noble course.

He heard Kenton's tale, heard too what those who lusted for blood had to say, then, addressing the prisoner, said, "They talk of burning you, but I am a great chief, and I will send two runners tomorrow to speak good for you."

So it was that Pierre Druillard came, and he, who served the English at Detroit as trader, interpreter and spy, knowing the ways of the red men, in some ways not so different from the ways of the white men, made his appearance in the dazzling beauty of scarlet and gold braid. Tobacco he brought, and rum too, and much he promised as well, if they would deliver the prisoner to him. Thus Kenton passed into British hands and was taken by boat to Detroit, where, being delivered to the authorities, "I was told that I might go and work where I pleased, so that I was there every Sunday morning to answer to my name—and I did so faithfully." From there escape was easy enough; and one infers that his new jailers were quite willing that he should be free. Thirty days after leaving Detroit he was at the Falls of the Ohio, in July,

1779; and as soon as possible he joined with George Rogers Clark's army of frontier patriots, and, he says, "I served him faithfully until 1782 in the fall."

The remainder of Kenton's life falls somewhat into the narrow groove of the commonplace. The frontiersman settled down and persuaded others to do likewise, at what was known as Kenton's Station, in Kentucky. There were Indian troubles and reprisals, though on no extensive scale. Then Kenton became "land-crazy," so that the old scout secured and disposed of hundreds and thousands of acres, and out of that grew lawsuits and a tangle of troubles; and in 1810 he was in Urbana, Ohio, his dream fortune gone, living on a pension of twenty dollars a month, and there he "ran down"; and so came the end of his high-hearted game, April 29th, 1836.

The life threads of Boone and of Kenton are closely woven. Indeed, Boone's life's span touches at one end a date seven years before Behring discovered Alaska, and, at the other end, that of the ceding of Florida by Spain, for he was born in 1734, and died in 1820—so his threads are interwoven with the most important part of our early history, and with a glorious company of pioneers.

A lusty lad he was, according to the testimony of every one who knew him in those early days when he served in the Braddock campaign as

wagon-driver; at nights, by the camp-fire, drinking in the tales told by a fellow soldier named Finley, half Scot and half Irish, who had been far west in some land of which he sang the praises. Everything was there, Finley declared—lush grass lands, clear running waters, an abundance of game; with every hill revealing magical secrets, and personal freedom a possibility. So when Boone returned to his native Yadkin Valley, Finley's tales stayed in his memory, and he dreamed and planned, as he worked at his blacksmith's forge, or sat in his cabin at night. But with a wife, and possessions, travel is not easy, except one break through circumstances boldly. So Daniel Boone broke.

In 1765, leaving his household affairs, he rode, with seven companions to Florida, going from St. Augustine to Pensacola, where he traded for a house and lot, then returned to the Yadkin and bade his wife pack up and go to the new land. But Boone had to give up that dream, since she would hear nothing of a home by the sea, where game was scarce and one had to live on fish. So, until 1767, Boone held himself close to the Yadkin Valley, but could hold himself no longer when men began to talk of disappearing game, and of a time when there would be no game at all. Setting off with a companion, it seemed as if all would go well, but winter caught them on the Cumberland lands and there had to be a return. And, Boone

thought later, that turned out to be all for the best, since a peddler drove into town and spread his wares, also spread stories of a glorious land he knew, which was called Kentucky; and—wonder of wonders the man turned out to be his old-time partner, Finley. After that there could be no further peddling; for Finley, pressed by Boone, stayed there for the winter, and in the spring Boone set off, with Finley, and Squire Boone and others who had heard Finley's tales—seven in all. Boone always said, afterwards, that the months from June to December of that year were the happiest in his life, what with the companionship, the activity, the new lands seen, the prospects ahead, and a good store of pelts which would bring a pretty penny in the market.

The sharp break in Boone's contentment came when, while hunting with a companion named Stuart, they ran into a camp of Shawnees and were captured. The Indians asserted, and with truth, that by treaty, all that land was Indian hunting ground, but of the arrangement Boone knew nothing. Whatever we may have read to shake our faith in the nobility of Cooper's red men, the acts of the Indians who captured Boone and his companion bear the mark of highest honor. For, after ordering the captives to lead them to the camp, the Indians took what they held to be confiscate, but left enough of supplies and provisions to enable the

white men to get back to their own place, meanwhile warning them, in pleasant vein, not to come there again, lest "wasps and yellow-jackets sting them more severely." Nevertheless, Boone, scandalized at being outwitted, planned and attempted reprisals, trailing the Indians and making off with five of their horses, Stuart being with him; but the Indians again were masters, for they recaptured the white men and the horses, and that time Boone and Stuart were prisoners for a week, but kindly enough treated.

Sometimes things have the appearance of a game being played. It ceased to be a game for these trappers when Stuart disappeared in the early part of 1770, nor was his fate known until five years passed, when Boone found the hunter's remains in a hollow sycamore tree. That tragedy struck fear into the hearts of others of the party, and they left the wilds for civilization on the border.

Not so the brothers Daniel and Squire, for they "belonged." They belonged to the wilds as a fish belongs to the water, or a penguin to the seashore. For them all other life than that of the wilderness was artificial. They had learned the ways of the wild, wherefore that fear springing from ignorance, which invested the others of the party, they did not know. So they hunted and they trapped, and, the spirit touching them to do so, they loafed; and at the end of a year from the time they left

Yadkin, their gains were so many, in the way of pelts, that it was decided that Squire should take the booty back to the Yadkin and pay what debts they owed, and Daniel should trap until his return. There, then, was Daniel Boone, as he says, "without bread, salt, or sugar, without company of his fellow creatures, or even a horse or dog."

Squire Boone made another similar journey later, and again a third, returning each time with necessities, especially powder and lead. And if the reader feels inclined to commiserate Daniel on his loneliness, as indeed some of Boone's biographers have done, let me hasten to assure him, or her, that such sympathy is needless. At least that is my opinion, based on personal experience, as well as on a knowledge of the ways of adventurers. I find no regrets in myself for nine months spent on an uninhabited island, nor because of three months alone in *Tierra del Fuego*, and a less lengthy stay in the Andes. I find no weak complainings in the journals of Livingstone, or of Burton, or of Waterton, or of Bates, on the score of loneliness. No active man can be lonesome, and all worth-while things that have been done have been done in solitude. Real loneliness comes only when people are touching elbows, with a gulf of misunderstanding or unfriendliness, or of secrecy yawning between them. There is something in the old Spanish saying: Solitude is the despair of fools, the torment

of the wicked, and the joy of the interested. Daniel Boone was deeply interested.

There is an incident related by Caspar Mausker, who also led a party of hunters into Kentucky, which tends to prove the truth of what I have been saying. And, in parenthesis, let it be said that there were other parties that went into Kentucky contemporaneously with Boone—one led by a hunter named Barbour, in 1769, which penetrated into Arkansas; one led by Uriah Stone, in 1769, which went to the Ozark Mountains; and a daring expedition by John McCullough and a companion, which led down to New Orleans, and round to Philadelphia by sea. But to the incident. Mausker, going ahead of his party, was astonished to hear a queer “bellowing” at one place, and, not suspecting the nearness of any white man, he crept forward, gun in hand, cautiously. Parting the bushes, he discovered “a man bare-headed, stretched flat on his back on a deerskin spread on the ground, singing at the top of his voice,” and it was Daniel Boone. The story reads prettily, but one suspects Boone of playing pranks. He, with his knowledge of woodcraft, would hardly be likely to permit any one to come upon him unawares. Doubtless he well knew of the approach of the Mausker party. At any rate, their coming fitted in well with his plans; for as they were returning to the Yadkin, he joined them (as also did Squire), and so, after a

two years' absence, returned to his home and wife.

For two years and a half Daniel Boone stayed at home and planted and plowed. For two years and a half he listened to the complaints of his neighbors, who told each other how the pressure of population made living more and more difficult; and often he wondered how the world would be for his eldest son, James, now a lad of sixteen, very anxious, as all right-minded lads are at that age, to fight his own way. But over the mountains were beckoning presences and calling voices, and in 1773 he made a quick trip to the Kentucky lands to see how things were; found them as fine as he imagined; then swiftly returned, full of eagerness to be in the good country, this time with his family, and with any others who chose to go. Elbow-room he had to have.

Now comes a time when the bitter wind of hate arises, and destruction stalks the land, for white ruffians kill, most wantonly, the family of Chief Logan, a man of proud honor; and there is a flurry of border warfare, while prospectors from many quarters are surveying and laying out plots of land, even the first town, Harrodsburg. In that flurry, Boone, "dressed in deerskin colored black, and his hair plaited and clubbed up," goes here and there, warning white men of danger; and so well does he do what he set out to do, that when a war storm ends, he is honored by the authorities

with the title of captain. Following the war-flurry, comes the man with a vision of millions, in the shape of Colonel Richard Henderson, lawyer and financier, who plans monopoly-speculation, who gets together some \$50,000 worth of blankets, clothes, utensils, firearms, and liquor too, then, meeting certain Indian chiefs, prevails upon them to cede to him, in exchange, an immense tract of land. The deal was no deal in law or in fact, and Governor Martin of North Carolina denounced Henderson and his companions as an "infamous company of Land Pyrates," and Governor Lord Dunmore of Virginia issued a proclamation intended to set forth the utter wrongness of the deal. Yet, of legal rights and wrongs, the men of the frontier knew little, just as, even today, men cannot be made to see that property in land means an exclusion of those who have a right to it. So there was honest Daniel, working for the "infamous company of Land Pyrates" quite innocently, laying out roads and trails to the Kentucky River, and selecting a site for the capital of the new territory, which was to be called Boonesborough. To that capital went Henderson with thirty settlers, and wagons of provisions. Also out of that adventure of Henderson's grew, presently, innumerable lawsuits; some of which are unsettled to this day. One fundamental wrong caused a million wrongs that must go on and on for ever. "There are," says Reu-

ben Thwaites, in his clear-cut biography of Boone, "lands in Kentucky whose ownership is unknown, which pay no taxes, and support only squatters, who cannot be turned out." And there was Daniel Boone, the freedom-lover, the searcher for elbow-room, pitched by the turn of things into the business of land monopoly; seeing, too, four settlements growing up—Boonesborough; and Harrodsburg, fifty miles farther west, with a population of a hundred men; and Boiling Spring; and St. Asaph. To the first named settlement Boone took his family, also twenty young men; and neighbors from the Yadkin soon drifted in. One sees Boone as tremendously active; shouldering responsibilities, releasing feverish energies in others by his example, giving direction to aims, smoothing out rivalries and jealousies.

But hundreds of miles away, men in office, and in power, had done foolish things, and said things more foolish; an evolutionary period was changed to a revolutionary period; everywhere were sources of discord, and the waves of disturbance widened until they touched the wilderness, where men were engaged in peaceful industry. The noise of Bunker Hill made itself heard in Kentucky, and because white men were at war, Indians took the tomahawk.

It was on the seventeenth day of July, the year 1776, that Daniel Boone's daughter Jemima, then

fourteen years of age, went canoeing on the Kentucky river with two of the Calloway girls, one the same age as Jemima, the other two years older. Caught by a current, the craft was swept into mid-stream, then shot to the north bank, where it ran aground on a sand-bar. There was no cause for fear, for they were no more than a quarter of a mile from the settlement; so one stepped out to push the canoe to deeper water. Then, out from the willows ran five Shawnees and captured the girls. Their screams were heard by some of the settlers at work in the fields, and an alarm being sounded, two rescue parties hit the trail, without taking the trouble to provide themselves with necessities, for their guns would serve well enough. On foot they went, Daniel Boone leading one party, Colonel Calloway another, the latter mounted. Calloway cut across country to head off the Indians. Boone followed the trail, and found himself reassured by a scrap of the girls' clothing in this place, a piece of linen in that, for the girls had their wits about them. Thirty-two miles from Boonesborough, Boone and his party came upon the captors, made a dash, killed a couple of Shawnees and rescued the prisoners, who were unharmed. It was a sample of many minor raids, and they meant the back-trekking of many families, and the desertion of many stations. It meant, too, the immediate strengthening of

Boonesborough as a fort, by the building of palisades from house to house, for they were arranged in a square.

It meant appeals to Virginia for help, which were met by George Rogers Clark, who came down from Pittsburg and landed at Limestone, now Maysville, with powder and lead and stores. Simon Kenton came too, not with any military party, but alone in his gloriously independent way, and, as has been said, did a hero's work in rescuing Daniel Boone, who had been shot in the ankle, during a surprise attack.

In February of 1777, came Boone's great moment. With thirty men, he had gone down to Lower Blue Licks, to get a supply of salt; for it took a considerable force to handle the great open iron kettles, to fill and refill, and keep them replenished with salt water, and to furnish fuel for the evaporation process; to say nothing of procuring game for the camp, and of scouting for Indians. On the evening of the seventh, Boone, while making his way back to camp with buffalo meat (a blizzard raged at the time), walked all unknowing into a Shawnee camp. Obviously flight was impossible, wiliness the only hope. With the Indians were two Frenchmen, and two American renegades, James and George Girty, all of them in Indian dress. It may well be, since blood is thicker than water, that the presence of the Girtys had its influence and

resulted in the treatment accorded Boone. At any rate, the Indians took Boone's capture in high good humor, the more because some of them had known him during his first captivity. Nor can it be overlooked that Boone, knowing the ways of Indians, played his cards well. So there were what are called "jollyings," in later-day slang—with Boone doing some complicated thinking, when he learned that the party was on its way to attack Boonesborough, which projected move, above all, he felt himself bound to checkmate.

Boone began to talk, and probably addressed himself to Chief Black Fish, a man of outstanding qualities. There were, he pointed out, the thirty salt-makers, and if the braves agreed, he would persuade them to surrender, with the promise of being well-treated by their captors. As for Boonesborough, if the evacuation of that seemed desirable, then he, Daniel Boone, would use his influence to have the settlers move north in the spring time; and either they could live in peace with the Shawnees, as their protected people, or else they could be delivered to the English at Detroit, and the braves be the richer by the bounty offered for American prisoners. To the assembly Black Fish put Boone's suggestions, then Boone made a speech, which a Negro named Pompey translated, and the strange proposition met with approval. Matters did not go so well after the sur-

render of the salt-makers, of whom there were twenty-seven (for some were away hunting), because, out of ten dozen braves, fifty-nine were for killing the prisoners, though the majority decision won.

To the central gathering point of the Shawnees, Little Chillico, they went, captors and captured, the prisoners being displayed everywhere on the way as public enemies, always tied and closely guarded at night. Remembering the character and ways of the Indians, Boone conducted himself as one without fear and enjoying his experience; and so well did he play his part, and so closely did many of his fellow prisoners follow his lead, that not only Boone, but sixteen others were accepted as good men and true, and adopted into the tribe; Boone himself so pleasing Black Fish, that he came to be regarded as one of the Chief's sons, and was given the name Sheltowe, or Big Turtle. Those not so adopted were made to run the gauntlet several times, and were then set apart for delivery to Governor Hamilton, when the party should have arrived at Detroit.

At Detroit, being taken to the Governor, Boone produced his written commission as captain, and seems to have made much the same promise in regard to Boonesborough and its people as he had made to Black Fish. A man full of wiles was he, even as Ulysses. And his wiliness stood him in

good stead, for, when the tribe returned to Chilli-cothe, and when Boone saw most indubitable evidences that an attack on Boonesborough was being planned, and learned that Black Fish expected him to act as guide and leader, he made his escape that night, and, within four days, traveled the hundred and sixty miles to the settlement that bore his name. But four months and a half had made their changes. His wife, thinking him dead, had returned to the Yadkin country, and others with her; so, of all his kinfolk, there remained only his daughter Jemima, who had married one of the Calloways, and his brother Squire.

But Boone had not seen the last of Black Fish. In September that Chief appeared with four hundred warriors, and some forty French-Canadians, bent on razing Boonesborough. There were parleys, long-drawn out by Boone, who hoped for reinforcements from Harrodsburg; and there were recriminations too, since Black Fish regarded Boone's desertion as an act of treachery. On September 8th, early in the morning, the siege began. Then, for eight days and nights, forty men inside that three-fourths enclosed acre, fought and held off ten times their number. By fire, by bullets, by assault, the besiegers attacked. Under the guidance of the French-Canadians, a tunnel was dug, with intent to make a covered advance and blow out the walls. But the white men were the superior

marksmen, and, shooting through port-holes, killed thirty-seven of the enemy, with a loss within the stockade of two dead and four wounded. Then, after the siege had lasted six days, a severe rain-storm came, so that the tunnel works caved in, and the assault by fire became impossible. For four days more the besiegers kept on, but with slackened efforts, and on the morning of the eighteenth they gave up and went their ways.

There were not wanting those who criticized Boone severely, especially Colonel Calloway, saying that he had needlessly surrendered his own men at the salt works, that he had offered to betray his people to Governor Hamilton, and so on; but Boone offered results as his defense, and the court-martial at Logan's Fort, where the trial took place, not only dismissed the charges, but promoted him to the rank of major. So, militia having taken charge of affairs at Boonesborough, Daniel Boone, like Varthema, was reminded of his wife and family; whereupon he went back to Yadkin and apparently lived a life of dull ease, since he recorded, "I went into the settlement, and nothing worthy of notice passed for some time."

Indeed, nothing worthy of notice could pass for the child of the wilderness in places where he found himself under restraint, and where authority hedged him at every turn. Boonesborough as a scene of tremendous activity was one thing, but

Boonesborough interested in civic virtues and the patriotism of peace was something very different. We see the restless pioneer chafing under the new order: trying life as sheriff, as legislator at Richmond; making an effort to settle down at Maysville, and failing; wondering mildly, when the vast territory he had chosen as his landed estate slipped away. Life in a close-set community meant absorption, not independent activity. It meant an interminable succession of gray days. He yearned for the earth, animals, sky, forests. For him, discipline of self was well enough, but discipline by set, definite rules was not so well. Simple diet, simple dress, simple faith, were what he sought. Nor did life flow in smooth channels until he found a new frontier, which he did when he settled in eastern Missouri, in the year 1796, on a land grant of some eight hundred acres, granted by the Spanish authorities. There, in July, 1800, Charles Dehault Delassus, the Spanish lieutenant-governor of Upper Louisana, appointed him syndic of Femme Osage. Tales are told of his rough-and-ready dealing out of justice: how he never hesitated to award twenty lashes on the back, well laid on; how he advised disputants to keep out of brawls, so avoiding appearances of being either principals or witnesses; how he ordered men out of court, telling them to settle their own disputes, because law was costly; how he said that, for the upright, there are

no laws, when a lawyer referred him to some statute.

We see him with the eyes of Audubon, who spent a night with him: "His chest broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise and perseverance; and when he spoke the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true. I undressed, whilst he merely took off his hunting shirt and arranged a few folds of blanket on the floor, choosing rather to lie there, as he observed, than on the softest bed."

We see him, too, taking trips down river and up river, and setting traps and bringing back pelts. Sometimes he went, on a notion, to far places, as when, having heard of Colter's adventure, he must needs see Yellowstone Park. But I like best to see him as he sat on the bank of the river, on a cold January day, erect, rugged, with a pile of sixty beaver skins at his side. He sat and watched the boats of the Astoria party, who, under the leadership of Wilson Price Hunt, were on their way across the continent to the mouth of the Columbia River. I think, if they had known what yearnings the sight of them awoke in the mind of Daniel Boone, they could hardly have had the heart to stop there and let him hear their exciting talk of

expected adventures. And, as it happened, on the day following, the same party met John Colter; and so eager was he to go with them, that for a day he could not tear himself away—indeed, nothing but the fact that he had been married the week before prevented him from setting forth.



CHAPTER IV

THE sight of John Colter, and those few hours spent with him, must have set the Astorian voyagers to the telling of a hundred tales; some of them hearsay, but some of them from first-hand knowledge, since many of the voyagers had been with Manuel Lisa, the organizer of the fur trade, and Colter had joined Lisa's organization after he left the Lewis and Clark expedition. Colter, it is certain, was one of those in whom the first "hey-day in blood" never subsided. Independence was the prevailing note of his character. Admitting readily enough the necessity for discipline in controlled expeditions, such as those of Lisa's and of Lewis and Clark's, variegated webs of character and conduct as they were, yet, to that discipline

he could not submit, and definite rules filled him with impatience. Rules and regulations were not meaningless and absurd, in his opinion, but altogether necessary. Himself, nevertheless, he had to strike apart from institutions where they encased him; going his own way, feeding his own fancies, trying private adventures. Yet, when attached to an organization, he played the game fairly and squarely, as the Lewis and Clark *Journals* show, doing what he had to do loyally and faithfully; and the three years with Lewis and Clark, ending in 1806, stood as test enough.

He may have been twenty-eight years of age when he joined the Lewis and Clark expedition at Maysville, Kentucky, in 1803; for his birth date is not known and is given variously as in 1775 or 1780. With that exploring party, he reached the Pacific Ocean on November 16th, 1805; set out east on the return trip March 23rd, 1806; had his black mark on March 3rd, 1804, when, with three others, he faced a court-martial for having slipped off to some mysterious whisky shanty, somewhere on the edge of civilization and took punishment of ten days' detention in camp. Five dollars a month was the pay, but what cares man for money, when the job is to his liking? The game's the thing, and in that game came a brush with Blackfoot Indians, July 27th, 1806, the only instance of friction on the trip. Adventures Colter had none, if

one excepts those minor mishaps, which amateurs might magnify into important happenings, but which men with a sense of proportion accept as part of a day's work; such as food shortage now and then, tumbling down a mountain slide on the horse he rode, a brush with a grizzly bear. These were incidentals. The adventure that really counted came in August, 1806, when the party arrived at the Mandan village, near where Bismarck now is, and Colter decided to go no nearer civilization, and announced his decision. Persuasion could not move him, for he was determined to live his life according to his ideas, rather than to fit his ideas to a way of life. "We gave John Colter some small articles which we did not want and some powder and lead, the party also gave him several articles which will be useful to him," says Clark in his report. Off, then, went Colter to enjoy friendship among the stars; rich in health and vigor, poor in those possessions which tenderly nurtured men desire.

At the mouth of the Platte, he ran into Manuel Lisa's north-bound fur-trading party; and Lisa, man of directive capacity, always on the search for information, alert to utilize opportunities, would by no means lose a chance to enlist such a man as Colter, who had been with the Lewis and Clark expedition. Indeed, this New Orleans man of Spanish parentage had organized his party in St. Louis

for the purpose of exploiting the rich field discovered by those explorers; and, at the age of thirty-five, saw the road to fortune, if he could get in touch with Indian tribes in the untouched country south and west of the place where he intended to build his fort. But the prospect of building forts, and of bartering and higgling, would never interest Colter. And Lisa knew his man. Colter could do something, however, for which he was eminently and peculiarly fitted, and which would enure to Lisa's benefit. So the plan which Lisa had in mind was laid before Colter. It was to make a wide cast in untraveled land and get in touch with Indians, letting it be known that Manuel's Fort would hold men who possessed the qualities of justice, truthfulness, honesty, integrity, and honor in degrees that lifted them higher than other traders. The taking of the wide cast was what interested Colter and caused his instant approval. The advertising part of the arrangement doubtless brought a shrug of the square shoulders.

So we see John Colter starting off on his solitary adventure, in the winter of 1807, a thirty-pound pack of ammunition on his back, his gun a very part of himself, going joyfully enough into the vast silences and empty spaces. His route is a matter of discussion to this day. He swung far west and far south, circling what is now Yellowstone Park, crossing and recrossing the Continental Divide;

exploring the Teton Range, locating Jackson's Hole and Lake; finding passes through the Tetons, discovering the source of Snake River, finding Yellowstone Lake, locating a way through the Rockies that would serve for a wagon road; coming upon strange fossils, and boiling pools and sulphur rivers, and stinking springs. Of the volcanic wonders he talked little, when back at the fort, since his hearers laughed and "joshed," as we would say, about "Colter's hell." But there, to-day, is our Yellowstone Park, and its discoverer was John Colter. Incidentally, it is well to know that in September of 1889, two guides, Razewell Woody and John H. Dewing, found on the left bank of Colter's Creek a pine tree with a well-marked blaze, "X," and the initials, "J. C." In 1889 or 1890, certain government authorities cut down the tree for the sake of the memento, and the blazed section was lost in transit.

Lazy contentment in the fort might have suited most of us, but not John Colter; so the winter of 1808 saw him hunting and trapping, north of the Yellowstone, with a band of Flathead Indians and Crows numbering some eight hundred. Down upon them swept a party of Blackfeet, fifteen hundred strong, and Colter fell with a bullet through his leg. Crawling to a growth of brush, he went on firing, loading and firing again, until the battle ended with the defeat of the Blackfeet. But the

presence of the white man among their enemies resulted in bitter hostility, on the part of the Blackfeet towards all white men, for a long time afterwards; and that enmity Colter was to feel very soon.

Colter's wound did not long incapacitate him. On July 7th, 1808, he set forth on an expedition with a partner, named John Potts, who had rented two horses from Manuel Lisa which were to be returned in December, and for which Potts promised to pay as rental ten large beaver skins. While paddling along the Jefferson River, each man in his own canoe, looking after his traps, they were set upon by a war party of eight hundred Blackfeet, who ordered them ashore. Colter immediately complied, but Potts hesitated about obeying, whereupon an Indian fired and shot Potts through the hip. Down dropped Potts in the bottom of the canoe, but in an instant sighted his rifle and dropped an Indian. That became the signal for revenge, and several bullets pierced Potts' body. Then followed the hacking to pieces of the dead man, and the insulting of Colter by flinging into his face the heart and the entrails of his companion. Some fiendish torture, Colter knew, would next be planned. He expected burning at the stake or scalping, or a running of the gauntlet with other indignities to follow; and when a chief or-

dered him to depart, the thought struck him that he was to be shot while escaping.

When he saw the younger Indians stripping, he realized in what way it had been decided he should make sport for his tormentors; that a foot-race would follow, with his life, or his freedom, as the prize. Warriors were arming themselves with light spears, were flexing their limbs like athletes, were laughing and boasting. The word was given, and off Colter darted, a group of young and active men in pursuit. The trapper, doing some swift and complicated thinking, headed for the Madison Fork, five miles away. A half mile, a mile, a mile and a quarter, and he, running swiftly, but guarding his resources, had put a serviceable distance between himself and his pursuers. At two miles, all had dropped off except one, who hung tenaciously to the course. At two miles and a half Colter suddenly stopped, and threw up his hands; also called on the Indian, in Crow language, to spare him. But the Indian seemed not to hear, and ran forward with leveled spear. Colter leaped aside, caught at the spear, and the two struggled fiercely for a moment. Then the spear head came off in Colter's hands, the Indian staggered backwards with the shaft, and Colter, taking advantage of the moment, wrestled the Indian to the ground; and with a sudden stab, let out the red man's life

blood. Yet he had achieved only temporary advantage, for other pursuers were on the trail; far behind, it is true, but still determined. On he went, to cover the remaining two and a half miles that separated him from the river; and, having gained a place he knew well, he ran up-stream until he came to a beaver house, into which he crawled, and there spent the night. He heard his hunters, but his ruse succeeded, and after a little searching they withdrew.

There is a version of the story which runs to the effect that, in the river, Colter hid under a jammed mass of brushwood. But the slight difference is a minor detail and can hardly be said to matter. The point at which he eluded his enemies was distant from the Lisa fort about 140 miles; and for seven days Colter traversed a rough country, naked, before he arrived at his goal. But having gained safety, the thought of his precious traps haunted him; so, after a rest, he set off again, arrived at the place of their hiding late one evening and built a camp-fire. Hardly had he set up his buffalo meat to roast, when he heard sounds that told him of Indians near. There was no time spent in verification. Across the fire and into darkness he leaped, and, shots telling him that he had not been needlessly alarmed, he made a bee-line for the fort. A few days' rest followed, and he went off again.

John Colter died of jaundice in the year 1813 and was buried near Dundee, Missouri, two years after he met, and stayed with the Astoria party for a day, bemoaning the fact that his recent marriage to "Sally," prevented his going into the wilderness again. At any rate he gave that as his excuse, though there may have been, at the back of his mind, the oath he had sworn. And thereby hangs a tale which has not often been told, and which is this that follows.

In the month of March, 1810, Colonel Pierre Menard and Andrew Henry gathered thirty-two men and started off, bent on adventure and profit, from Fort Manuel towards the Three Fork country. They employed Colter to act as guide. So deep was the snow when they reached the mountains that on some days they made no more than four miles, and in many places they encountered drifts fifty feet deep. Had it not been for Colter's guidance, they must all have perished; for, at the Galatin River they suffered from snow-blindness, and when matters seemed hopeless, the guide led them through a mountain pass that he had discovered on his trip with the Crows and Flatheads. They reached the Three Fork in April, 1810, and Menard erected a fort on the spot where Colter had made his famous race with death. Then misfortune upon misfortune overtook the adventurers. One party, going out to trap beaver, led by a

man named James, lost provisions, traps, clothes, and ammunition by the overturning of a canoe. Colter, when on a hunting trip with a party, ran into a band of Blackfeet, who killed four of the whites. A few days later Colter again narrowly escaped death, when Indians surprised him. Yet, imperturbable, he walked into the fort as if nothing out of the usual run of things had happened. Not until he had divested himself of his gear, did he give any indication of his last experience, nor then did he do more than hint of it. Presently, after brooding awhile, he said: "Now, if God will only forgive me this time and let me off, I will leave the country the day after tomorrow, and be damned if I ever come into it again."

His resolution may have been strengthened because of happenings that followed, when on the way to St. Louis. With him went two men, one whose name history does not record, the other a trapper named William Bryan. Such was the danger surrounding them, that their condition seems to have been comparable to that confronting grasshoppers in a poultry yard. Blackfeet threatened them so, that they dared travel only at night. They heard news, too, of what had happened at Manuel's Fort; how Blackfeet had made a raid and killed two men and taken pelts and traps, as well as ammunition; how three men were missing; how the hunters were discouraged because of the never-

ending hostility of the Indians, how Colter's friend, Pierre Druillard, had gone forth and met death at the hands of Blackfeet; how it was realized that Lisa's venture was doomed to failure. Yet, in spite of danger, in spite of resolutions made, in spite of hardships encountered, when Colter saw that Astoria party, the love for adventure, deepened in him to a passion that urged him onward, would, if not deliberately checked, slowly have gathered force until it became irresistible.

When the Astorian party that was captained by Wilson Price Hunt of Trenton, New Jersey, and Donald M'Kenzie, halted where Colter lived, the trapper found himself greeted with enthusiasm by many he had known, and many others who had heard of his prowess and adventures. And Hunt had gathered some frontier notables. There was John Day, then in his fortieth year, a Vermont man who had left his name on the maps, for a river and tributaries are named for him. There was Edward Robinson, tall and rangy, who had been scalped years before in a brush with Indians; and that adventurous printer, Thomas Nuttall, from Yorkshire, so curious about plant life, who wrote a *Journal of Travels into the Arkansas Territory* (1841), and other books about botany, and who presently became curator of the botanical gardens

at Harvard; and John Hoback, whose name is perpetuated in the Teton peak which bears his name; and the half-breed, Pierre Dorion, a very useful fellow, whose wife, an Indian squaw, deserves a chapter to herself in a book about rovers, since she walked from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia, carrying her infant child and enduring incredible hardships. There were others, colorful and picturesque men, who went on that 3500-mile trip, which commenced on October 21st, 1810, and ended on February 15th, 1812, at Astoria.

As an organized expedition, the Astorian adventurers do not rightly concern us; and their tale has been told by Washington Irving in a much neglected book, and part of the story, that dealing with the voyage of the *Tonquin*, has been colorfully dealt with in a novel by Gilbert W. Gabriel. Yet one hints at the glories of the adventure—how John Jacob Astor, having engaged in the fur trade, had the magnificent idea of building a line of trading forts across the continent and along the Pacific coast; how he planned to start a settlement at the mouth of the Columbia River, so sent the *Tonquin*, freighted with necessities, around the Horn; how Indians seized the ship and killed its crew, after the settlement had been established. Ignorant of all that, for there existed no way to obtain news, he sent forth the overland expedition under Wilson P. Hunt; and Hunt found a

mountain of difficulties; in getting men, in the opposition of Manuel Lisa, in a thousand ways. Marvelously, Hunt held on; poling up the Missouri, crossing the Black Hills, feeling a way across the Big Horn Mountains, suffering in the maze of the Tetons; his men reduced to eating dogs and horses, the party threatened by hostile Indians. Then too, somehow, they lost Hoback, and the scalped Robinson, and Rezner and Miller, good men all; but the leader held true to his Polaris, though often sadly distressed and doubtful as to routes and direction. By foot, by skin canoes, by rafts, by bullboats, they went; by determination they won, and they arrived with few fatalities to report, except that two men, John Day and Crookes had been left, at the point of death, on the banks of the Snake River. Three thousand and five hundred miles they had traveled, making a circuit to avoid the Blackfeet, making, too, many a detour; though a direct way would have been only eighteen hundred miles.

Out of it all grew many minor excitements and adventures; one, especially, arising from the necessity of informing John Jacob Astor, in New York, of how things were. For that involved the sending of a special delivery letter across the continent; it meant calling for volunteers, and selecting one of known worth and dependability. Then uprose an Irishman, one John Reed, who offered to carry

and deliver the mail. And to escort and help him, there stepped forth Ben Jones, Kentucky hunter, and two Canadians who yearned to see their homeland in Montreal. To work went John Reed, making a tin box for the letters, with straps to fit across his shoulders, so that his despatches might become a very part of himself; and on March 22nd, 1813, Reed and his party set forth, accompanied by others, who were to carry supplies to the inland trading post of Padinagan, and still others who were to recover supplies which had been hidden by Hunt, on his westward journey, when he became hard-pressed. Seventeen in all started, "the gallant Irishman," says Irving, "striding along at its head, with his tin case of despatches glittering on his back."

High-spirited John Reed, special delivery messenger, facing that journey with these companions, when an armed band of thirty, in those days, was considered hardly safe—it makes the heart beat quicker. Walt Whitman has told us that it is as noble to fail as to succeed, when failure is not due to lack of enterprise or to want of determination; so Reed's failure must be heralded as fine as the failure of Antarctic Scott. For in a rocky defile, down came Cathlasco Indians, full of wily deceit, since they pretended to be eager to help the adventurers; then, when the time seemed ripe, off they went on horseback, taking by force what they

could lay hands on, knocking the special delivery man down with a war-club, and seizing the bright tin box, which, because of its glitter, they took to be of especial value. There were some complicated negotiations later with the Indians in an endeavor to straighten matters out and regain some of the stolen things; but the tin box did not come to light. The express messenger and his companions therefore started to return to Astoria and had advanced a day's journey when they heard voices calling them in English. So it was that they found Crookes and John Day, who had been left for dead a year before, on the Snake River. The men were quite naked, and had a strange tale to tell of Indian kindness whereby their lives were saved. It was May 11th, before the hopeful John Reed and his party, with the two rescued men, again reached Astoria; and the Irishman was all eagerness to set off once more, the wiser for his experience.

Not until June 29th, however, did the Astorian managers attempt to send to New York another special delivery package. This time the honor of bearing the despatches fell on a young man named Robert Stuart, who had never been overland. With him went John Day and Ben Jones, and Andri Vallar, and Francis LeClaire, the two latter being Canadians. At the last moment, Crookes and M'Lellan, who were anxious to reënter civiliza-

tion, however perilous the way, decided to accompany them. Going with them as far as the fork of the Columbia were other men, detailed to halt there and build a trading fort. And all went well for four days, with the parties in highest spirits, when, at night, they heard a shot in the camp and discovered, after investigation, that John Day had tried to kill himself. It came as a shock to realize that they had a dangerous madman with them, and it made a serious problem. Luckily, they met with a band of Indians, headed with pelts towards Astoria; and the Shoshonies, grasping the situation, offered to take the unfortunate man back to Astoria. This mission they faithfully fulfilled, but John Day died without regaining his senses.

The record of travel of the six young men to the mouth of the Walla Walla, where they arrived at the latter part of July, is one of difficulties faced and overcome by sheer determination and pluck, as well as by vigilance and a measure of subtlety. They mastered circumstances because they mastered themselves, and because they pursued a lofty aim with almost desperate seriousness. It reads like a Jules Verne story, how they bargained with Indians for horses, and disposed of their canoes and faced, with a sort of imperturbability, what fronted them in that journey to the Blue Mountains, and over them, and beyond, to the Snake River; for the summer had been hot and dry, and creeks were

rivers of stone, and often, from sunrise until sunset, they went forward in a cloud of dust, and always tormented by thirst. Not until August 10th. did they reach one of the tributaries of the Snake River, and find a comfortable camping place where they could rest for a few days. But a plague of mosquitoes, and another plague, rattlesnakes, visited them; so they were preparing to shift camp, when a lone Indian came with strange news. There was, he said, not far off, a white man, and he had seen, not long before, three other white men, all in miserable condition, but of their history he knew nothing. Because of that news, the despatch bearers decided to stay awhile, in spite of detriments, while some of the party made search. A wide cast however, turned out to be fruitless, so they resumed their march and had almost forgotten the incident, or had dismissed it as a baseless rumor, when, on August 20th, while they were trekking on the prairie bordering the Snake River, one of the party went down, by merest chance, into the valley. And, wonder of wonders, he saw a white man, most miserably clad, fishing, and it proved to be John Hoback, one of the four men who had been lost from the Hunt party in September of the year before. Hoback seems to have taken the meeting much as a matter of course, and fell to telling his discoverer that, if he waited awhile, he would call his companions. He set up a hallooing, and pres-

ently came a distant response; then, after a few minutes, three other men came. They were Robinson, the scalped Kentuckian, Jake Rezner, and Joseph Miller, thus completing the party of four who had gone astray from the Hunt expedition. So that night, at the camp, there were lively tales of roving.

They told how, after leaving the Hunt party, they had wandered into new lands somewhere south, perhaps near the Bear River; how they had trapped beaver, and did very well, until they fell into the hands of a band of Arapahay Indians who robbed them; how a second band of Indians had stripped them still more naked; how they came to desert country, and suffered, and so had swept up north, and were contemplating further roving, they knew not where, until the time of that strange meeting when Stuart accidentally came upon Hoback at his fishing. Their tale was told sketchily, nor can missing chapters ever be filled in. In a time when the ideal is towards comfort, towards a safe and almost vegetable existence, so that the tendency is altogether opposed to individual initiative, it is hard for ease-loving, and tenderly-nurtured folk to conceive of men welcoming hardships and rebuffs, and enjoying thrilling experiences. Yet when there were lands without barriers and limitations, men were not wanting who found fullness and intensity of life to be extremely good, and fled from

ways that flow in well-regulated channels. Nor let it be forgotten, though it has been said before, that economic dependence outweighs much, and there is a fierce delight that seizes upon men who know themselves to be other than a mere wheel in a complex machine. So it is not to be wondered at that, though the four rovers threw in their lot with the east-bound party, no sooner had that party opened a cache made by Hunt in his western trip and uncovered beaver traps and ammunition, than the four were all for making some arrangement by which they could gain possession of the treasure, in order to follow again the life of freedom from restraint. At least, thus did Robinson, the scalped, and Rezner and Hoback. Miller, of less vivid make-up, cast his lot with the east-bound party.

It was September 1st, when the despatch bearers separated from the three adventurers; and the man Miller predicted all sorts of happy outcomes, since, he asserted, he knew of short cuts over hills and plains, which would save trouble and time. But short cuts are often longest ways, as the Argentine gauchos say; and so it was. Soon the party found itself in distress, often lost, wandering where game could not be had, men and animals wanting water; then, to add to their trouble, down upon them swept a party of Crow Indians, who seized their horses and belongings and left them on foot. We see them after that mishap plodding along the

banks of the Mad River, carrying what they could, the roughness of the way daily making greater and greater demands upon their energies, the more because of the first hints of winter, with frequent storms of snow and hail. Resolutely they pushed on, though a day's march meant no more than nine miles. They had a doubtful sort of rest when, for a few days, they rode on two frail rafts they made and navigated on the Mad River—doubtful because they exchanged one kind of toil for another; but on September 29th, they abandoned the river for a land march again, striking east into the mountains. Then it was that a strange obstinacy broke out in one of the men, M'Lellan, who refused to carry his pack, and declared he would travel alone, making a short cut by going into the Blackfeet country to the north; and, doubtless, the rest of the party were glad enough to let him go, seeing that he had developed a case of resolute wrongness against which neither logic nor good sense could prevail. To make matters worse, one of the party fell ill and had to be carried, while his pack and accoutrements were shared among the others. Nor could they fire a rifle, should game appear, since they feared that the noise would bring upon them an Indian attack. But the last fear, Ben Jones, the trapper, disregarded, and going out alone, and making a wide circuit, he shot an elk and brought into camp a load of meat. The toil of traversing

Pilot Knob Mountains, days of short commons, blizzards, northers, nights below zero they knew; then, fourteen days after M'Lellan's desertion, they came upon the obstinate rebel as he was at the point of death from starvation. Hunger, which teaches many things, taught M'Lellan humility; so thereafter, being nursed into strength, he became tractable enough. All the while, for a month, they had skirted and detoured, enduring extra fatigue and often going hungry, in order to lessen chances of falling into the hands of Indians. But in spite of precautions, on October 18th, entering into a valley into which ran one of the tributaries of the Spanish River, they came suddenly upon a camp of more than a hundred Snake Indians. Their consternation fell away when they discovered that the Indians were almost as poor as themselves, were hospitable and kindly, offering them buffalo meat and grain. What was more, they produced a very old horse which they exchanged for a pistol, a knife and an ax; so the wayfarers, after a night's rest, went on their way in better heart; and, fortune coming with both hands full, that afternoon they shot a young buffalo. In that confusion of rivers and hills south of the Wind River Mountains, they hazarded many guesses as to their geographical location. Nor even when they reached a tributary of the North Platte, were they certain of their whereabouts; and the frequent blizzards that swept upon

them confounded them still further. Believing that to continue into an unknown country would mean disaster, they set to work to make a camp in which to abide until spring. So while some of the party built a rude shack, Ben Jones and the two Canadians scouted for game and were fortunate enough to kill thirty-two buffalo. Bighorn bucks, deer and bears they also killed; and in a very short time they had erected a dwelling 8 feet by 18 and 6 feet high, which they covered with buffalo hides. A good store of firewood they also gathered, then went to work smoking a supply of meat. But their peace and comfort proved to be short-lived, for no sooner had they got their meat preserving well under way, than along came a party of Arapahay braves, who gave the information that a large party of Crow Indians were on the war-path and bound that way. Eliée Reclus has given the world a description of the enormous capacity for meat which primitive men have; how they will eat all day and far into the night, then wake from sleep and eat again. And so it was with these Arapahays. For twenty-four hours they ate constantly, with short intervals of sleep, and when they took their departure they helped themselves to quantities of the dried meat—not with any apologies or promises to repay, but with laughter, as at what they took to be an excellent joke. They had robbed with a smile, and went away leaving their hosts full of consterna-

tion. Supplies for the entire winter had vanished in twenty-four hours.

Obviously there remained nothing to do but to go forward again, which they did, trudging through eighteen inches of snow, over that melancholy country known as the Rattlesnake Hills, in Wyoming, until they reached the Platte River, where on December 27th, they came upon a small herd of buffalo. The gun-handly Ben Jones dropped enough to give them a good feast, and to spare; so they made another winter camp, and stayed there until the latter part of March, 1813. After that, as Daniel Boone would have said, "there was nothing worthy of note," except hundreds of miles of trudging, and a few days of comfort at Fort Osage. Then, on April 30th, they arrived at St. Louis, "in perfect health and fine spirits," after a journey that had taken them ten months. Certainly they were no ten months of apathy.

As for Rezner, Robinson the scalped, and Hoback, they too had avoided apathy and dullness; for some time in the fall of 1814, when John Reed, of the tin box, had a beaver-trapping establishment on the Snake River, they paid him a friendly call and entered for a while into his service. Rezner, however, failing to realize, with Don Quixote, that valor not founded on prudence is rashness, went forth to trade with hostile Indians and so came to his death. How the candles of his two comrades

finally burned within the socket, history does not record.

Among the adventurers in the northwest was one who made no name for himself as fighter or hunter, but who gave the world, in a journal that he kept with care, a description of the Indians, their dress and customs and habits. That adventurer was William Sturgis, the son of a Cape Cod shipmaster, who went to Boston at the age of fourteen (he was born in 1782), endured with seeming patience an office job, studied navigation by candle-light, then shipped before the mast on the *Eliza*, bound for the northwest coast. As soon as the *Eliza* touched the Indian country young Sturgis began to study Indian ways and learn their language. He understood their mental processes as if he had been one of them; and they, who had a natural suspicion of white men, put their trust in him. So Sturgis naturally became trading master, and, as the *Eliza* cruised and presently came among the Western Inoits, it became clear that Sturgis was as swift to learn their ways as he had been to learn the ways of other Indians. When his companion seamen spoke scornfully of the natives as degraded beings, Sturgis pointed out that they were endowed with peculiar endurance and could withstand cold, hunger and fatigue better than those who criticized

them, therefore were deserving of admiration, not contempt. They were, by nature, honest and incapable of fraud, he pointed out, and where duplicity entered into their negotiations, it was the result of contact with white men.

This understanding of men and consequent ability to manage them grew in young Sturgis and had important results. While the *Eliza* lay at anchor, another Boston vessel, the *Ulysses*, also a fur trader, hove in sight. At a glance it became clear that something had gone wrong with the stranger, and when a boat from the *Eliza* boarded the *Ulysses* a tale of mutiny was told. Captain Lamb and an under officer were below in irons. Sturgis, with that persuasive power of his, a power backed by understanding of the ways of men, busied himself to such effect that the mutineers released the captain and promised obedience, but the mate, who had headed the men, refused to compromise and then went ashore, and of him we know no more. Delighted because of the way things had turned out, Captain Lamb offered Sturgis the job of first mate, but the lad of seventeen at first demurred on account of his youth and inexperience, then accepted. Sturgis, on the voyage to Boston, practically played captain; and being arrived in port Lamb testified so warmly to the young man's ability that the owners put him on the *Caroline* as first mate. So forth he sailed again, bound for the northwest

coast, but at Hawaii the captain died, so Sturgis took charge. His years then numbered nineteen. He returned to Boston, says the record, "five years after he had left as a common sailor, as the master of a noble ship, with a valuable cargo on board, the fruit in great measure of his own skill and exertions."

Next came a voyage around the world in the *Caroline*, and a return to Boston, after which he came to command the *Atahualpa* bound for China with \$300,000 in the treasure chest. With so valuable a charge, Sturgis asked the owner to arm the vessel, but that, for some unexplained reason, the owner would not do. Secretly then Sturgis smuggled four cannon on board, and well it was that he did so. For when at anchor off Macao, on August 21st, 1809, in the night Chinese pirates in sixteen junks make a furious and sudden attack, doing so when the *Atahualpa* was short-handed, since the majority of the crew were on shore leave. For an hour the battle raged, the armed junks attacking again and again; and when the men of the *Atahualpa* weakened at a critical moment, Sturgis held a lighted cigar over a barrel of gunpowder and said he would blow up the ship if the pirates were not defeated. So Sturgis won, then retired from the sea and went into the fur trade for himself on the northeast coast. Seeing better opportunity in the Californian hide business, he engaged in that trade,

and it was in a Sturgis ship that Dana sailed his *Two Years before the Mast*. He died at the age of eighty-one, October 21st, 1863.

It is interesting to note his John Bunyan-like regard for "the thing as it was," and one does not know where to turn for a better description of the Indians of Norfolk Sound. Thus, one passage runs:—

In the afternoon, two large canoes came round the East Point and, as they turned it, all joined in a war-song, which they rattled off with spirit quite handsomely. Upon their approach we found that they each contained a petty chief, and about nine young men. The chiefs, who were both good-looking men and carried themselves with great dignity, sat upon a high box in the middle of the canoes. They had beards about two inches long, with a considerable pair of whiskers; and wore long hair, which, by what we could understand, was taken from the heads of their enemies killed in battle. The tops of their heads were powdered with small geese-down; and a long red and yellow feather, painted, which rose over all, completed the head-dress. In their ears they wore a kind of shell pearl, which is of some value here, and, when the coast was first visited, was esteemed of great value. Over their shoulders they wore a cloth of their own manufacture, about a fathom square, made out of the wool of their mountain sheep; round the edges they work in otter's fur; and on the whole it makes a very handsome appearance. What they wore on their legs I cannot say, as they did not condescend to rise from their seats, but, after purchasing three or

four muskets, left us and went on shore. All the young men in the canoes had their faces daubed with red and black, and their heads powdered with red ochre and geese-down. . . . In their domestic relations they manifest as much tenderness and affection as can be found in any state of society. Children are uniformly treated with tenderness and indulgence, seldom punished, and never struck. . . . I cannot commend their grace in the dance; but their spirit is worthy of imitation. They engage in it with some life and animation; at least it was easy to discover whether the dancers were awake or asleep—a fact not readily ascertainable in modern days in more polished communities.



CHAPTER V

EZEKIEL WILLIAMS, of Arrow Rock, Missouri, was one of several who had to tell his tale of adventure to the stay-at-homes, and in the telling he fired some to adventure. His tale dealt with Manuel Lisa, for he had spent years on the march with him and at the trading post of Yellowstone. He told, too, of Nathaniel Pryor who had traded at Arkansas Post, and had ventured into New Mexico in search of pelts; and of the great Auguste Pierre Chouteau, how he had fitted out an expedition to trap beaver in the head waters of the Arkansas River with a party of Arapahoes, but was captured by Spaniards and imprisoned in Santa Fé for forty-eight days, and being released, was provided with the worst horses that could be found. So, many

went to Ezekiel's farm-house to listen. And some talked about making a public-spirited endeavor to lay trails, if some one would supply the money; and some thought that prosperity would leap at them, if they but went west and had the courage to face difficulties. Then came William Becknell, who had known Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton; and when he had heard about Pierre Chouteau's adventure in New Mexico, he dreamed, not so much of pelts, as of getting rich by buying mules and selling them again; buying for a mere song in New Mexico, and selling for sixty or seventy dollars a head in Missouri. So one day Becknell left Ezekiel's place in deep thought, planning how to turn dreams to deeds, and out of his pondering grew an advertisement which ran in the *Missouri Intelligencer* of June 25th, 1820, in part, that he wanted "a company of men destined to the westward for the purpose of trading horses and mules and catching wild animals of every description."

Then it was that men recalled a certain danger which might attend the expedition—speaking of James Baird, who had gone to El Paso, likewise with intent to trade in mules and pelts; but, after spending several years in jail, in Chihuahua, for having entered the forbidden land, had become a Mexican, and was reported to be in some position of responsibility where he kept a strict look-

out for foreigners, and, in proclamation, spoke of "we Mexicans." Still, there were seventeen who brought horses and articles of trade. So, on August 4th, 1821, the cavalcade set off, to open a way for themselves, and for whoso cared to follow, into the southwest, up the Arkansas River, then along the Purgatory River, over Raton Pass, and on to Santa Fé by way of Las Vegas and Pecos. The journey had its difficulties, also its disappointments; for those Indians who were supposed to have horses to offer in trade were nowhere to be found. But instead of Indians, on November 13th, in the Pecos country, a squadron of Mexican cavalry came upon them, and halted them, then made it clear that, instead of being regarded as sworn enemies, the Missourian adventurers were to be greeted as friends, since Mexico had won its independence from Spain and would henceforth welcome traders from the north.

You picture the gathered groups of people at Santa Fé, eager for the trinkets, the calicoes, and odds and ends which Becknell and his men set out on hastily constructed stands, in the plaza of that flat-roofed town which had been forbidden to Americans: the merriment all about, with brisk business, and children looking on in delight, and Indians staring stolidly for hours; cooks doing a brisk trade in tortillas, people coming in from lone haciendas, hoping that they would not be too late;

patriot cries of "*Viva Mexico!*" and "*Viva los valientes!*" by way of compliment to the traders; and the Padres seeing to it that the excitement did not prevent people from going to Mass. As for the result of all that unexpected trading, there is on record the testimony of an Arrow Rock man, quoted by his son, which runs: "My father saw them unload when they returned, and when their rawhide packages of silver dollars were dumped on the sidewalk, one of the men cut the thongs and the money spilled out, and, clinking on the stone pavement, rolled into the gutter. Every one was excited, and the next spring another expedition was sent out. To show what profits were made I remember one young lady, Miss Fanny Marshall, who put \$60 into the expedition and her brother brought back \$900 as her share."

The important point is that the second expedition went with three wagons as well as a pack train, and, taking a short cut, made the journey in twenty-two days, the first covered-wagon train to take the trail. Wherefore the leader, William Becknell, came to be hailed as "The Father of the Sante Fé Trail." And the silver dollars brought back to the Missouri frontier did wonders in the way of stimulating trade; and with chisels they were cut in half to make change, or cut into quarters, and the quarters were again chopped in two, to be handily called "two bits."

Into the northwest, too, trading-adventurers went, on hearing the tales of pathfinders; and the most interesting teller of stories of that region was Andrew Henry, who had been up the Missouri with Manuel Lisa and had fought with Blackfeet and had eaten horse-flesh. His days of unremitting expenditure of energy being ended, he had settled down to read his books, and to play his violin, and to enjoy quiet, though he could still be sunny and entertaining when the right sort of companion came along. Of these companions, William Ashley, politician, merchant, capitalist in a small way, general of state militia, stood well to the front. Ashley's thoughts were full of ideas about adventuring in the lands in which Henry had wandered, but affairs held him, until a depression struck the town of Potosi where he lived, and his business partners in a smelter, Moses Austin and his son Stephen, sold out and went to Texas, with the idea of forming a colony of New Orleans people, the latter to be gathered up by Stephen. The astounding part of it to Ashley was that the pathfinder, who had always wrought tremendously, had faced difficulties, had known hardships, should come off so poor in the world's goods. Henry's was a case in point. He had in him a love of adventure, which was enterprise, but not that enterprise which formed part of the successful man's career. With a capable managing partner, Ashley thought, things would be different.

The end of the discussion came with a definite proposal of a partnership, in the shape of "The Rocky Mountain Fur Company," the public announcement of which appeared in the *Missouri Republican* of March, 1822, in an advertisement which called for "enterprising young men," to the number of one hundred, who would be willing to "ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed for two or three years."

So it was that the narrow trail made by lone rovers commenced to be a broad track into the northwest; just as a trail to Santa Fé had also broadened when William Becknell's prairie schooners made a first trip, to be followed, in less than sixty years, by a railroad. In two flat boats, from St. Louis, the crowd of adventurers went (one of them bringing eighteen-year-old Jim Bridger), poling their way, or hauling on a line wherever possible. Near Fort Osage the first disaster occurred, when one boat struck a snag and went down with the loss of \$10,000 worth of equipment. Then, where Bismarck now is, a war party of Assiniboines swept down on the horses, so that Ashley must needs return to St. Louis by canoe to persuade new creditors, leaving Henry to go on with the party. Wise and experienced, sensing the enmity of Blackfeet, Henry soon left the river, for safety's sake, and built a trading fort. Nor were his precautions un-

needed, for Blackfeet raids were frequent, and resulted in the loss of four men.

A tale is told of three companions in the Henry crowd, inseparables who trapped together, one of those close knotted friendships so often met with on frontiers. One of the three, a man named Carpenter, who owned a dog of which he thought a great deal, formed some sort of alliance with a squaw, which resulted in a cooling off of friendship between the men. When Carpenter, one evening, told a tale designed to set forth the fidelity of his dog, Fink interrupted with "The dog is faithful, women never." Whereupon Carpenter flared up in anger, taking the remark as a slight on his squaw. Then followed days of rich silences between Fink and Carpenter, with the third of the party doing his best to mend the breach. Back and forth flew innuendoes and hints, Fink and Carpenter addressing their remarks to Talbot, but obviously talking at each other, until one night, when the drink flowed freely and the finer edge had gone from judgment, Talbot suggested that it was time to bury the hatchet. So came muling sentimentality, with Carpenter and Fink testifying to the high regard in which each held the other, and declarations that no test of mutual faith could be proposed which would be too great.

"I'll prove it," said Carpenter. "I'll prove my

faith now. I'll let Fink shoot a pannikin of whisky off my head. Are you game to try, Fink?"

With many asseverations, Fink declared himself ready for the test of friendship. Carpenter would trust him, and he would prove himself worthy of the trust. Thereupon the foolish Carpenter stood against the wall, balancing a tin mug on his head, and Fink took his gun.

"Don't do it," pleaded Talbot.

"The man who's afraid ought to die," answered Carpenter. "If he aims too low you'll get my things."

"Don't do it," again pleaded Talbot, this time addressing Fink.

"The more the fear the more the danger," said Fink, and fired, whereupon Carpenter crumpled to the floor, shot through the forehead.

After that, not an hour passed in which Fink and Talbot were out of sight of each other, each mistrusting his fellow. They slept together, ate together, worked together, walked together, always on the watch, the common danger making for a curious unanimity, each on guard. A week passed, two weeks, a month, and always there was that close watch, security and danger going hand in hand; and never a day passed in which Talbot did not ask Fink how it came that he, so good a marksman, should have made so poor a shot.

For a year neither man lost sight of the other for any considerable length of time, and when the anniversary of Carpenter's death came round, Fink's mood seemed gloomy. About noon it became clear that he had been drinking heavily, and when Talbot put the question he had so often asked, "How did you manage to draw low?" Fink laughed uneasily, then made answer in the old way, saying that some inexplicable accident had made him miss.

They were outside the cooking shack, and a few men were gathered about, not attending to what went on, but washing their clothes, or cleaning their guns.

"Suppose you try again," suggested Talbot.

"How?" asked Fink astonished.

"On me," answered Talbot. "Don't stand there like a fool, thinking about murder."

"Murder?" queried Fink. "Say that again."

"Murder," repeated Talbot.

"Meanin'," said Fink. "That means—?"

"You get it where you hit him," said Talbot, and struck out with his fist savagely at Fink's forehead, between the eyes.

Fink reeled with the force of the blow but recovered, and his hand went to his belt; but Talbot drew his pistol and fired, shattering Fink's right arm.

"Own up," roared Talbot.

Fink dropped to his knees with a cry of rage and pain, swayed a moment, then crouched.

"For God's sake don't kill me," he pleaded. "I done it in— Yes, I done it. I killed him. For God's sake give me a chance, Talbot."

"You own up?" asked Talbot, "You killed my partner?"

There was nothing heroic about what followed.

"You killed him," said Talbot, and struck a sledge-hammer blow on the upturned face, then drew from the victim's belt his pistol, placed it within an inch of Fink's forehead and fired.

For a terrible moment anything might have happened, and Talbot looked around, expectant. His sudden frenzy had passed. "If no one's got anything to say, I'm going," he said. Then, giving a glance at the body, which lay twitching, jerkily, he walked away to make ready his pack and so passed into the loneliness which had received many in that wilderness.

Ashley, in St. Louis, gathered together a strange company. His venture appealed to all sorts and conditions of men, particularly to those into whose past it seemed unwise to inquire; so that a certain piratical flavor pervaded his gang. But also there were men whose qualities gave them influence

over their fellows, who had known frontier life and were not to be turned aside by danger, and who were well inured to patience and endurance. Of such were James Clyman of Virginia, who was to record his adventures; and Vasquez, whose name appears in Parkman's *Oregon Trail*; and Jedediah Smith, who presently made a remarkable journey to California, and crisscrossed the continent in spite of innumerable hardships; and the Irishman, Thomas Fitzpatrick, who served with Lincoln in the Blackhawk war (Broken Hand Fitz, men called him), who became the first Indian Agent; and "Kentucky" William L. Sublette, whose name ranks high in frontier history; and Edward Rose, mixed white, Indian and Negro, former river pirate, renegade, and rascal, and brave man, too.

On June 1st, 1823, in the country of the Arikaras, where North and South Dakota touch, and the river crisscrosses the boundary line, the two keel boats anchored for trading purposes, while the land party, with the horses, gathered in sight of the river men. The reports are confusing as to what happened in the start, but it is said that the rascal Rose, who knew the ways of Indians, since he had been many years with the Crows, and many with the Arikarees, warned Ashley of an attack. But Rose's reputation, as one with an outrageous appetite for lies, caused his advice to be disregarded. The "I-heard-someone-say-so" story is always likely

to be received as half a lie. What stands forth clearly is, that the Indians had planned an ambush, and that at their first fire, many of the land party fell; then came confused happenings, with relief parties rowing to land, and land men swimming to the boats, and Indians in a hostile circle, and a mortality bill of fourteen killed and eleven wounded. Obviously Ashley could not advance, and retreat must have been unthinkable; so he sent, by night, his wounded down to Fort Leavenworth, with an appeal for help to Colonel Leavenworth, while Jedediah Smith and another slipped through the Indian lines and headed for Henry's place at Yellowstone; calling on him to come to the rescue, no suspicion in them that Henry himself was having his troubles with Blackfeet. Still, Jedediah Smith's work had result. Leaving twenty men to guard the trading fort, Henry set off, and reached Ashley's two keel boats at the end of June—a remarkable feat. As for the other rescue party, that, too, came into effective play; for Leavenworth, with a detachment of 250 soldiers, and two cannon, was joined en route by Josiah Pilcher, with sixty trappers and a howitzer, also a band of friendly Sioux, seven hundred strong. Pilcher, with his force alone, would have been a very tower of strength, seeing that he knew the country, knew the Indian ways and had long traded in the Dakota country. With all that activity, one is prepared for

tremendous onslaught, and a clear-cut tale of what happened; but instead, the end comes in misty confusion. Colonel Leavenworth seems to have been in doubt as to what to do; and the Sioux, apparently disappointed because there was no fierce attack, laid waste the Arikaras' corn-fields, then rode away with many horses belonging to their allies; and the Arikaras, after a fruitless parley, went off another way. As for the whites, Pilcher and Leavenworth had high words, and Ashley and Pilcher decided that further trade by way of the Missouri looked hopeless, since the Arikaras and Sioux both believed that the red men were the superior of the invaders. So Henry went back to his Yellowstone country, to face what might befall; and Ashley, who faced bankruptcy, since his adventure had come to naught, determined to try his luck in the Green River country, taking Jedediah Smith, Fitzpatrick, Sublette, Clyman, and Rose, among others, and going by way of the Black Hills.

Clyman afterwards told of Jedediah's adventure with a grizzly, on that trip; how the bear attacked Smith, "taking him by the head first," throwing him down and mauling him, "breaking several of his ribs and cutting his head badly." Clyman, who had to apply first aid, and hospital service too, finding one of Smith's ears "torn from his head out to the outer rim," took needle and thread, and stretching all the other wounds in the best way he was

capable," managed to "lay the lacerated parts together as nice as I could with my hands." It was rough surgery, and one thinks of the danger of infected wounds, but, somehow, I do not know how, it is certain that men away from those germs that seem to be omnipresent in the midst of civilization do not suffer as severely as might be expected. I have known of the amputation of a sailor's leg, a ship's cook cutting through the thigh with an ordinary butcher's knife, and sawing the femur with his meat saw, while the ship rolled in Cape Horn waters. I did not see the operation, but I saw the man after he was operated upon, and the cook who performed the operation, and the men who helped. And I myself cut a bullet from a man's leg, using a razor to make a slash, then drawing the bullet out with my teeth and my fingers. Again, I once cut an arrow from a man's shoulder with a clasp knife. Sometimes it seems as though at least a part of the progress of which we make boast is but an overcoming of what we create by crowding into cities.

We leap to the end of Henry's adventure in 1824, when he arrived in St. Louis with a cargo of furs. But out of his last plunge into the wilderness had come many ripples. Jim Bridger had discovered Great Salt Lake; and, incidentally, from some unknown in his numerous camps had heard of an English playwright named Shakespeare, in a way to strangely interest him. So being unable to

read, he planned a certain intellectual adventure, a roving into new worlds, which later he brought to pass. For he bought a set of Shakespeare, then hired a good reader, and heard every word, on winter nights when he had earned his leisure. And Jedediah Smith wandered west, trapping the while, until he came to the Snake River, where he met with a band of Iroquois Indians who were under the command of Alexander Ross, of the Hudson's Bay Company, established at Fort Vancouver. So east and west met. But Snake Indians had attacked the Hudson's Bay party, and stolen their horses and accoutrements; leaving them in sad plight, though with nine hundred beaver skins. Whereupon Jedediah turned about and led the stricken part east to the Tetons, charging for his services the nine hundred pelts, duly delivered at Pierre's Hole. As for Tom Fitzpatrick, the tale he told Ashley led to another expedition, in 1825—not by the Missouri, but by land, up the valley of the Platte; so that there came to be established the northern route across the continent to Oregon, by which, today, men motor, traveling in fifteen minutes what in those days took the pathfinders a day.

A year later, Jedediah Smith traveled, for the first time, the overland route to California. Maurice Sullivan, who has made an intensive study of Jedediah Smith, tells me that it is impossible to piece together the fragments of his travels, for,

though Smith kept a written record, fires here, and fires there destroyed his journals; also, hero worshippers have done their work in distorting the man himself. But we seem to visualize a strange character, who tormented himself with religious doubts, who was quick on the trigger, who had trained himself to forethought and attention; whose personal influence upon those about him was strong; who stood guiltless of thriftlessness, heedlessness and recklessness, and certainly had in him nothing of the vindictive.

Exploring to the southwest from Salt Lake, with fifteen companions, he followed up the Sevier River, and, coming out between the Mormon and Virgin Range, struck Virgin River about where it enters the Colorado River, crossed over, and so came into the Mojave country, a tremendous journey in itself, because of the aridity of the country and its scanty vegetation, mainly sage and cactus.

A little earlier, two Americans had passed the place where Jedediah Smith crossed the Colorado, but going up stream. They were the Patties, father and son, who had trapped their way down the Gila River, then up the Colorado until they came to a place of "most horrid mountains," among which the Colorado ran—thus being the first white men, other than Spaniards, to see the Grand Canyon; and certainly the first to make any extended examination of the natural phenomenon, since they

traveled the south rim from end to end, taking thirteen days to do so. The first one to see the Canyon, however, had been Don Lopez de Gardenas, of the Coronado expedition, in the year 1776, when Father Garces, on his way to the Hopi Indian country, from the lower Colorado, stood astonished "at the sight of the most profound caxones which ever onward continue, and within these flows the Colorado." Another missionary, Father Escalante, making his way from Santa Fé to Monterey, struck the canyon from the north, but found his way to the ford near Glen Canyon.

We return to Jedediah Smith. If the journey from Salt Lake to the Colorado presented difficulties, what of that desolate stretch of Mojave Desert, with its ranges of bare mountains, its soda lakes and borax lakes, its alkali marshes? There are tracts which represent lava flows, and other tracts of what are really cinders, and ancient river beds that are stone and gravel, and great patches destitute of vegetation, upon which the sun beats to be reflected in a way to give tormenting pain to the eyes. It is true that here and there are wells dug by the Indians, for in places water has been found at a depth of fifteen feet below the surface; but always it is brackish, never refreshing, and such watering places are often thirty miles or more apart. How great the daring, then, when Smith and his companions, after following down the swift Colo-

rado and along its east bank for four days, struck west into the desert to the Cajon Pass, and so came to the San Gabriel Mission, near San Bernadino, on November 27th. Down to San Diego he went, after a brief rest, and there found Mexican officialdom, in the person of Governor Echeandia, wrought up to a state of extreme exasperation. Why, the governor wanted to know, had Smith come there? By what right had he entered the land? Smith explained, stretching the truth perhaps, that necessity had driven him. He and his men had gone too far into the desert, and it had been easier to go forward than to go back. You imagine vehement whisperings among the governor's entourage, and much ridiculous fuss, with Smith watchful lest he further exasperate the governor, and for a time it looked as if prison yawned for the trapper. Then certain ship captains intervened, American and English, with the result that Smith was bidden to take himself and his men out of the country without delay. So Smith departed, not crossing the desert, since there were sights he must needs see, but going north and trapping along the Stanislaus, then attacking the Sierras.

Smith's record of that part of his journey is to be read, telling how (with the party reduced to four) they had suffered from cold in the Sierras, how they had been on short commons, and how they entered into the Salt Lake desert, when, on

June 24th, "I started very early in hopes of finding water, but ascending a high point of hill I could discover nothing but sandy plains, or dry, rocky hills, with the exception of a snowy mountain off to the northeast at the distance of fifty or sixty miles."

When I came down I durst not tell my men of the desolate prospect ahead, but framed my story so as to discourage them as little as possible. I told them I saw something black at a distance, near which, no doubt we would find water.

I went on a short distance and waited until they came up. They were much discouraged with the gloomy prospect, but I said all I could to enliven their hopes, and told them in all probability we would soon find water. But the view ahead was almost hopeless.

With our best exertion we pushed forward, walking, as we had been for some time, over the soft sand. That kind of traveling is very tiresome to men in good health who can eat when and what they choose, and drink as often as they desire; and to us, worn down with hunger and fatigue, and burning with thirst increased by the blazing sands, it is almost insupportable.

At about 4 o'clock we were obliged to stop on the side of a sand hill under the shade of a small cedar. We dug holes in the sand and laid down in them for the purpose of cooling our heated bodies. After resting an hour we resumed our wearisome journey, and traveled until 10 o'clock at night.

Our sleep was not repose, for tormented nature

made us dream of things we had not and for the want of which it then seemed possible, and even probable, we might perish in the desert, unheard of and unpitied. In those moments how trilling were all those things that hold such an absolute sway over the busy and prosperous world! My dreams were not of gold, or ambitious honors, but of my distant quiet home; of murmuring brooks and cooling cascades.

After a short rest we continued our march and traveled all night, the murmur of falling waters still sounding in our ears, and the apprehension that we might never live to hear the sound in reality weighed heavily upon us.

When morning came it saw us in the same unhappy situation, pursuing our journey over the desolate waste, now gleaming in the sun and more insupportably tormenting than it had been during the night.

At 10 o'clock Robert Evans laid down in the plain, under the shade of a small cedar, being able to proceed no further. We could do no good by remaining to die with him, and we were not able to help him along, but we left him with feelings only known to those who have been in the same situation and with the hope that we might get relief and return in time to save his life. . . .

After traveling about three miles we came to the foot of the mountain, and there, to our inexpressible joy, we found water. Gobel plunged into it at once, and I could hardly wait to bathe my burning forehead before I was pouring it down, regardless of the consequences.

Just before we arrived at the spring I saw two Indians traveling in the direction in which Evans was left, and soon after the report of two guns was heard

in quick succession. This considerably increased our apprehension for his safety, but shortly after a smoke was seen back on the trail, and I took a small kettle of water and some meat, and going back, found him safe. He had not seen the Indians, and had discharged his gun to direct me to where he lay, and for the same purpose had raised the smoke.

He was indeed far gone, being scarcely able to speak. When I came, the first question he asked me was, "Have you any water?" I told him I had plenty, and handed him the kettle, which would hold six or seven quarts, in which there was some meat mixed with the water.

"Oh," says he, "why did you bring the meat!" and putting the kettle to his mouth he did not take it away until he had drunk all the water, of which there was at least four or five quarts; and then he asked me why I had not brought more!

This, however, revived him so much that he was able to go on to the springs. I cut the horse meat and spread it out to dry, and determined to remain the rest of the day that we might repose our wearied and emaciated bodies.

After that there were many tedious days, and many disappointments, until they came to the Jordan River, where Jedediah constructed a poor apology for a raft, with rushes, and swam across, towing the raft with a cord held between his teeth, while his companions hung on behind and kicked, they being unable to swim; and, says Smith, "it was with great difficulty that I was enabled to reach the shore, as I was very much strangled." But the

Jordan is many miles from Bear Lake, for which point Jedediah and his companions were headed, to attend the rendezvous of trappers, and they were wearisome enough. A fat buck, doubtless sent by Pallas Athene, helped to put spirit in them, and they reached their objective point on the afternoon of July 3rd, where "my arrival caused considerable bustle in camp, for myself and party had been given up as lost." And there they beheld the first wheels that had crossed the country by way of the Oregon Trail, for William Ashley had sent to the rendezvous a small cannon on wheels, which thundered to celebrate the occasion. Yet with it all, lo! and behold, on July 13th, 1827, Smith set out again on the Californian trail, accompanied by nineteen men and two Indian women, and by August had led his party into Mojave territory.

Dreary as had been the plight of Smith and his party at this point on the previous journey, the second turned out to be infinitely worse. Having built a raft, Smith and nine companions crossed the river to scout, and a war-party of Mojaves fell upon those left behind, killing the men and taking off the Indian women and the equipment. Damned though the ten men would seem to be, with ten days' desert journey before them, yet they made the crossing, and reached San Gabriel, though in rags that would hardly hold together, like wild creatures. Heading for the Stanislaus, Jedediah found the men he had

left there on his first visit; then, meeting squarely what he knew must befall, went to the Mission of San José and suffered arrest. Being taken to Monterey, after two weeks in prison—the imprisonment sat lightly upon him since his jailer was kindly disposed—the old game of browbeating, and of threatening began again, until once more certain ship captains poured oil on troubled waters, and once more Smith's punishment came in an order that he should leave the country. Smith doubtless followed an original scheme, and, submitting with good grace, set off northwards, trapping as he went, enriching himself and his party, which numbered twenty-one. All seemed right for a triumphal entry into the Hudson's Bay post at Fort Vancouver when, at Umpqua River, in Oregon, disaster befell. For during Smith's absence from camp, a band of Indians came down and killed, as they thought, all but one, who escaped them by almost a miracle and met Smith later in the day.

When the two arrived at Fort Vancouver, less than three hundred miles, by the way they went, from the place of massacre, they found a third survivor had preceded them; and, the story being already told, the manager had made arrangements for a wide cast on a punitive expedition. As a result, much of the stolen treasure and some of the horses were recovered, so the restless Smith began to plan his return east. But first he must needs see

the land; though what he saw, where he adventured, between the time of his arrival and the date on which he set east again, which was on March 12th, 1829, is not known. His gains, however, amounted to over twenty thousand dollars, for which the Hudson's Bay Company gave him a draft.

There have been biographers, well-meaning but mistaken as I see them, who have written of Smith's intense and pathetic longing for a quiet life; but I cannot see Smith in any such mood, any more than I can see the captured wild horse liking the stable and the manger. To wonder what lay beyond the hill and over the river must have occupied him always. Never could he have been immured among those conventions and received opinions which are so necessary to a liver of the quiet life, but must always have been a rebel, however much he seemed to conform. The free and unrestrained life could never have wholly lost its charm for him, or for Colter, or for Boone, or Kenton, or Barthema, or Ibn Batuta; and a lively interest in the unknown must always have occupied them. So, in spite of the fact that Jedediah Smith was writing letters to his relatives in Ohio telling them how he journeyed into unknown lands for the good of humanity, and how he proposed to handle his money, he needed no persuasion when Tom Fitzpatrick proposed a trading expedition into the Santa Fé country,

where Becknell had done so well. On May 31st, 1831, the caravan reached the barren lands, or what were then barren, in southwest Kansas, where the town of Ulysses now stands, with its thousand population; and Smith, scouting ahead for water. . . . There we stop. The end is a mystery. Fitzpatrick sought for him in the dry Cimarron River bed, and found only a famished Arapahoe boy of nine years in the weeds; and the boy he kept and educated, and, later, the grown lad proved worthy of his care, dying in the year 1881, on the Shoshone Reservation in Wyoming, after honorable service in government employ. At Santa Fé, some months after Smith's disappearance, Mexican traders brought in Smith's rifle, and a brace of pistols, which they had obtained from Comanche Indians. So the tale of Jedediah Smith, one of the kings of rovers, ends.

As for Fitzpatrick, man of ceaseless care and vigilance, who came to be known as White Hair, it may be passed over how he became a sort of captain of industry when he left Taos, with Kit Carson in his band; how he met with that queer enthusiast, Hall Jackson Kelley, who dreamed of colonizing Oregon; how he encountered rivalry in the fur trade, and offered to divide the territory amicably; and how, at a gathering of trappers at Pierre's Hole, where many waited for an overdue supply train of provisions and miscellaneous goods for the rendezvous which was in charge of Sublette, he undertook

to deal with that uncertainty and delay. To make sure, and to render help, should it be needed, he rode forth, going more than three hundred miles, and met the train on the Sweetwater River. Finding that all was going well, and having supplied himself with fresh horses, he started back to the rendezvous, to carry the news and relieve the anxiety; nor were there any untoward circumstances, until he crossed the mountains at South Pass. There, he came upon a band of Grosventres, and a glance apprized him of danger. It is one thing to read about a horseman putting spurs to his steed and escaping, another thing altogether to be in the midst of an enemy band widely scattered, in a land of thick foliage concealing enemies, with mountain boulders everywhere, and led horses, or coupled driven horses, to complicate matters. A moment's reflection assuring Fitzpatrick that afoot he would be swifter than in the saddle, he slipped to the ground and sped up the mountainside, dodging, taking advantage of sheltering rocks, often going on hands and knees while pushing through obstacles. Nor, as he knew, would it be long before he found a crevice in the cliff, and so it was. For the rest of the day he lay close, watching but unseen, and in the night he tried to make his escape, but finding his enemies astir, he crept back to his burrow, and lay there another day, and part of a third

night, when things promised more hopeful. How many miles he went on foot after that, over rocky country, where water is scarce and where he must needs subsist on berries, since he had no gun, is not known; but he went until he dropped from exhaustion, in a place where, his hunter's instinct told him, he must be found by any search party sent out from the rendezvous. Two half-breeds, so sent, found him insensible, and hardly recognizable for the sturdy man they had known, a mere bag of bones indeed, his grizzled hair turned white. That was the last vivid adventure of a glorious figure closely tied to a work in life, though his usefulness lasted many years longer.

That opening of the west produced one man whose ill-digested ambitions brought tragedy to a confiding crowd of emigrants. He was Lansford W. Hastings, a young lawyer of Mount Vernon, Ohio, who, with a caravan that was guided by Fitzpatrick as far as Fort Hall, went to Oregon in 1842. Seeing a future in the Pacific coast country, Hastings dreamed of an independent state and began to advocate wholesale emigration to California. In 1845, being in Ohio again, he had published, in Cincinnati, a book entitled *The Emigrants' Guide to Oregon and California*. It painted the journey

couleur de rose, made light of difficulties, and, what was worse, advocated a "cut-off" as practicable for wagons, over which wagons had never traveled. The many erroneous statements were resented in Oregon, and a public meeting held in Oregon City was held in which a proposition was made to send "an express to meet the emigration from the United States . . . in order to prevent their being deceived and led astray by the misrepresentations of L. W. Hastings." But the mischief had been done.

The sufferers were men, women and children of the Donner party which had joined forces with the Graves family in the Wasatch Mountains, so that the emigrant train numbered eighty-one, of ages ranging from nearly seventy to children in arms. Facing the desert journey with a light heart, and with insufficient preparation, being misled by the guide-book, the party suffered severely in the Salt Lake desert. Valuable possessions, food, and at last the wagons were sacrificed so that the emigrants could get to Spring Butte and water. Men lost the fine edge of judgment and there were frictions that developed into open hostilities, into murder, too. Against the advice of that wary old mountain-man, Clyman, the party of emigrants attempted the cut-off which Hastings had recommended, and soon trouble descended upon them. Winter caught them

in the Sierras and had they been properly captained they might have retreated to comfortable quarters. But instead, expecting they knew not what, they built themselves rough shelters which were terribly inadequate for a winter in the mountains. Two men did manage to push over the pass, and returned with mules, and with two Indians, from the Sutter settlement, but they, too, were snow-bound on their return.

So the weary weeks dragged along, with the emigrants eating dead oxen, until the middle of December, 1846, when ten men and five women left the emigrant camp in a desperate endeavor to reach the Californian settlements, intending to return with provisions. Of that forlorn hope two men and five women got through by the middle of January, 1847. But at what cost! They had eaten the flesh of their companions who died from cold and exhaustion on the trail; and they had shot, then eaten the two Indians who had pushed through to help the snow-bound crowd.

But the news of the disaster moved men to action, and relief parties were rapidly organized. Not until the middle of April, 1847, could the rescue of those unfortunates who remained alive be accomplished. The rescuers found a terrible state of affairs. Cannibalism had been resorted to. Bodies that had been buried months before had been dis-

interred and eaten. In some cases the living had been sacrificed. Of the original eighty-one, only forty-four survived. Lansford W. Hastings must forever stand as the most conspicuous offender in the history of boosting.



CHAPTER VI

CRUSADERS have not vanished from the world, and the madness of crowds is still a possibility; for that which arouses emotion tends to disturb judgment, and judgment once disturbed, the discipline of good habit breaks down, poise and balance are lost, and the way is open for the neurotic and the hysterical, for the rascal too. Examples come to mind of blazing ferocity of crusaders in the shape of hortatory brush-arbor preachers who have turned a peaceful community into a suspicious, narrow-visioned one. Nor are cases lacking in which men have been moved to take the trail, as men took the trail at the command of Peter the Hermit, with the idea of overcoming en-

trenched wrong, and making a new Jerusalem. They, too, sought a Distant Prize.

The strange power of enthusiasts to exercise a peculiar fascination over some people is well exemplified in the case of three men who happened to be contemporaries. Of one, Lorenzo Dow, sometimes known as the Cosmopolite, it may be said that his influence ceased with his life, except as he affected the other two contemporaries. Of the second, Hall Jackson Kelley, it has been claimed that he deserved the title of "The Father of Oregon." To the third, Joseph Smith, must be given the credit of founding a new religion, and of laying the seeds that grew to be a state, and of giving the world a new cosmogony.

Like Paul of Tarsus, Lorenzo Dow, a Connecticut Yankee, had a vision. Three years later, following another vision, in which he saw John Wesley and held a lengthy conversation with him in a Negro cabin and was admonished to save the world, he rode forth on a borrowed horse, traveling thousands of miles, preaching, asking no pay, often going hungry, and always ragged. Then, of a sudden, he decided that Catholic Ireland needed salvation, so thither he went, only to find a prejudice so firmly established that, against it, his efforts were unavailing. Returning to his own country, the restless, tortured soul set forth again; strong to attack old dominions, to expand the souls of men; full of

terrible earnestness, mixed with a strange crudity; full too of illusions, but with something divine in him. In his journal, under date of October 28th, 1803, he writes that he had traveled over four thousand miles, and "had no stockings, shoes, nor moccasins for the last several hundred miles; no outer garment; having sold my cloak in West Florida. My coat and vest were worn through to my shirt; my hat case and umbrella were spoiled by prongs of trees."

How many miles he tramped in the states east of the Mississippi cannot be known. We see him preaching against Calvinism, and against what he called "popery"; in barns, in school houses, from the stumps of trees, in market-places; outraging the orthodox, debating with any champion, and accepting what he called "persecution" with childlike happiness. As Charles Dickens acted when he recited, so Lorenzo Dow acted while he preached; not hesitating to bribe a boy to hide in a tree and blow a loud trumpet when reference was made in his sermon to Gabriel's horn; nor could he, when in a church, refrain from seizing and flinging candlesticks, preachers' hats, and chairs to the floor. As old Stubbes, in England's Puritan days had denounced fashion's follies, so Dow denounced; and the new fashion being the wearing of women's hair in a topknot, he searched his Bible for a text and found it in Matthew XXIV:17: "Let him which is

on the house top not come down." Therewith, announcing that he would preach from the text, "Topknot come down," he strove to drag people from the vicious circle of their hopeless lives. Once, when on the subject of the follies of fashion, he saw a group of young women in the gallery whispering and giggling. Pausing in his discourse to point, singling out an especially pert girl, he uttered his prophecy that she would be married soon, would have a farm, and a fine white gown. "The sooner the better," the girl called back, and the terrible Dow went on, "Your bridegroom will be Death; your farm a Grave; your White Gown your Shroud."

Three times the inspired rover went to Ireland, and once to England, always with the dim hope that men would leap with ardor to the establishment of a spiritual kingdom. Then when at Louisville, seeing a party going up river to build a frontier fort, the idea struck him that if one could not realize an ideal, the next best thing would be to idealize the real—in other words he would found a kingdom which should be called Loren, the City of Peace. There were not wanting those who would finance such a scheme; and he found them, and bought, for \$13,000, a tract of 46,000 acres in west Wisconsin, on the Mississippi and Chippewa Rivers, to which, later, he added two other tracts, one of 77,000 acres, and one of 70,000 acres. The irresisti-

ble impulse to form a community went so far and no further, as with all dreamers who cannot be made to see that the dream becomes a deed by sheer hard work and attention to an infinity of details. Dow was by nature a rover, never a builder, so soon had to be off again, over the Cumberland Road and into Indiana, sweeping in a circle to Baltimore: a potentially rich man passing as a beggar, but always seeing places which he described with enthusiasm as well suited for that perfect community he longed to build. He bought here and he' bought there, sometimes paying in cash gained by the sale of his many booklets and pamphlets, sometimes giving his note of hand—here a factory, there a saw- or a grist-mill. He dreamed of living in the White House, of Jesuit plots against the United States, of being confidential adviser to President Jackson, of communicating with the dead, of finding a universal medicine. He dreamed a thousand dreams, and a hundred thousand people took his dreams for realities, but in him was never that self-control which makes for clear-cut action, and definite results; so life remained for him a complex problem, never focusing itself into one brightly shining point, never making him see that though ambitious man would fain travel at a giant's pace, yet he reaches celestial mountains only by painful steps absurdly short.

Lorenzo Dow's dreams of a perfect community

were similar to the dreams of many another man in those days. The Lewis and Clark reports had opened the eyes of men to a vast, fruitful, untilled territory. Hunt's adventurous journey of 1810 had awakened eagerness in many hearts. The doings of Becknell and of Ashley had excited a growing generation. As always has been the case, men looking about them and seeing unsettled conditions, and the perilous state of society, and an omnipresent and necessary distrust in elected persons, came to the conclusion that a moral revival was needed if the nation would survive. Men such as Dow seemed to stand as champions in the struggle, and their false lightnings and thunderings were overlooked, or even regarded as entirely necessary in any triumphant conflict with those diseases which seemed to weaken the world. So, having heard and seen, many were moved to follow Dow's path, with reservations, or additions. Such a one was Hall Jackson Kelley, who, in the year 1824, left the school in which he taught, and, to use his own words, "announced to the world my intention to settle Oregon, and to propagate in regions beyond the Rocky Mountains, Christianity." It must be said that by degrees his original intention suffered a change, and his vision grew to include a settlement much like that of which Dow dreamed, with towns built on a "mathematical plan," well furnished with "agricultural and classical institu-

tions," and populated with "men of good moral character and industrious habits." His scheme was to be financed in a sum of \$200,000, for which shares of stock would be issued. Kelley had in him something of the spirit which animated Cola da Rienzi, the mystic, who won over to his side and way of thinking so many cool-headed prelates; and something, too, of Juan de Dios, who spent himself in altruistic schemes for the relief of poverty, and for the comfort of sick folk, establishing and supporting hospitals, and finding something shocking in the callousness of the public who, before his activities, had regarded it as natural and proper that sick people should be huddled two and three in a bed. In his later years, Kelley was very much the American Juan de Dios, since he busied himself with the care of neglected unfortunates. As for his persuasive powers, it counts for something that he won to his views the Hon. Samuel Houston, who, having listened attentively, said, "I have almost made up my mind to go with you to Oregon, and engage in the East India trade." In the case of another persuaded one, Nathaniel J. Wyeth, an ice-dealer of some means, a man as indifferent as Shelley's Horsham uncle to schemes of human betterment, there were no provisional acceptances. For Wyeth, who confessed that he had no view further than trade in his mind, enlisted himself whole-heartedly in Kelley's colonization schemes

and supplied the enthusiast with funds to enable him to go to Washington, D. C., with the object of interesting congressmen. As shall appear later, Kelley's persuasiveness influenced, at least partially, some dangerous rascals and rascals.

So excited did Massachusetts become over Kelley's crusade, that fears were expressed that the enthusiast might succeed in diminishing the population of the state with his appeals to emigrants who were ready to follow him across the continent; and when the legislature debated the building of a railroad, in 1830, from Boston to Albany, one member supported the measure on the grounds that "the road ought to be built in order to keep the people from going to Oregon with Kelley, for four thousand families had already engaged to go."

"Many of our seaports," argued Kelley the Crusader, talking to congressmen and legislators, "would be considerably benefited by taking emigrants from their redundant population. It is said, and truly so, that business of all kinds is overdone; that the whole population cannot derive a comfortable support from it; hence the times are called hard. . . ." This, calamity prognosticators should observe, was *circa* 1830.

The first day of November, 1832, he left Boston for Oregon, a symbol, it seems, of undigested enthusiasms, and of ill-assorted notions; of strange obstinancy, and stranger credulity. Yet his energy

and the logical manner in which he presented his views, based apparently on statistics, often imposed on many people he addressed, the more because of the obvious disinterestedness of his motives, as far as personal aggrandizement went. In Washington he addressed the State department, asking permission to explore Oregon, and was informed that such matters lay with Congress; but otherwheres he won certain victories, for the Mexican representative gave him permission to enter and to cross Mexico without fee or charge; also the post-office department furnished him with a pass with which he traveled to New Orleans. But in him lay some strange twist or quirk by which he saw, in every chance mishap, even in words spoken with sincerity, opposition to his purposes. Desirous of the approbation of others, yet incapable of entertaining a truth when it clashed with one of his prepossessions—and of them he was full—he confused open and just criticism with enmity. Some peculiar, faulty grouping of ideas made him regard himself as a victim of designing individuals, as a persecuted man who strove to do a big thing for humanity; so a sort of depression became a second nature to him, and he went through life crotchety, irritable, touchy. He, like Dow, dreamed dreams, but did not possess creative force to enable him to turn dream to deed. So the tale of his voyage to New Orleans, and by schooner from there to Vera Cruz, and over-

land to the city of Mexico reads like whining complaint of the injustices of every one with whom he came in contact. A Jedediah Smith, or a Simon Kenton, would have shrugged his shoulders at difficulties a hundred times greater than any he experienced; would have shrugged, too, at praise, which ought to have been no more regarded than a puff of wind. But a word of commendation lifted Kelley to delightful heights when the American consul entertained him, and when he met Colonel Austin who . . . [with other] distinguished Americans, praised his aims and told him that "their purpose in that country was to bring annexation of Texas to the United States." Quite incidentally he dreamed another dream; for, "while exploring the country between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, I became convinced of the feasibility of a railway route between one and the other of these places"; so there lay another grand scheme which became the "subject of a communication to President Santa Anna, describing, according to my apprehension, what would be the utility of railroads." Obviousness never troubled Kelley. A little later we find him deploring the unsettled state of the country, and envisaging an orderly society, doubtless with himself as dictator; and, yet later, with no conception at all of the attitude held by Mexico in regard to foreigners in her territory, suggesting the occupation of Alta California by

Americans. Presently he is deploring the social condition of the Mexican population, and suggesting that "the powerful and opulent United States should help her, and make her a loan of a few millions of money." With Kelley it was always institutional reform, never a slow evolution and a toilsome but healthy progress by rugged and difficult paths, with an eye on Polaris. He was of the sort that would, in an airplane, lift a turtle to celestial heights, thinking to turn it into an eagle, never seeing that the turtle remained a turtle.

Kelley seems to nod at us brightly when he describes his appearance on leaving Mexico City. "Colonel Hodgkiss, a countryman distinguished in the war of 1812, presented me with an elegant sword, a testimonial of his respect for me; and perhaps partly in view of the perilous journey to be pursued along the roads at that time said to be infested with banditti. . . . The consul presented me with two noble mules, and a theodolite. My personal arms were a light gun, a brace of pistols, and the sword presented me. In the baggage were three guns and other weapons such as are usually used in human slaughter." Kelley slaughtered nobody, but one by one he lost his proud possessions; nor did he blame his own carelessness, but always the dishonesty and rapacity of those he encountered—those who were to be made perfect, and just, and gracious and amiable with the loan of "a few mil-

lions of money." En route he picked up companions and lost them again, bought horses and always got the worst of the bargain and abundantly manufactured trouble for himself. For example, ". . . About noon, meeting three armed men on horseback, whom I supposed to be robbers, I dismounted, holding my gun in the right hand and the bridle reins in my left. They passed on the off side, and pricked the animal with a sword" (one can hardly blame them for the practical joke seeing the absurdity of all that suspicion), "causing him to jump; and he escaped, leaving me with a dislocated finger. Making a circuit of a few rods, he set his head towards the place of his former master, taking along with him a valise fastened back of the saddle, containing a small amount of money, some jewelry, and some valuable papers." A friendly Indian, who may have smiled, yet wondered, gave chase and brought back the horse, but with the valise "emptied of its contents." Nor could Kelley see that hard treatment of a traveling case on the back of a runaway horse must have unavoidable results, but, instead, leaped to the decision that the end had been cut open and the contents stolen.

So, timorous and suspicious, pointing his gun at all who in his imagination might be dangerous, always in trouble with petty officials and alcaldes, it is only possible to account for his safe arrival at San Blas by giving credit to all sorts and condi-

tions of men for their good humor. Going by schooner, then by land, he reached San Diego on April 14th, 1834, and there picked up a disciple in the person of Ewing Young, a man from Tennessee, who had been trapping here and there for twelve years; but, records Kelley, "with this express understanding—that if I had deceived him, woe be to me." What extravagant promises he made the old trapper, what sort of wonderful land he described, is matter for wonder. But Kelley yearned for the comfort of disciples and believers, as a relief from that atmosphere so heavy with disapproval which he breathed. Soon nine other disciples joined themselves to him, men who evidently did not grasp his high and splendid secret; some of them indeed, having nothing in mind but bare spoliation, thought to win Kelley to their point of view. "Finding," he writes, "that I was not disposed to connive at their villainy, (they) sought an opportunity to destroy me. One of them discharged his rifle at me, and very nearly hit the mark." Among these unwelcome disciples was a Joseph Walker, of whom we shall hear more later. His views, politely expressed, were that a stalwart and capable race of white men should, by natural right, replace a dark-skinned tribe which did not contribute to the common stock of knowledge. He was of the sort who went about declaring that the only good Indian was a dead Indian.

Out of that belief grew sad deeds presently, as when the Governor of Chihuahua set a price on Indian scalps—\$100 for a male, \$50 for a female, and \$25 for a child's scalp—until the bounty had to be withdrawn on the discovery that professional scalp hunters found it easier to obtain white, than Indian scalps. History intended for popular consumption perhaps somewhat extenuates, somewhat modifies, to the perpetuation of that Stefanssonian Standardization of Error to which reference had been made; but original and first-hand observers, Loew for instance, tell of a general sentiment in Arizona, Sonora, and California, that Indians should be shot down on sight, and that, in 1864 (here Reclus is quoting Loew), the whites organized a battue in which two hundred Indians were killed, and many others forced into Owen's Lake and drowned; also that, two years later, the authorities of Humboldt City concluded a treaty which stipulated that the survivors should quit the district within seven days, on pain of death to all loiterers; further, that "on the thirtieth day of April, 1871, after some conflict, the federal troops made some Apaches prisoners. This was a windfall to all the colonists of the vicinity (who) assembled from every side, rushed upon the captives, and cut the throats of a hundred then and there." Or, as revealing the hand of the theorist behind the act

of the ruffian, this passage, from Sylvester Mowray's *Arizona and Sonora*, has significance:

There are no two ways of proceeding against the Apaches: a well thought out and patient campaign is needed. As soon as they show themselves, let them be pursued back into their mountains and tracked to their dens, that they may be shut up and starved there. Let their surrender be obtained by showing white flags, and the instant they are taken let them be shot. Against them all means, be they of God or man, are justifiable. This method might shock a philanthropist but for a man of soft fibre I feel some pity but no respect. I advise him not to waste all his sympathy upon the Apaches, but to keep some of it for tigers and rattlesnakes.

Thus the theorist. And at the other end were such fellows as Joseph Walker and his companions; or as that rascal, Jack Dunkier, of Central City, who rode about with the thigh of an Indian at his saddle and blustered that he had eaten no other food for two days; or as those who went about with their bridles decked with Indian scalps, and those others who displayed strings of Indian teeth. It means much that while in 1820, reliable men estimated the number of male Apaches at 20,000, fifty years later the number reached only 5,000.

With that in mind, it becomes easy to believe Kelley's story telling how "Walker's object had been, for more than a year, to hunt and destroy

Indians," and how talk so often fell "on the black flag, and the rifle, and the arsenic." Kelley's staff of leadership, with its costly jewel of idealism, had attracted strange followers in his train. Tyranny and baseness had enlisted under the banner of glory and majesty. What dismay, then, must have seized upon Kelley when, coming to an Indian village, after they had crossed the San Joaquin River, "three of the monster men, finding the males absent, entered their dwellings, ravished the women, and took away some of their most valuable effects, and overtook (our) party at the place of encampment!"

The next day Kelley and his band were halted by an Indian with a red card in his hair, who held in his right hand a bow, and in his left a quiver. A few young braves were with him. Kelley shines forth splendidly then, for, in spite of the fact that his party were "fierce to fight," he stood firm, doing what he could to explain how matters were, "in the language of nature," then addressing his own people, while noting how the chief, in spite of pointed guns, looked "as though he feared not death," and "seemed undaunted." One may have smiled at Kelley sometimes, but one does not smile now, but rather regards him with a catch of the breath at the fine exhibition of highest moral courage, so finely subordinating his timidity to his purpose. He persuaded the brave to withdraw with

his men, and "the chief gave a word of command, and they turned about and hastened from us . . . the chief . . . turning slowly."

Kelley and his party had gone on a short distance, when two of his men turned back on some pretext. Though they assured Kelley that they intended no harm, he felt that a dangerous significance lay in their conduct. Still, he trusted; and he believed them when, on their return, they explained the rifle shots he had heard, by saying that they had but fired a salute in honor of a brave Indian. "But presently," he says, "I saw among their effects the identical red card, the bow, and the quiver, and I wept."

We see another side of Kelley on finding that he had discovered gold in the river sands of California; also that he made abundant notes, and a map of Upper California and Oregon, of which he says, with modesty: "It is the knowledge imparted by the map that gives it value, and not the mere mechanical execution of it." Nor could severe malaria, or extreme fatigue cause him to cease to note geographical, geological, and topographical details of the country.

Struggling on in feebleness, holding fast to his ideal in spite of discouragements, he found himself buoyed up by the thought that at Fort Vancouver he would find his reward for all that gruelling six-thousand-mile journey. Then, after staggering into

the fort on October 27th, and after finding himself received with kindness at first, dismay seized him when, with cold courtesy, an officer escorted him outside the stockade, "as though unworthy to breathe the same air or to tread the same ground with its proud and cowardly inmates." Living on Olympian heights, he had failed to suspect that reports had preceded him, reports perhaps tinged with cruel inaccuracy, but nevertheless loaded with sufficient color to render the frontiersmen suspicious. He forgot, too, that he had always denounced the Hudson's Bay Company and all its works; and of those denunciations he had not been sparing while at the fort. "It was Kelley as colonizer and defamer of the Company who was unwelcome, even after it was evident that there was no stain on his character," wrote Frances Fuller Victor, who knew all the circumstances.

When opportunity came, Kelley found his fare paid to Boston by the governor, on board the brig *Dryad*, and, in addition, he was handed a draft for seven pounds sterling. So Kelley passes out of the picture, and in his latter days we see him as a sort of Dickens character, memorializing, petitioning, dreaming dreams, filled with flabby good nature, but always building a new altar to grief, because of what he regarded as an organized conspiracy against him by an unfeeling world; and, because of the great press of what he called "persecuting ene-

mies," he failed to notice the few who brought him food, and who made room for him in their houses, and who tended him during those years in which he hobbled about the village on his cane, half blind. One day those who had made his charge their care found him on the floor of his little house, stricken with paralysis; and the end came January 20th, 1874.

One cannot leave Kelley without a glance at the mischief-making rascal who exuded a moral malaria—Joseph Walker. But first, a word about Walker's one-time employer, Benjamin L. E. Bonneville who, born in France in 1795, graduated from West Point in 1815 and died at Fort Smith, Arkansas, June 12th, 1878. His honorable record may be found in Cullman's *Officers and Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy*. Being engaged in an expedition to the Far West, in 1831–6, and having heard the old tale about a Great Salt Lake which the Franciscan friar Escalante had seen as early as 1776, when he went into unknown lands from Mexico, Bonneville planned to explore the inland sea. The story ran that Sublette had sent a party of four men to report on the lake, and that they, in a skin canoe had circumnavigated it. But the tale rested on tenuous foundations. At a favorable time, when Bonneville's exploration called him into the Crow country, he detailed from his party a body of men to go around the lake, to trap

en route, to keep a journal, to make maps and charts; all of which being done, they were to meet him in the summer, at Bear Lake. There is every indication that Captain Bonneville took all possible care that the expedition should be properly fitted out for a year, and certainly he was no man to be neglectful of details; but he put his faith in Walker to head the party, a wretched choice, as things turned out.

The forty men under the leadership of Walker set off on July 24th, 1833; hunted for a few days on Bear River, then, proceeding, passed over the fringe of land of greasewood and other salt-tolerant plants which surround the waste, and so came to the desert pavement, quite bare of vegetation, where they suffered from thirst. But the persistent spirit that burned in Jedediah Smith was not in them; so, abandoning the direct course, they arrived at Ogden's River, where Root Digger Indians dwelt. These appear, from Bonneville's account, to have been a poor, timid, harmless folk, "who, in spite of the miserable place in which they abode, practised certain arts; manufacturing rope and thread, sufficient for their purposes, from a weed; and making baskets and bowls of grasses, which they rendered waterproof; also collecting seeds and grains, which they winnowed and parched and ground into meal. They finely adapted themselves to their environment, therefore possessed certain

qualities which made for superiority over the white men, who saw nothing but starvation in that land.

Walker, and at least some of his companions, did not see the Indians in that light, ignorance and prejudice blinding them to facts. Did they lose anything, then not their carelessness, but thieving Indians were to blame. Thus one of the men, failing to find a trap, swore to kill the first Indian he saw—some say the man was Walker, but he that has a bad name is already half-hanged, and we may assume that there were other rascals in camp. Coming upon two Indians who were fishing, the fellow, from his hiding place, shot one, then threw the body in the river. The other Indian escaped. Thereafter, whenever the smoke of Indian fires appeared, the trappers, seeing signs of ambushes, or of possible assaults, meditated fearful deeds against an inoffensive folk. That cowardice which makes men die many times before their deaths, brought about a revolting piece of work at a tributary of the Ogden River, when, arriving at the fording place, they came upon a band of Indians who, like the children that they were, stood regarding the party of white men with simple wonder. At an order given by Walker the men fired into the close-crowded mass, with the result that twenty-five fell dead. Nor, as Captain Bonneville ascertained later, were any of the Indians armed. The party, it is clear, had thrown aside all thought of duty, and had entirely

abandoned the mission on which they were sent; had, indeed, enlisted under that black flag of revolt, which they afterwards talked about to the alarmed Kelley.

Yet rascals are capable of acts of endurance, and we remember that Esquemeling has told how pirates, acting on the colossal assumption that might makes right, did deeds that command admiration—attacking well-armed ships, while they themselves were unarmed; and rounding Cape Horn, “by an unknown way never navigated before.” So Walker and his men made this stressful journey: across the bad lands, over the Eagan Range, and through Long Valley, across that absolute desert called Carson’s Sink, and on to Monterey, where, as has been said, Walker and a few others met Kelley.

At Monterey, and elsewhere, they spent the means provided by Bonneville, and of their doings there is no authentic account, except a hint here and another there that they availed themselves of the hospitality of the Mission fathers on occasion. It leaked out much later, in camp-fire boastings, that on their way east they were accompanied by Mexican bandits, and made cruel sport of lassoing Digger Indians and dragging them to death, or hunting them down as if they had been animals. Washington Irving expressed regret that the explorer “did not exert a little of the lynch law of the wilderness as . . . a well merited and salutary act

of retributive justice." But deserts and rewards do not always go together, nor do those who sow injustice reap retribution.

When Kelley, in his little village, was talking about his intention to settle Oregon, and to preach Christianity beyond the Rocky Mountains, a young man in Fayette, Seneca County, New York, was, according to his strange tale, undergoing experiences which were to have wide and lasting results. For Joseph Smith, Jr., in the year 1823, perhaps earlier, since there is a confusion of dates, began to see visions. Some hold Smith and his religion up to ridicule. Some revere him as a saint. Some, leaning neither way, wonder much, because, say what you will for or against, the facts remain that the Mormons built many a fair city, turned a wild territory into a prosperous land, and set their mark on history in more ways than one. On the score of visions, there is no more need to hold Joseph Smith up to ridicule than there is reason to ridicule Paul of Tarsus; or Blake; or Mahomet; or Anna Lee, who founded the Shakers; or the Siberian Shamans; or Victor Hugo, for whom Nature had aspects that were seen by no other; or Giordano Bruno, who believed himself illumined by superior light; or Bunyan, or Swedenborg, or Dostoevski. All sorts and conditions of men, in all ages and places, have

hovered on a borderline where the imaginative and the real became confused. Nor is it just, or sensible, or honorable, on the part of those who would blacken Smith, to drag forth a list of boyish pranks, and wrong-doings, since a boy is a boy; and who would have a lad parading as a monster of human perfection? So let the plain fact be recorded, then, that in the year 1820, Joseph Smith, fifteen years of age, and a farm laborer, after attending a religious revival and being deeply stirred, went to his room in a state of exaltation. To quote him: "I saw a great light, and in the midst of that light I saw two personages, and they did, in reality, speak to me. I have seen a vision, and I know it, and God knows it. If I deny it I will offend God, and come under condemnation." One does not say that it was not a dream; or, even if only a dream, one does not condemn Smith, as some have done, thoughtlessly, as a rascal. The evidence falls far short of truth, that he tried to capitalize his dream, pretending to superhuman powers; for it does not do to attach any dangerous meaning to the fact that he tried to locate buried treasure, or that he "witched" for water, as tens of thousands have done, and will probably continue to do. All that came of the "message" was that he refused, because of instructions which he asserted he had received, to join any sect or creed.

On September 21st, 1823, another vision came to

him, his visitor being a messenger direct from God, named Moroni, who predicted that the name of Joseph Smith "was to be for good and evil among all nations." But there matters did not end. A rare wonder, the spirit told him, lay buried on the Hill called Cumorah, which must be unearthed. Thereupon Smith dug at night, found certain gold plates, and two precious stones, called Urim and Thummim; but on trying to remove these treasures, some unseen power felled him to the ground. Not until a year later could the secret be revealed. And without the aid of the two stones, the strange characters graven on the gold plates must remain unread. In 1830, Smith published what he asserted was his translation, under the title of *The Book of Mormon*, together with the affidavits of eleven men who testified to having seen the plates. As to the plates, they disappeared when the work of translation was ended, being whirled away by the mysterious visitor who had revealed their existence.

Still with all that mysterious appearance and disappearance which strain credulity, there is the literary mastery: how an unschooled lad could have had the imagination, the patience, the perseverance, to write a volume of nearly six hundred printed pages; in imitation of the biblical style; teaching a faith for which men died; for which hundreds of thousands faced hardships; accepted as truth by more than half a million people today;

translated into fourteen languages; sold during the past hundred years at the rate of twenty thousand copies a year.

The book does not make exciting reading by any means, but I, for one, cannot cease to wonder at the broad sweep of canvas which Smith filled with his tale. Summarizing briefly, that tale tells of a King of Jerusalem, named Zedekiah, who had, among his people, an Israelite named Lehi. Lehi, with his family, left Palestine and arrived in America, where, on golden plates, and in an unknown language, he recorded his adventures. Lehi's sons, the story runs, were the ancestors of all North American Indians. Following the resurrection, Christ appeared on this continent, and chose twelve apostles who converted the population to Christianity; but warring sects arose, and the faith became corrupted, until, in the fourth century, a hero named Mormon appeared who drove into the wilderness those who had degenerated. But out from the wilderness and the desert again came the red men, to attack the true believers, or Nephites, and defeat them.

Thus roughly runs the story; and there have been some who declared it to be a plagiarism on a tale written by a certain Solomon Spaulding, the manuscript of which is in Oberlin College, Ohio. Fairness, however, does not permit any entertaining of that charge, since the stories are too dissimi-

lar. It is true that passages from the *Bible* appear in *The Book of Mormon*; that in the strange book are references to elephants, horses, asses, silk, glass, and animals by no means indigenous to America; that the description of the sea voyage from Palestine to America leaves much to be desired to become convincing. Yet, there remains the literary effort. As such, it is every bit as remarkable as many tales of imaginary territories that have appeared in the past. In spite of its dullness, its clumsiness, its heaviness, it still stands as a curious fantasy.

Whatever scepticism prevails regarding the writing of *The Book of Mormon*, no scepticism can exist regarding that popular excitement which swept the country-side when Mormon missionaries went forth to preach. The furor can no more be accounted for than can the Crusades, or the witch mania, or the madness of the South Sea Bubble. Just as men and women of intelligence and respectability gave their allegiance to those causes, so did people give allegiance to Mormonism. That allegiance grew when Smith became a healer. As for one of the miracles worked by him let those who are interested in the mysterious subconscious and super-conscious discuss and explain to the top of their bent. The ascertainable facts are that an old woman in Kirkland, Ohio, had so suffered from paralysis, that she had not lifted her right arm for five years. A cloud of witnesses testify to that, also

to the fact that disbelievers called on Smith to try his hand in the case. Now, among them, present, was the man who later became president of Hiram College, Mr. B. A. Hinsdale, no believer in Smith's divinity, as his words testify: "The company was awestruck at the infinite presumption of the man, and the calm assurance with which he spoke"; for Smith had said, "I cannot perform miracles, but God, working through me, can," whereupon, lifting her arm above her head, he went on, "Woman, in the name of Jesus Christ, I command thee to be whole."

Mr. Hinsdale added: "Mrs. Johnson . . . on her return home . . . was able to do her washing without difficulty or pain." Another cloud of witnesses testify that she had no further trouble, and went about her ordinary avocations until she died, fifteen years later.

Smith, then, led his Zion army from Fayette, New York, where it was a mere good-sized body-guard, to Kirkland, Ohio, where it grew to some eight hundred, then to Jackson County, Missouri, and on to Clay County, from where being driven out in 1838 (when Governor Boggs issued an "exterminating order,") the modern saints marched to Illinois, and founded the city of Nauvoo.

Perhaps that Boggs' "Exterminating Order" did more to aid the Mormon cause than *The Book of Mormon*, miracles, missionaries, or methods; since

it gave Smith's followers the potent seed of martyrdom. For down upon a group of Mormons, gathered at Haugh's Mill, swept a party of militia; fired into them and killed eighteen and wounded several. Naturally there were reprisals. In Independence, Missouri, while Governor Boggs sat at his window, seventeen shots were fired by unseen persons, and the governor fell wounded, but recovered. A Mormon upon whom suspicion fell, Orrin P. Rockwell, was promptly arrested, and with him Joseph Smith, as confederate and perhaps instigator of the deed. To the front came a Kentucky lawyer, named Alexander William Doniphan; an every-inch-a-man individual, with a strong sense of justice; eloquent, sane, forthright; and, before him, insane prejudice fell away like snow before a hot sun. The jury found Rockwell guilty, but perhaps from reasons not clear to themselves his punishment was set at five minutes' imprisonment, while Smith went out without a stain.

Doniphan, it should be recorded, had been a prejudice dispeller before, when the state troops and the Mormons clashed at the town of Far West. It was, on that occasion, obvious to all that the Mormons could make no stand against state troops, so the elders had begged for a truce, and General Lucas, of the militia, agreed to compromise on condition that Prophet Smith be given up. At a court-martial following the surrender, Smith was sen-

tenced to be shot at sunrise; and Colonel Doniphan received instructions to conduct the execution from General Lucas, but he refused, saying, "It is cold-blooded murder. I'll not obey your order. My brigade shall march to Liberty, Missouri, to-morrow morning at eight, and if you execute this man I will hold you responsible before an earthly tribunal, so help me God!" Thereupon General Lucas rescinded the order, and presently the prisoners, for there were others beside Smith, were allowed to escape. It was the same Doniphan who was to make his famous march into Mexico, and, by diverting the attention of the Mexicans, as some hold, make possible Taylor's victory at Buena Vista, thus dividing Santa Anna's operation.

Smith's severest critics cannot regard his work at Nauvoo without admiration. Ditching, draining, clearing swamps, building, governing; directing his missionaries in the United States and in England; buying lands, conferring with President Van Buren at Washington, making his own peculiar laws, framing charters; organizing a body of Rangers, which he called Danites; providing his settlement with legislative, judicial, and executive authority: he seems to have done the work of ten men. Converts came from all directions. From England alone there arrived four thousand, between the years 1840 and 1846. His Legion was none other than a well drilled army of six thousand men. When

the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the temple took place, in April, 1841, ten thousand spectators were present, and artillery, bands, and massed legionaries played a colorful part. Also there is this: At any time, no matter where, Prophet Smith declared himself ready to meet all comers at a wrestling match, at horseshoe pitching, or at stake-pulling; and more often than not came off as victor; while at a ball game, he had all the enthusiasm of a school-boy, not as spectator but as player. As for impudent good humor, let this stand as a sample of his open confession in meeting.

"Brethren and sisters, it has been said, and it is true, that I got drunk and fell in a ditch last week. I confess the fault. I was a rascal. I am sorry." He paused to give full weight to the words. Then he added, "I say I confess and am sorry; but I certainly felt fine at the time."

You see, in brief, a man who has got firm hold of a situation. Not for him would there be any claims to moral impeccability; but, attacking things from another angle, a blatant assertion of his common clay, in spite of the hero-worshippers and deifiers around him; also a refusal to be elevated beyond his real merit. As for the restless roving spirit that had urged him to move his "people," as well as himself, that lay close to his heart. No sooner had he seen the Nauvoo House built, the most gorgeous hostelry of its day, than he began to pore over

maps, and to plan a far-flung exodus, and to trace routes over both the Oregon and over the Santa Fé trails, in search of a Promised Land. "I instructed the Twelve Apostles," he wrote in his diary, "to send out a delegation and investigate the location of California and Oregon, and hunt out a good location where we can remove to . . . and where we can build a city in a day and have a government of our own." Skilfully he manipulated wires in other directions to the end he had in view, sending two emissaries to Washington, with the purpose of interesting Congress to grant him a hundred thousand volunteers to protect the emigrating Mormons, and asking the government to grant money too. Also, he announced himself as a candidate for the presidency, with a platform that advocated the cutting down of Congressional salaries to two dollars a day, the establishment of National Banks, the abolition of slavery, prison-reform, and the abolition of capital punishment. He was especially severe on politicians who promised much and performed little—he termed them mobocrats—and that severity being generally taken as a Mormon sentiment, and also being hailed as a New Democracy, there were those who looked for a popular landslide in favor of Smith, in case of his nomination. There is a piece of delightful bombast quoted by Smith's biographer, Beardsley, in which the Prophet denounces the political orators: "Here's

wishing that all the mobocrats of the Nineteenth Century were in the middle of the sea in a stone canoe with an iron paddle, that a shark might swallow the canoe, and the shark be thrust into the innermost depths of Hell, the door locked, the key lost, and a blind man sent to hunt for it."

The crash came when everything seemed most promising; with the city of Nauvoo a place of orderly beauty; with the Twelve Apostles scouting for a new land; with the man of imagination dreaming new dreams and a petty printer, of an almost inconspicuous newspaper, was the puncturing tack that wrecked the glorious machine. For, in 1844, a rebel in the church began to publish articles that promised to expose more than they actually disclosed, whereupon the Nauvoo city council, evidently following instructions given by Smith, declared the newspaper a public nuisance and destroyed the offending plant. A warrant for the arrest of Smith being issued, and the followers of the Prophet being in a defiant mood, it looked for a time as if bloodshed might result; but Smith surrendered to the state authorities, after making a dramatic speech to his people, and went, under escort, to the Carthage jail. Then law went to pieces. The accounts are conflicting, and details hazy, as needs must be under such stress and excitement; but it is clear that a lynching mob gathered, and fired on the prison, sufficient military

protection, by some inexplicable folly, not having been provided. Storming the jail, the mob made its way to the upper chamber, where Smith, with other prisoners, was confined. But the Prophet played a good game, firing with his pistol at the invaders; then, seeing further resistance hopeless, he leaped out of the window, and the mob outside riddled his body with bullets. So ended the career of Joseph Smith, at the age of thirty-nine, after two dozen years of extraordinary activity, and equally extraordinary success.



CHAPTER VII

IN THE Franklin, Mo., local newspaper, the *Mocassina*, of October 6th, 1826, David Workman, a saddler, put an advertisement which notified the world that a boy, Christopher Carson, "about sixteen years old, small for his age, but thickset, light hair," had run away from his apprenticeship, and "one cent reward will be given to any person who will bring back the said boy." One suspects a fear in Mr. Workman, lest the troublesome guardianship be renewed; and, doubtless, the good saddler might have laid hands on the runaway had he so chosen, for, a few miles away, were camped the men of the Bent-St. Vrain company, bound for Santa Fé, and every one knew that Kit Carson would go to the camp as surely as a dog runs

to its meat. However, no man sold his soul for the reward, and in time Kit Carson arrived in Santa Fé, after a moderate amount of adventure, and then joined with an old-time trapper, named Kinkaid, and presently reached Taos. Then followed a period of 'prentice work, with Kit learning the tricks of the trade, and fighting his way out of the plane where he had to be at the beck and call of every one, after which he found himself fit and joined Ewing Young's trapping expedition into the southwest, the last successful venture of its kind in that region. When the outfit was disbanded in 1829 (it made a profit of \$24,000,) Kit found himself well-seasoned, stuffed full of facts about routes, able to regard desert lands as nuisances instead of terror-provoking tracts, and with much self-assurance. He knew Indians too, and could think on the Indian plane, also rise above it. So, having joined the Ewing Young outfit that trapped the San Joaquin River in 1830 and continued west to the coast, he found himself in demand in time of trouble. For an alcalde told Young a tale of woe which ran to the effect that Christianized Indians had deserted, and soldiers, sent after them, had returned empty-handed, wherefore Indians might come to hold Mexicans in contempt. Young, in turn, told the tale to Carson, and Carson said he had certain ideas, knowing Indian ways, which might be valuable in settling the affair. So Carson

set off with eleven men, hit the Indian trail, circled about, lay in wait, appeared before the Indians at the proper time and made certain demands in very definite way, then rode back to the settlement with the deserters, as triumphant as the Romans who brought in Caractacus. The success of that little expedition within an expedition contributed in no slight way to the benefit of Ewing Young, since Mexican authorities, as a *quid pro quo*, saw to it that Young should be afforded every opportunity to trade wheresoever he willed.

Emotional fervor ran still higher a little later, when marauding Indians stole a troop of sixty horses one night, in a sudden raid. Young being appealed to again sent Kit Carson out, with twelve men; and the scouting party made a hundred-mile cast, encircled the robbers, recovered the troop horses, with the exception of five animals that had been eaten, and wound up in glory. So Kit Carson's name began to have a pleasant ring about it, and his activity bred activity in others who were detailed to follow his lead; and, in those who had neither gift nor taste for leadership he evoked a meed of loyalty and a measure of enthusiasm, so far as men of the frontier type can be said to be enthusiastic.

Because of Young's recognition of those qualities in Kit Carson, when certain hard-cases among the trappers went on a drinking bout which led to

shooting, at a time when everything was ready for a start eastward, it was Carson, with three others, who was sent on ahead with the pack train of pelts. Young swiftly brought order out of disorder, and went riding after, with his men, overtaking the slower moving party in good time.

Eight years of trapping may be said to comprise Carson's roving years, after which, full of experience, he graduated into the ranger class, with Bent's Fort as the central point of his activities. There were incidents interesting enough, but not salient, which we swiftly glance at but do not dwell upon—how the Cheyennes learned to regard him with respect, and named him Vih'hiu'nis, which means Little Chief; how he fought a duel with Bully Shunar, on which theme many a heroic-grandiose tale has been hung, but which was only one of many frontiersmen's quarrels; how he took to himself a squaw, a short time later separated from her, took then a second, who in turn was disowned for a third, this time a Mexican girl, who became his Penelope, often waiting long for her Ulysses. Eight years were spent at Bent's Fort: supplying meat by hunting; directing other hunters; making friendly advances where Indian trade could be expected; seeing that Mexican liquor smugglers were kept off; paying a flying visit to his old home; looking at the wonders of St. Louis, where he met Lieutenant John Charles Frémont, who was about

to start on an expedition for the government into uncharted Rocky Mountain territory. It was an expedition which was to be no mere going and coming, but a thorough clearing up of things geographical, geological, astronomical, botanical and meteorological.

Not long did Frémont take to decide that Kit Carson would be a man worth having, and to offer him a hundred dollars a month while in service, which was thrice what Kit Carson had ever been paid. As for Carson's approval of Frémont, there was the man's record, well enough known on the border. So it came about that Kit Carson led Frémont's party to California over the "Kit Carson" Trail, which, by the way, was not discovered by Carson, but by William Wolfskill, a fur trader, who "just drifted," as the saying is, from Indian tribe to Indian tribe, and so came to San Gabriel where he settled to plant his vineyard and orchard, thus becoming the Adam of the Californian fruit industry.

Passing over Kit Carson's service as guide, we come in 1846 (when General Kearny commanded the Army of the West), to his emergence as Lieutenant of Rifles; for Kearny sent him to Washington with despatches, and President Polk gave him his commission. There were adventures, and many of them have been distorted, and dramatized, and wrenched into queer shapes. But, happily, there is

extant a fine picture of Kit Carson as despatch and mail carrier: an account written by George Douglas Brewerton, a Rhode Island man. Being in Los Angeles in 1848 and wishing to return to the east, and learning that Kit Carson was camped fifteen miles away and would soon start, Brewerton sought the guide and made arrangements to ride with him. Under Carson's instructions he bought his equipment. One is grateful to Brewerton for his Pepysian exactness, for it would be hard to come to the information anywhere else. Kit cut things down to bare bones: "1 tin plate, 1 tin cup to hold a quart, 1 fork, a bowie knife, 1 rifle, 2 Mexican blankets." That is all, excepting horses and gear. One sets against that meager list the impedimenta that tourists think indispensable.

As for the make-up of the party and the order of march, there is this, for the enlightenment of those who have formed their opinions on illustrations and moving pictures, which make it appear that Carson, and others of his sort, always went full gallop; whereas (as every horseman knows), no long-distance rider ever urged his horse out of a rapid trot. "Kit and myself, with one or more of our party, came first, then followed the pack mules and loose animals, and in their rear the remainder of the men, who urged the mules forward by loud cries, and an occasional blow from the ends of their lariats."

Thus they started east on May 4th, 1848, and Carson arrived in Fort Leavenworth early in August; and in his mail-bag lay the news of the discovery of gold in California, of which first public mention was made in the New York *Herald*, of August 19th, 1848, whereat the world suffered a fever of excitement. That excitement grew rapidly when Lieutenant Loeser arrived with an oyster can full of gold, as proof, though he came much later than the news, traveling by a chartered vessel to Peru, to Panama, to Jamaica, to New Orleans, and so to Washington.

The desert, according to one man in the Carson-Brewerton party, "looked like the darned place had been set afire, and hadn't got quite cool yet." On the eighth day they overtook a trading party headed for Taos, which Carson viewed with displeasure, since so large a body, numbering some two hundred, left little water and little grass in its wake; so to get ahead of the cavalcade became a matter of importance. Again we owe Brewerton a debt of gratitude for his description of the trading party; many of them had no firearms, but only short bows and arrows, while some were armed with ancient muskets, and some with "old worn-out dragoon sabres dull and rusty." Other first-hand information we owe to Brewerton—as how, in the morning, Carson would say "Catch up!" which meant that a start would be made in less than an hour; how

rattlesnakes were but little regarded as dangers; how sometimes a forced march of fifty miles had to be made during the night to arrive at a water-hole; how Kit's habit was to ride ahead, saying nothing; how the most terrible part of the journey came when they entered a tract of deep sand and thus came a "terrible silence"; how they passed a place where there were hundreds of skeletons of horses; how Carson acted when Pau-Eutaw, or Digger Indians came in sight.

The Digger Indian incident assumes importance, when it is remembered that a popular conception is that, with men of Carson's type, to see a head was to shoot and kill. They were camped for the night, and Carson, raising himself on his elbow, said to Brewerton, "See those Indians?" Though the novice looked carefully, he made out nothing. Yet Carson assured him that he had seen a dozen or more. Then,

a savage rose to his full height, as if he had grown from the rocks which fringed the hill-top . . . and commenced yelling in a strange guttural fashion, at the same time gesticulating violently with his hands . . . a declaration of friendship; and Kit, rising up, answered him in his own language, "Tigabu, Tigabu" (Friend, friend). After a little delay and an evident consultation with his people, the old Digger came, at first rapidly and then more slowly, towards us, descending the steep hillside with an agility astonishing in so aged a being. Carson advanced a short dis-

tance to meet him, and again renewed his assurance of our friendship; but it was not until the old man had been presented with some trifling gift that he seemed fully at ease, and yelled at his companions to join him. This they did . . . coming into camp two or three at a time until they numbered upward of a dozen.

Then followed the smoking of the pipe of peace, Carson's own particular *dudheen*, and everything went on satisfactorily. It comes as an interesting piece of knowledge that the Indians were still making and using stone arrowheads when Carson was riding; interesting, because it is generally assumed that such work had long ceased when Columbus came. Quite as interesting is it to note that the next day, as the party rode, they saw smoke here, and smoke there, as one camp of Indians apprised another of the passage of white men; and, now and then some chief came down and conversed freely with Carson, eking out his conversation with "gestures and figures rudely drawn on the ground."

At the Archillette, Carson told Brewerton the tale of a tragedy that befell there, when the scout was with Frémont; and the hearer beheld the whitening skeletons of the victims. Brewerton, with an eye to dramatic effect, set down how the background of naked mountains, the silence broken occasionally by the rumbling of distant thunder, made proper setting and accompaniment to Car-

son's tale. The scout told how, into Frémont's camp rode a Mexican and his boy, one night, who said they, with others, had left Los Angeles ahead of a caravan, and Indians had stolen their horses and murdered the rest of the party. On the following day Frémont's cavalcade, with the two Mexicans, came to the scene of the robbery where all indications pointed to the entire truth of the story that had been told. So Carson, with a fellow adventurer named Godey, accompanied by the Mexican, rode forth to find the Indian robbers, though the Mexican horse giving out, its rider returned. Twenty-four hours later, Carson and Godey came riding back into camp, the latter with a couple of Indian scalps hanging from his gun barrel, driving a herd of horses, some of which the Mexicans identified as those that had been stolen. The scouts told how they had ridden into the mountains, following the Indians' trail; how they had located some of the horses; how they had lain hidden until night, watching the Indians skinning, cutting up, and eating some of the horses (these Indians used horses only for food) ; how, at the proper moment, the two dashed into the camp, and though received with a volley of arrows, nevertheless shot and scalped two Indians; and how one of the Indians, thus shot and scalped, rose to his feet and fled, a hideous spectacle, whereupon another shot ended his misery.

Carson had another stirring tale to relate when

they arrived at Virginia River, again in connection with the Frémont expedition, which told how a man named Tabeau had left camp to look for a stray mule but did not return. A search party found indubitable traces of his end, for he had been shot, then stripped, and his body flung into the river.

But Brewerton was not destined to go on merely hearing tales of violence. His opportunity to be an eye-witness came very soon. For one night strange tracks made Carson and his fellows believe that some Digger Indian was on the hunt; so the diarist, with Carson, and two hunters, went on the trail, which led into sand hills, then became faint and disappeared, but showed again on the crest of a bluff.

A moment later [he writes] I heard Kit shouting "There he goes"; and looking in the direction to which he pointed, I saw a Digger, with his bow and arrows at his back, evidently badly frightened, and running for his life. Such travelling through deep sand I never saw before. The fellow bounded like a deer, swinging himself from side to side, so as to furnish a very uncertain mark for our rifles. Once he seemed inclined to tarry and take a shot at us; but after an attempt to draw his bow, he concluded that he had no time to waste, and hurried on. Kit fired first, and, for a wonder, missed him; but it was a long shot and on the wing to boot. I tried him next with a musket, sending two balls and six buck-shot after him with like success. Auchambeau followed me with no better fortune; and we had begun to think the savage bore a charmed life, when Lewis, who carried a long

Missouri rifle, dropped on one knee, exclaiming "I'll bring him boys." By this time the Indian was nearly two hundred yards distant, and approaching the edge of a canyon of rocks and sand. . . . Lewis fired; at the crack of his rifle the Digger bounded forward, and his arm, which had been raised in the air fell suddenly to his side. He had evidently been hit through or near the shoulder; yet, strange to say, such is their knowledge of the country, and so great their power of endurance, that he succeeded in making his escape. . . . From this time forward we had no trouble with the Diggers.

Two days later they came upon the skeletons of seven men, and all that was known, or could be known, came from the lips of an Eutaw Indian, who made them understand that the tragedy had happened many years before, and that the bones were the remains of a party from Arkansas which had been attacked by hostile red men, and one of the travelers had held the fort from a bluff, firing steadily until overcome by superior numbers.

We get a description of Kit Carson as leader, when the cavalcade came to Grand River, which was swollen to a flood by melted snow, and therefore bitterly cold. Kit at once ordered the making of a raft—"working hard himself, in his shirt sleeves, instructing here and directing there . . . proving himself the master-spirit of the party. Five men were ordered to swim, towing the raft, and Kit's instructions were 'All you men who can't

swim, may hang on to the corners of the raft, but don't any of you try to get on it except Auchambeau, who has the pole to guide it with; those of you who can swim are to get hold of the tow-line, and pull it along; keep a good lookout for rocks and floating timber; and whatever you do, don't lose the mail-bags.' "

The current, however, proved to be too strong, and the raft landed a mile down the river, at a rocky place where it was impossible to cross, so the men, naked, had to walk back to the place of starting, carrying what they saved, and begin again. The mail being safe on the east bank, there were other trips, also there were horses to be driven across, and on one voyage the raft split on a rock, and much equipment, clothes, and food were lost; indeed two men had to travel the remainder of the way without pants. Also it looked, for awhile, as if Auchambeau would die from cramps, because of his exertions in the icy water. Then there were some who lost their saddles, so, for many a long mile must needs ride their mules bareback, an experience that means nothing to those who have not traveled that way. And, at the Green River, they had another similar experience, so had to go forward on short rations, until they killed a horse, an old animal, bony and tough, and sore-backed; nor did they have any change of meat until, being in the Rockies, Kit shot a deer.

Another incident reveals the executive mind in Carson, especially that power of swift alignment in special emergencies, which has ever been the notable quality in great commanders. The party had neared Taos, when it ran into a band of dangerous looking Indians, the chief of which galloped up to Carson, and, checking his horse so suddenly as to throw the animal back on its haunches, demanded the "capitán." Kit appeared to take no notice, treating the warrior with disdain; but when he had considered, and had mentally checked up the opposing party as outnumbering his own by at least five to one, he addressed the Indian in the Eutaw tongue, asking roughly, "Who are you?" Having received a reply, he said to one of his trusted men, an old hand, with calmness, "We are in for it. Get the mules together, and drive them up to that little patch of chaparral while we follow with the Indian." Carson was playing a bold game of indifference and in the face of odds, for there appeared, over the ridge, a hundred and fifty warriors, "finely mounted and painted for war, with their long hair streaming in the wind . . . shaking their lances and brandishing their spears." Privately, while pretending to talk about some foreign matter, he told Brewerton to ride behind and to shoot the chief at a sign. There was another significant and characteristic word of instruction to Thomas, the trusted frontiersman, to the effect that

if the Indians tried to stampede the mules, he should shoot down the mule that carried the mailbags. Presently down swept the Indians like the wind, and Carson's "whole demeanor was now so entirely changed that he looked like a different man; his eyes fairly flashed, and his rifle was grasped with all the energy of iron will . . . and there were the Indians pressed closely in, yelling, aiming their spears, and drawing their bows, their . . . chief commanding and directing."

Carson, mastery in him, drew a line along the ground and said: "There is our line, cross it if you dare, and we begin to shoot. You ask us to let you in, but you won't come unless you ride over us. You say you are our friends, but you don't act like it. No, you don't deceive us so, we know you too well; so stand back. Stand back."

The little group that had come from the coast would have been wiped out in a few minutes, since many rifles had been lost in the disaster at the river, and those who were armed had only three rounds. But the stars in their courses fought for the white men at a critical moment, for a runner came galloping from the direction of the settlements to the Indians, and Carson seized the confused moment. "Into your saddles," he shouted. "Get the loose animals in front, then handle your rifles, and if those fellows interfere make a running fight for it."

Slowly, avoiding appearance of haste or nervous-

ness, the men obeyed. As it afterwards appeared, the runner had brought news that a party of volunteers were on the trail of the Apaches, because of depredations committed. "But," says Carson, in his account, brushing aside Brewerton's somewhat romantic version, "the Apaches saw we had nothing."

Brewerton's diary may lack something of accuracy, as when he makes the party cross the Grand River before Green River, going east, which is geographically impossible; but it pictures the man Kit Carson and his ways, his forethought, his quickness in emergency, his mastery of men. Of Carson's taking a flock of five thousand sheep to California from New Mexico, of his services during the Civil War, and of his last uneventful days, there is not space to tell, and there are many books, which are true, partly true, and totally untrue, to be read. But a glory is in the last scene of all, on May 23rd, 1868, when Kit, in his ranch house at Taos, the victim of pulmonary disease, and kept quiet to avoid hemorrhages, asked for his pipe and a steak and coffee, all of which were forbidden by the doctor's orders. One remembers Galsworthy's Old Stoic—fronting death with a smile, determined to be himself to the uttermost end, passing into the shadow with a firm faith in the worth of life, all for complete living until living was no longer possible.

Mention was made just now of the Magoffin diary, 1846-7, a document interesting because of abundant descriptions of places and of peoples, as seen by a bright mind; interesting too because of many side-lights cast upon frontier characters. Indeed, the circumstances in which the journey down the Santa Fé Trail was taken have a fascination, since they bring onto the stage not only traders, but one who was, when things are stripped to the bare bone, a government spy. James and Samuel Magoffin were brothers, who, earlier than 1828, and every half year thereafter, had gone into Santa Fé with caravans for trade purposes. The 1846-7 expedition had all outward appearances of a similar venture, but there were ancillary attributes, since brother James went ahead on a secret mission, which was to do what he could to make General Kearny's entrance into New Mexico a bloodless one. Brother Samuel traveled with the caravan, and his newly-wedded wife, Susan, was the diarist.

James, be it said, did his work very well indeed, since he not only succeeded in persuading important Mexicans away from Governor Armijo, but made assurance doubly sure by winning Armijo to a point of view where he looked unfavorably on any attempt to oppose Kearny. Going a step further, he tackled Armijo's second in command, Colonel Archuleta, and made him, too, a pacifist. As a consequence, General Kearny's army of seven-

teen thousand occupied New Mexico without any bloodshed—which fact the official history records, but omits reference to the efforts of the private agent, and leaves us with the impression that Armijo fled to Chihuahua because of the force arrayed against him. One suspects James Magoffin of opening and locking doors with heavy keys of United States gold. As for Archuleta, things went somewhat amiss in that direction, since Kearny refused to follow Magoffin's advice and give the man some office. Archuleta marched to Taos and stirred up a revolt, when Kearny appointed the Virginian, Charles Bent, as governor of New Mexico. Certainly the appointment of Bent had much to recommend it, since Bent had been in New Mexico since 1829 and was highly popular with fur traders and Mexicans.

The disgruntled Archuleta chose to stay in New Mexico, rather than follow Armijo into Mexico, there to be, like his former superior, imprisoned for yielding to the Americans. No sooner had Kearny marched with his army to California, than Archuleta began his work of inciting the Pueblo Indians, though grumbling did not grow into action until January 19th, 1847, when Bent, the man who had grown from rover to ruler, visited Taos. Into the town went a band of Indians, to demand the immediate release of a couple of their companions who were in prison charged with horse

stealing. Too much stress must not be laid upon that gathering of Indians in front of the prison. Such movements are sometimes in the nature of sympathetic gatherings to cheer the hearts of those confined. I have seen Mescalero Apaches thus enter the town of Alamogordo to camp before the jail where two of their comrades were confined, and it required fine diplomacy to persuade them to leave. In the Taos case, there were no diplomacies; and when certain Indians demanded the release of the prisoners and were bluntly refused by the sheriff, Stephen Lee, angry passions rose, and the sheriff was slain, and, with him, the town prefect, Virgil, who had called the Indians thieves. With Indians, as with others, a man in a passion rides a horse that runs away with him, and anger is a fevered madness that heeds no physician whose name is Reason. So, after the double killing, some Mexicans, or Indians, dismembered the body of Virgil, and the cry went up to burn, slay and kill. History takes no note of the fact that mobs are not composed of individuals moved with desire to right political wrongs, but, rather, of individuals with private grievances and private desires.

To the house in which Governor Bent stayed, went the mob, the most important house in town, and Bent, his three children, his wife and her sister (who was Kit Carson's wife), another woman named Mrs. Boggs, and a Mexican maid-servant

found themselves in sad straits. Through the window Bent tried to reason with them, to persuade them that he would right wrongs, to set forth his past life among them. But against that storm his words were idle. Up the walls, and to the flat roof, some climbed, and began to dig through; but in the rear of the house a French-Canadian and his wife were also busy cutting through the adobe wall, to free the besieged; and out through the hole went the women and children. But Bent could not, or would not, follow; and of his end nothing can be definitely known, except that he was shot again and again with arrows, and with bullets from his own pistol. And, too, there was a scalping, with the trophy tacked to a board and carried about town.

One sees now, but no one could see then, how things were, as if set down on a chart. Kearny, on his march to California, had met Kit Carson and his party which had left Los Angeles on September 15th, and had impressed Carson, sending another courier, Fitzpatrick, on with the despatches. Meanwhile, Doniphan, left in charge by Kearny, was on the march northward from El Paso, with an under-equipped force. Of him something must appear later. His was an expedition for which the government had made no provision at all. To clear up the Taos incident then, when General Price learned of the trouble, he started from Santa Fé, with less than 500 men; did nobly in the La Canada

Pass, defeating a body of 1,500 Mexicans and Indians, and reached Taos, to find the enemy holding the adobe church, which he promptly stormed, and halted proceedings only when a priest, leading a body of citizens, pleaded for mercy. It is true that Archuleta escaped, but the insurrection was ended.

Thus, swiftly may be summed up the circumstances surrounding the journey about which the diary was written. The diary, as I have said, is not one of derring-do, but a woman's record, giving details which would hardly have been noted by men, except such a trained observer as an Irving, or a Dickens. She tells how she did shopping at Independence, how "it is disagreeable to hear so much swearing," how, though the animals must try the patience of their drivers, "I scarcely think they need be so profane." She too, you see, was a pioneer, of ethics and of conduct. We have her description of the caravan: fourteen wagons, with six yoke each; a baggage wagon, with two yoke; a dearborn, with two mules; a carriage, with two mules; nine and a half yoke of oxen, and two horses, and three mules, driven loose—two hundred oxen, seven mules, three servants, twenty men and the dog Ring, "of noble descent, white with light brown spots, a nice watch." She adds another note, which would hardly seem necessary, to the effect that the men "always stop where there is water sufficient for the animals." The sharp whistle of the par-

tridge, the lone screech of an owl, the chirp of a meadow lark, the croak of a raven, interest her; and, seeing flowers, she must needs gather them for table ornamentation. Her spelling of words sometimes seems to be dictated by fancy rather than by rule, but one forgets that, in her unaffected rapture and the joyful and generous hope with which she enters each new day. She refers to the presence in the party of an artist, one named Stanley; "rather celebrated," she says, "for his Indian sketches." It was the landscape painter, John Mix Stanley, who roved for ten years in New Mexico, California, and Oregon, painting very creditable pictures, which the Smithsonian Institute acquired, but which were destroyed, excepting five, by fire, in 1865. Like Pepys, she records trifles which sophisticated people would have seen and passed over without mention, but which throw a light into odd corners. We see a "Mr. Awld," in sad plight; his loaded wagons hopelessly bogged, with tongues and wheels wrenched off; but her caravan passed, much as automobiles pass others in trouble on the highways nowadays. Searching, we find that it was that James Aull, known to every rover in the west, who grubstaked many a man, who was regarded as the west's richest trading-merchant, and who, a year after the incident related, in June 1847, while in his Chihuahua store, was held up by four Mexicans and stabbed to death. She sees a roadway sign at Little

Cow Creek, then remembers that a Mr. Gregg had said, somewhere, that the place was 249 miles from Independence, he having measured it; so we come to know Dr. Josiah Gregg, trader, traveler, author of a book called *Commerce of the Prairies*, who gave Santa Fé something to talk about. For he, having a taste for clock-tinkering, contracted with a Santa Fé priest to make a clock for the church tower, to be completed by a certain date, at a price of a thousand dollars. So swiftly did he work because of his enthusiasm, that the clock stood in the tower long before the expiration of the appointed time; and, by way of doing more than he was expected to do, he made a mechanical Negro boy who came out of a little door in the clock face and struck the hours. The priest, miserly soul, would pay only seven hundred dollars, saying that Gregg had finished in less time than the contract provided for. So the doctor went off a-wandering. But one day the mechanical boy stuck, and would not strike; whereupon the congregation saw a sort of omen, and besought the priest to find the roving clockmaker, and pay him the amount due. So word was passed, as such messages are passed in the wide spaces, and Dr. Gregg returned to Santa Fé, set right what was wrong, and received the balance due, and much more besides in the way of gifts. It was the same Dr. Gregg who met his death in the winter of 1849, while on the trail to California,

with a party of eight, when hemmed in the mountains by a severe snowstorm without provisions.

Our gentle traveler arrived in Santa Fé August 31st, 1846, regretful that the journey had ended, and conscious of seeing the world with a wider and clearer vision because of her experiences. She tells, with a sort of mild wonder of the strangeness of things; of a ball, given by the officers to the traders. Much astonished her; the tobacco-clouded air, the rainbow colors, the Mexican women smoking; the presence of the priest, in his robes; Colonel Doniphan and his men; the señoras who took servants to act as foot-stools; the music, which consisted of a guitar and a fiddle, eked out with singing; but above all Doña Tula, the monte-bank keeper, who had "that fascinating manner necessary to allure the wayward, inexperienced youth to the hall of financial ruin."

And there we leave the delicate rover, but not without passing a word for Doña Tula, who was Gertrude Barcelo, a woman gambler, known from Independence to Los Angeles, whose salon none entered without invitation, and whose gaming rooms were patronized by the local four hundred; who was a favorite with the military of both nations, but with a bias towards Americanism, since she played a kind of Mata Hari game in warning them of the Archuleta conspiracy. On one occasion she loaned money to the United States. That was

when Colonel David G. Mitchell, needing supplies for his men, and at his wits' end to get them, applied to her, she being the only woman in Santa Fé with ready money, for a loan of a thousand dollars. Not until he agreed to escort her to a ball where her presence was unwelcome, did she succumb—a rare and notable instance of flattery which did not degenerate into ingratitude.

As for Colonel Doniphan, who, as a military friend of mine once said, “is remembered only because of a fort named after him,” his bold front in the Mormon war, and his stupendous march, if nothing more, must cause one to regard him with transfiguring vision.

The plain story of his expedition to Santa Fé was told by a man of retiring disposition, who, with his only appearance in print, said of himself that he had looked “with more satisfaction on the scenery of the country through which he passed, than upon the exploits of the battle-field.” His name was Jacob Robinson. In 1846, being out of work in St. Louis, he volunteered for service in the war against Mexico. He found his new companions to be men caring little for military glory, and much for adventure, for it was a war that the southwest regarded as a private affair of its own. We see a sublimated Falstaffian regiment, gathered haphazard, drilled in a

perfunctory way, without comfortably settled theories; its officers tolerant, and its men independent of spirit, but with what might be called a sharp pungency about them, prickly pointed and hard. Doniphan was regimental commander. During the first part of the march, when General Kearny's military spirit predominated, some conventional order prevailed. When affairs took him away, an enforced rhythm, it might be said, ceased to be; and the body came to have that independence found in the Texas Rangers, and in the Northwest Mounted Police, everything falling away except loyalty to the corps, a sincere and serious attention to the immediate job, and a quick recognition of courage wherever manifested.

Of that pungency of spirit there is an instance when, on one hot day in July, General Kearny, unexpected, came to Captain Reid's company and saw the men with coats unbuttoned, or no coats, some chewing tobacco, some standing easily, some with galluses carelessly festooned.

"Captain, have your men no jackets?" asked the General.

"Some have and some haven't," answered Reid.

"Make your men put on their jackets or I will dismiss them from the service," said Kearney.

"Well, they came here to fight, not to dress," replied the captain, not loftily, but simply, explanatory.

Doniphan's regiment went across country from Fort Leavenworth to the Santa Fé Trail, and so gloriously haphazard were they, that Robinson, who was detailed with others to take charge of the commissariat wagons, got on the wrong track, and the mistake was not discovered until a scout found them headed for Oregon. When questions arose, officers and men debated together; when the Fourth came, officers and men together celebrated jovially with "a good, long drink of whisky in honor of the day." Despots and martinets were sadly out of place in that outfit of robust, virile men. And there was Robinson, keen-eyed, not cursing the country, but seeing that "good crops might be raised here," and verifying his belief when they came to Bent's Fort, and still more glad to verify when they came upon "an Irishman who has settled alone, and has nearly a thousand head of cattle and mules." Unfortunately the name of this first rancher is not given.

On August 18th, 1846, they arrived at Santa Fé a few days before the Magoffin party and encamped outside the town, "our men hungry and ill-natured in camp seemed disposed to fight among themselves as there was nobody else to fight." One officer, Lieutenant Oldham, was "broken of his commission," for insubordination; he having made complaint to his superior that the men were on half rations, without pork or bacon, coffee, rice, sugar or mo-

lasses. "And," says Robinson, "there is abundance of everything around us, (so) the reason why we are allowed to eat so little is a mystery, and will probably remain so." He hazards the guess, though, that perhaps the powers that be may want "to reduce us so that we may become light and active riders." Objecting to such reducing, eight men deserted; and, as we have seen, because of the stringency, Doña Tula found her way into high society.

In spite of the shortage of food, in spite of pay withheld, in spite, too, of the fact that the horses were in the poorest condition, and that no line of communication was established, Doniphan's army marched on to the south, to do what could be done in the way of pacification of Navajos, and to front what had to be fronted of an unknown nature, going "into a wilderness hitherto untravelled by white man." Their way took them to Albuquerque, then west to Laguna, across a desolate land; but, as Robinson noticed, the Indians were by no means the despicable creatures of common fancy, since they cultivated melons, pumpkins, and corn; made good bread, wove blankets; had built a dam across a ravine, which made a lake of six or eight miles in diameter, and so supported some two thousand people, with their flocks and herds. Then, with unconscious parallel drawing, he considers the condition of his own conquering outfit, and observes that

it "is certainly a badly managed campaign. No medicines and no wagons are provided for the sick; we have to jumble them over the rocks and the mountains, in our broken wagons, among the camp kettles and pork barrels. . . . Those who are well have to live on half rations . . . the sick have nothing but salt pork and wheat meal or rather bran." But still they struggled on, full of determination, though many men died from exposure as the weather grew severe with winter. It seems strange that book after book should be written about the men of Cortez, and so little should be known of the men of Doniphan's command; explicable only by the old story of the honorless prophet in his own country. For there was this forlorn hope, facing it knew not what, marching, ill-equipped, into hostile country, to make a treaty with the Navajos, or fight them, sometimes making forced marches of fifty miles a day, over waterless tracts, without grass for the horses, without wood for camp-fires, without food that was adequate to lift the spirits of the men. Yet they could laugh, and did laugh when, coming to an Indian camp, the chief told them that new treaties were useless, since they were already abiding by one which was made seven hundred years before; the original document was in his possession. The document, being demanded, was brought, all wrapped in roll after roll of skins and

blankets, most carefully guarded as sacred; but it turned out to be nothing more than a fur trader's printed handbill.

By the end of October they were in snow; and being without tents, spent the night sitting and nodding in half dozes, and were dependent, in the main, on the hospitality of Indians for food. They had made a wide cast, going in a rough circle, apparently pacifying Indians who needed no pacification, and on November 20th, were again near Albuquerque, at an unidentified place which Robinson calls Pardeus, where—wonder of wonders—they found money awaiting them, so that each man had forty-two dollars, less the subtler's bill; and as might be expected, there was a grand jamboree, with plenty of hard liquor, and all concomitants that the imagination can picture. Then off they went again, on their strange campaign, south to Socorro and losing two men who went out to steal sheep and were shot with arrows, headed now for El Paso which, report said, was held by three thousand unfriendly Mexicans, with "grumbling in camp" because Doniphan proposed entering the town without cannon. On the day before Christmas they brought in a supposed spy, and found him to be a Scot, but of him we hear no more. Then, at Dona Ana, a few miles north of Las Cruces, they met with Gilpin's relief force, fought the battle of the Brazito, against the Mexican force of twelve

hundred, and spent Christmas night right royally, having taken from the enemy one cannon, many small arms, ammunition, horses, bread, beans, blankets, and most notable, a good supply of aguardiente; all with the loss of four men, while their opponents lost forty-one. Naturally, after the jubilation, they made a late start next day, but things turned out very well, for a Mexican came out with a flag of truce, also "with as much wine as we wished to drink," and "we entered El Paso without the firing of a gun . . . and the people came out of their houses and gave us apples, grapes, pears &c. . . . These Mexicans are a singular people; but yesterday in arms against us—today every man says *Omego*, or friend."

There they stayed, comfortably enough, until February 3rd, when, too late for service, "the long expected artillery appeared," and in camp there was considerable dispute whether they ought to march on to Chihuahua; not, apparently, because of any fear, but because of "regret on leaving the grapes and beno, the manzana and panada; but our commanders have said onward and onward it must be."

And onward it was, Robinson's company as rear-guard ("deliver me from rear-guards," he notes), with an equipment so ill-fitted for the service that for long stretches they made only a mile in four hours; and, in one place, they had to throw away a

ton weight of flour. What water they found, tasted brackish. They had abundant troubles with prairie fires, and alkali deserts, and from storms; they fought a battle which lasted four hours, and would have lasted longer had not daylight failed and a rich booty accumulated: a hundred wagon-loads of provisions, sixteen pieces of artillery, five thousand Mexican dollars, cattle, and sheep, and other booty. Again Robinson and others were left behind, while the main force marched on to Chihuahua, with orders to "fix up the cannon" and bring them in, also to gather up the stock, which was "about fifteen acres of sheep, five acres of cattle and seven hundred mules"; so Robinson made slow progress on to the town. But being in town, and the citizens apparently harboring no revengeful feelings, but doing business as usual, officers and men enjoyed themselves mightily at bull-fights, and at *bailes*, while "the mania for betting seems to have seized upon almost every one; and men who never thought of betting before, now risk their little all at the tables on the game of Faro and Monte."

There was another nine-hundred-mile march to Matamoros, where the ragged army shipped to New Orleans. And a hard march that last one proved to be, what with heat, heavy rains, a plague of Mexican blue flies, mosquitoes, cattle and mules falling dead from heat and thirst, men sleeping in mud without shelter, cactus and thorn bushes, and many

a skirmish. Yet they played a famous part and played it well, and they knew, too, how to appraise a good foeman. Robinson tells one tale, towards the close of his diary, about a Mexican who was shot by Texas Rangers, at Mier: "He died like a brave man. . . . When he was asked whether he would have his eyes bandaged or not, his reply was no, he would die facing his enemy. He received the last office of benediction from the priest with perfect composure, struck fire the first stroke of his flint to light his cigar, and commenced smoking. . . . When the rifles were cocked, not a muscle moved to betray agitation, but he took his cigar from his mouth, held it between his fingers till the word fire was given, and . . . he fell dead. . . . Then we resumed our march in silence, sincerely regretting that so brave a man should die in such a manner."



CHAPTER VIII

ALL humbug, gotten up to induce people to emigrate," wrote Franklin A. Buck to his sister, from his New York office, when the first mention of gold in California appeared in the *New York Herald*, of August 19th, 1848. A month later he, with many hundreds of others, had given up his position, after borrowing money, and was westward bound. A hundred and twenty-five days later he landed in San Francisco, after a voyage round the Horn, and such was his haste, and the haste of those with him, to get rich, that (to quote his letter), "when we landed our goods at the foot of Sacramento Street, a little from the water, our men washed out several grains of gold. . . . One man stuck to it all day and got five dollars." Four years

later he wrote, "I have labored hard hunting gold, and when I got through I had one hundred dollars."

Only the few could afford the six hundred dollars that it cost for the sea voyage, so some went afoot, some started pushing their belongings in wheelbarrows, and an army of adventurers went by different routes, overland. Between January 24th, and May 18th, 1848, 2,850 west-bound wagons crossed the Missouri at St. Joseph, and 1,500 more at other fords. At least 42,000 made the overland trails. Some went by way of Honduras, some by way of Panama, and those streams mingled with streams from Chili, Peru, China, Mexico, and Australia; which last sent a pretty parcel of bushrangers and ticket-of-leave-men, in addition to honest workers.

Of weariness, and of want, and of fears, those who took the trail were to know much. Many a tragedy, too, befell; and while some, wiseheads, strove to dissuade men from the new madness, it seemed, quite soon, hopeless to interfere. Where gold clinks, argument is of no avail. There were those who followed the Santa Fé Trail until it seemed, to their inexperienced eyes, to vanish west of the valley; so many fainted and perished in the desert. Some studied *The Latter Day Saints' Guide* going forward as far as Salt Lake City, only to discover incredible difficulties beyond. Some set forth on the Oregon Trail, taking for their guidance Joel

Palmer's book, *Journal of Travel Over the Rocky Mountains*, which told how the country was in the year 1845, to be utterly confounded when they reached Fort Hall. Then arose one, seeing how things were, named Joseph E. Ware, who advised people as to routes and conduct, though he had never been over the trail, and the hefty title of his book was *The Emigrant's Guide to California, Containing every Point of Information for the Emigrant Including Routes, Distances, Water, Grass, Timber, Crossing of Rivers, Passes, Altitudes, with a Large Map of Routes, and Profile of Country, &c. With Full Directions for Testing and Assaying Gold and other Ores.*

Mr. Ware, like many theorists, gave good advice culled from many sources, but he forgot that conditions were different in different years and seasons, so there were many who blamed him bitterly when they fell by the wayside. And when Mr. Ware, the theoretical rover, set forth to test his own indicated way, he came to a sorry end. For, falling sick east of Fort Laramie, but believing one of his promised oases was near, he let his companions go on, while he dragged himself, on hands and knees to some imagined haven, and lay insensible until found by another party, nor did efforts serve to nurse him back to health.

Again, there was one Alonzo Delano, who wrote a book about the plains, and whose lively descrip-

tions led some to imagine that there were no hardships, and no possibility of getting lost. "For miles," he reported, "to the extent of vision, an animated mass of beings broke on the view. Long trains of wagons with their white covers were moving slowly along, a multitude of horsemen were prancing on the road, companies of men were traveling on foot, and although the scene was not a gorgeous one, yet the display of banners from many wagons, and the multitude of armed men looked as if a mighty army was on the march." He told, too, how the road "was lined with cast-off articles, piles of bacon, flour, wagons, groceries, clothing, and various articles which had been left, and the waste and destruction of property was enormous." Because of that and similar misleading statements, Hope, that nurse of Desire, led many forth unprepared, and the words of Horace Greeley, who had told of places "where famine sits enthroned, and waves his scepter over a dominion expressly made for him," fell on deaf ears. Amateur rovers, led by theoretical rovers, went forward into the expensive school of experience, for in no other will some fools learn.

In those days the name of John Augustus Sutter rang loudly throughout the land, and many, talking and writing without knowledge, led others to believe that the man had leaped, overnight, from

poverty to riches, and from obscurity to fame, whereas his name had long been a tower of strength in the west. His wealth was great, but it came not by luck but by careful planning and hard work, and, as shall be seen, when wealth did come to him by luck, it swept away that which had been earned.

We see him a medium-sized man, erect, quick, orderly-minded, with no thought of roving until his modest business in Switzerland fell in ruins, whereupon he went to St. Louis, Mo., and settled down as a farmer. But that one taste of travel had given him an appetite for more, so there came a little trading tour to Santa Fé, where he heard tales of California, as a consequence of which he sold his farm, started on the Oregon Trail and arrived at Fort Vancouver, from where he purposed to travel south. That was in 1838.

With his design held steadily in view, that of establishing a quiet settlement, he went to Honolulu, where he engaged eight Kanakas, and six white men who were mechanics; then sailed for Monterey, Mexico, where he laid his plan before Governor Alvarado, who approved it, but suggested the advisability of naturalization. So Sutter, the Swiss, became a Mexican. Then he staked off eleven square leagues of land in the Sacramento Valley, which a succeeding governor confirmed, adding to the original grant another twenty-two square leagues; and by a miracle of directed effort, things

throve, burgeoned and evermore grew. An enlightened partnership existed between Sutter and his men. Warehouses, granaries, barns, dwellings, grist-mills, tanneries, workshops, stores and a great fort—Sutter's Fort—came into being. There were pastures with five thousand cattle and twelve thousand sheep, besides troops of horses and mules. To his fort went Frémont, Kit Carson, the explorer, Commodore Wilkes, indeed every one of note, to be received and entertained, for Sutter was like a benevolent baron. Then came wealth by chance. Sutter's partner, James W. Marshall, building a mill, found gold, and when Sam Brannon in San Francisco proclaimed the fact, down into the valley swept those several human streams that had come into California by ship and by land. Sutter's workmen, full of gold lust, deserted. Like an invading army, the gold-diggers felled trees, destroyed crops, trampled down harvests, tore houses to pieces, squatted on his land, built the town of Sacramento on his fruitful fields. Then came lawsuits, squabbles, difficulties with government regarding his land grants, until, tired of the struggle, the old man gave up and went to live among gentle Moravians in the town of Lititz, Pa., and died in Washington, D. C., on June 17th, 1880, at the age of seventy-seven, while hopelessly wandering through the mazes of some circumlocution office seeking indemnification for wrongs endured.

A very necessary word remains to be said about that invading army, its ways and its customs, its behavior and its make-up; and in saying that word, I stand firmly opposed to those who have branded Bret Harte as a false and melodramatic spirit when he pictured his gentlemen gamblers, his high-minded thorough rascally Colonel Starbottle, his miners with their debating societies, and his hard-cases reading Dickens in camp. I put my own experiences in gold-mining camps aside, to take first-hand evidence from many sources which need not be enumerated, and I see, in the *dramatis personæ*, all sorts and conditions of men, even trembling weaklings like Bret Harte's young man who read Homer in camp and talked of "Ash-heels," and John Oakhursts, and women with a certain past and a doubtful present who yet had in them the milk of human kindness. Indeed, to be convinced of the truth of Bret Harte's picture, one has but to consider the elements that went to California, mostly mild and inoffensive citizens whose aims and desires pointed to quiet lives. I turn to the diarists, Franklin A. Buck and Enos Christman, to see a record by no means pregnant of lust and license, of blood-spilling and shooting (though those there were), but with many a mention of social functions, of religious services, of Masses, of concerts, of lectures, of orchestral performances, of Philharmonic concerts, of reading circles that

enjoyed Pope, and Macaulay, and Homer, and Thackeray. The plain record is there for whoso cares to read. But, too, there was Cherokee Bob, who went on the rampage and killed six men in a hand-to-hand fight; and there was Caleb Dorsey, who did brave deeds at the head of many a posse; there was General J. H. Bean, once alcalde of San Diego, who played a fine ranger part on the frontier until killed by a bandit; and Jack Powers, an Oakhurst to life, with a dash of Al Capone in him, who lived in splendor until he met his death at the hands of Yaquis; and there was Joaquin Murrieta, very notable rascal, sometimes regarded as a Wat Tyler who would right wrongs, sometimes as a hero, sometimes as the incarnation of deviltry, but certainly a high light from whatever angle he is regarded.

Some say that Murrieta became moved to a career of crime when five white miners attacked his wife, whereupon he lay in wait and shot the invaders, one each day, until the tale was complete. But the great day of trouble came when a certain Bill Lang, a hard-case, accused Murrieta of riding a stolen mule which the Mexican declared belonged to his brother Jesus, and Jesus, with strong show of truth, supported Murrieta. But emotion destroying judgment, twenty white men took the law into their own hands and hung Jesus, while they laid on to Murrieta's bare back with a raw-

hide whip until he became insensible. Then Murrieta disappeared, and a strange fate befell the twenty, one being found dead here, another there, until eighteen were accounted for. Rumor ran to the effect that the deeds constituted Murrieta's revenge. So he became an outlaw at the age of twenty, in the year 1850, and for three vivid years played a game of

. . . sore bataille and strife
And blood of men and hard Travail.

He did not work single-handed, for something of the executive lay in him, and certainly he had directive capacity of high order, and planned well. Many, Americans and Mexicans, and one former bushranger among them, were willing to efface themselves to contribute to his glory; so gathered about him and accepted him as leader, to the number of a hundred. Of those, his nearest lieutenants were Three-fingered Jack Garcia, and Claudio, and Reyes Felix.

It would be fine, if the record told of thoroughly gentlemanly outlaw work, with the band glorious in derring-do, full of zeal for the welfare of the weak and defenceless, but it does not. Upon patient, harmless Chinamen they fell, men who were working in tailings, gathering what the more careless white men had left. At one place they killed six and took away \$6,000; at another, they shot four

and took \$4,000; and, if the record is true, they dropped in on another camp and, after shooting eight Chinamen, made off with \$3,000 worth of gold dust. At Big Oak Ford, they took \$8,000, and left the Chinamen strung up to a beam; while on the Stanislaus they stole \$5,000, and Three-fingered Jack, mad with blood lust, cut the throats of seven Chinese.

One receives with caution some of the tales, which have a ring of those told of old-time robbers—receives with caution, too, stories of how Murrieta proclaimed his identity at *bailes*, and in monte rooms, leaping on tables and defying one and all. But it is certain that he, with a chosen few, captured a schooner, after fierce fight, took \$20,000 in gold, then burned the ship. Because of that piece of piracy, the citizens of Stockton offered a reward of \$5,000 for Murrieta's apprehension and, the story runs, while the citizens were gathered about the flag pole, reading the proclamation a young man rode up, read, took a pencil and wrote, "I will add \$1,000 to this reward," and signed his name, Joaquin Murrieta, then rode away.

Some have talked about Murrieta's "charmed life." But a moment's reflection will show that his immunity told of the quietness of the average citizens, who sought to live quiet lives, doing the duty that lay nearest, not risking their lives and possessions in aggressive acts, even against undesirable

citizens. For that work of order keeping, they felt, stood as the duty of the law.

It was one Harry Love who arose to personify avenging law, and for his work he has been praised, censured, held up to scorn and ridiculed. Love, be it said, had made his name good at Santa Barbara, where he acted as deputy sheriff; also, he had fought at the battle of Buena Vista. But it was not until May, 1852, that he became very widely known. Governor Bigler recommended, and his Legislature authorized, the engagement of Love to recruit a party of "not more than twenty men," to be known as Californian Rangers, for the purpose of apprehending Murrieta. So the picture composes itself into one of the outlaws retreating, slaying as they went; and the Rangers advancing, until pursued and pursuer met in San Joaquin Valley. There confusion begins, and nothing is very clear until the end, when Ranger Henderson shot the escaping Murrieta, and others killed the small remnant of the body of outlaws who had stuck to their leader. Then by way of proof for the benefit of doubters, the Rangers decapitated both Murrieta and Three-fingered Jack, and carried the heads in proper medieval fashion to Benicia, the State capitol, and received the reward. Presently, to please the crowd, the chief trophy was put on view, much as heads were, in old times, stuck on poles; and an advertisement appeared in the San Francisco

Herald of August 20th, 1853, which read in part, thus:

JOAQUIN'S HEAD!

IS TO BE SEEN

AT KING'S,

CORNER OF HALLECK AND SANSOME STS.,
OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN THEATRE.

ADMISSION \$1.

au18 tf

But, be it remembered, while some flocked to see the gruesome show, there were also those who attended the Symphony Concerts, and who applauded the gypsy violinist, Miska Hauser, and the famous Ole Bull.

Which reminds me: Miska Hauser toured in strange company when his stage partner was the dashing Lola Montez, who called herself the Countess of Landsfeldt, and who thought to see California an independent empire with herself reigning as Empress. Perhaps her fame was, in a great measure, due to the journalistic mind of Patrick P. Hull, editor of the San Francisco *Whig*, who chanced to be on board the steamer that carried her to San Francisco from Panama; for not only did he let it transpire that he would probably become the husband of the glittering widow (for her marriages were several), but he also told abroad how she had been the mistress of King Ludwig of

Bavaria. He told of her beauty, her skill in dancing, her cleverness as actress, and of the way in which she had captured such literary giants as Dumas, Beranger, and Flaubert; told also how she had flung herself into the cause of freedom and joined Bavarian revolutionists. So, when she made her premier appearance on the San Francisco stage, in the character of Lady Teazle, seats were sold for as high as sixty-five dollars. And when she and Hull were married at the Mission Dolores, the romantic governor kissed her publicly; and fire-brigades escorted her through the streets; and race horses were named after her; and there were Lola hats; and Lola stockings; and Lola fashions of wearing the hair. Why the madness was, no one knows; only that it was. But when she swept Miska Hauser into her train, and when his playing received greater applause than her Spider Dance, and her Sailors' Hornpipe, the tiger in her leaped forth, so that she soundly berated the audience for its lack of discrimination, some say, hurling abuse and profanity. When the editor of *The Daily Californian* wrote of her performance with modified approval, she challenged him to a duel with pistols; or, if he preferred, there would be prepared two pills, one of which would be poisoned. Both invitations the gentleman declined. Next came her pickle-herring gesture, when she announced how "certain southern gentlemen" were prepared to flock to her em-

press banner. After that came a courting of the simple life, in Grass Valley; into which life went two nephews of Victor Hugo and the son of Senator Seward of New York, to admire and to serve, until, in the summer of 1855, her glory having faded, she left for Australia, and thus passed out of history.

Ridiculous though the idea of establishing an independent empire in California was, it had other proponents. One, a rapscallion adventurer named Marquis de Pindray, presented the idea to some official close to President Arista of Mexico, but nothing came of it. Another, Count Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon, made a prolonged but somewhat feeble and ill-directed effort to carry out his carelessly drawn plan. Behind Gaston lay a succession of failures—as student in a French Jesuit college, as tramp, as Parisian idler with a small patrimony, as gambler, as settler in Algiers, as politician in France during the '48 flurry. Learning of the discovery of gold in California, he sailed west, accompanied by a man who had invented and sold shares in a certain Magic Wand, by means of which gold could be detected anywhere. We pass over Gaston's adventures as an amateur gold-digger, over his decline to dish-washer and dock-side laborer, to come to one of those unaccountable incidents in which a plausible fellow with a mad scheme manages to impose upon men who should know better. For

Gaston, having persuaded M. Dillon, the French consul, that a new empire might be made out of Sonora, California, and the lands which now form the states of Arizona and New Mexico, sailed for Mexico and interviewed President Arista. Soon he was back in San Francisco, with a credit of \$60,000 Mexican, recruiting adventurers.

We get a curious picture of the type of his recruits, in a letter he wrote to a friend, or friends:

My expedition is supported by powerful capitalists, by the government, and by popular sentiment throughout Mexico. Property in half the lands, mines and placers where I plant my flag is secured to me and my companions by title deeds. The extent of these concessions is unlimited and will be bounded only by the progress of my company. The die is now cast. . . . Lenoir is a man of fine type. He is a former cavalry officer of great merit and proved courage, but ruined by misfortune and drink, which in some ways paralyzes his will. Fayolle, full of enthusiasm, imagination and temperament, has been a captain of zouaves, man about town in Paris, provincial actor, second-hand dealer and flower-seller. Garnier, a handsome young fellow, and formerly a man of the world, used to hunt with me round San Francisco and was afterwards by turn brickmaker, coalman, and wood-cutter. Taillandier is an ex-adjutant, good-natured and still stylish—a true child of Paris. . . .

With such Gilbertian characters to the number of two hundred, Gaston embarked on April 9th,

1852, on board the *Archibald Grazier*, headed Pacificwards with band playing and flags a-flutter, and was promptly stopped at the Golden Gate by a U. S. brig, the unemotional captain of which ordered the Count to get in a boat and return to San Francisco until Consul Kirn gave his consent. But such comment, being approved by the Washington authorities, could not be given before four months. However, Pat Dillon came to the rescue and offered to shoulder all diplomatic responsibility; whereupon Gaston was allowed to sail, and ten days later, appeared off Guaymas.

"On October 14th, after a march of 130 miles in 7 days, I arrived before Hermosillo," he writes to Dillon, the French Consul at San Francisco. "The town was defended by General Blanco, his regular troops, national guards, and artillery, in all 1,200 men. I attacked with 200. After a bloody struggle lasting an hour the place was carried by storm; the enemy broke and fled in all directions, leaving in our hands many prisoners, including six officers. Only the weariness of my men prevented me from completing their defeat. . . . I am master of Hermosillo. . . . The important thing is to receive reinforcements."

These reinforcements did not come, neither did Mexico rise in revolt and flock to the Gaston banners; and when General Gandra ordered Gaston to evacuate the town, the warrior complied and fled

to Guaymas; or rather was carried there in a litter, since intestinal trouble prevented him from riding or walking. Some say he suffered from poison. Some say it was Mexican coffee, which disagreed with him. To Dillon he wrote on November 17th, 1852, "A cruel illness keeps me at Mazatlan. As soon as I am well enough I shall hasten to San Francisco to reply to the slanderers who will not miss the opportunity of attacking me. . . . The Mexicans were thoroughly cowed but my men were afraid. General Blanco's forces were broken up, yet my men, who could at least have retreated with honor, laid down their arms like cowards. The company has made a shameful retreat, and a shameful surrender. . . ."

Arrived again in San Francisco, he found himself greeted like a conqueror at a reception given by the French consul. Soon he was planning a second and more effective conquest of Sonora, one which seemed possible of success since the country was in a state of governmental uncertainty, with Santa Anna on the point of becoming dictator. That Mexican Napoleon, thinking perhaps, that a Gastonian flurry might be made to serve his purpose, agreed to meet the adventurer. Santa Anna offered Gaston an annuity of \$60,000, and a cash payment of a third the amount, to start a French colony of men, a sort of Foreign Legion, the purpose of which would be to repress the Indians. But

Gaston held out for the military governorship of Sonora, or nothing. In the end, Santa Anna, who doubtless took the measure of his man, said he would make Gaston a general, at which Gaston was insulted, flew into a rage and left the audience chamber. Some say he struck Santa Anna.

Gaston seeing himself as a splendid hero, with a high talent for conspiracy, busied himself in plotting many things designed to further his schemes, for a time in Mexico, later in San Francisco, where he went to find money. He was the Man Who Would be King. Presently he sailed again in a schooner, and his party numbered ten-odd adventurers, and they landed at Guaymas. Arms and ammunition they had, but no men; and the adventure, to any sane man, must have seemed as hopeless as that undertaken by Sir Roger Casement. He counted, it seems, on persuading Mexicans to enlist under his banner. However, from one source and another, he succeeded in getting together a band of three hundred, with which he sought to take Guaymas. It must have been somewhat of a comic opera battle, but one which changed to high tragedy, for Gaston was captured and tried, then sentenced to be shot. He lived like a fool, but he died like a brave man, asking that his eyes be not bound, and facing the firing squad with arms wide-spread.

When it comes to true, unadorned tales of gold-

fields, there is no better way to learn that which is best worth hearing than to listen to some old prospector; and there are many of them in Leadville, in other places in Colorado, in British Columbia, in the neighborhood of Ely, Nevada, and similar corners of the land. Such a one lived near me in the Ozark Mountains, an estimable fellow and a great reader; and when last I saw him, he reminded me of a picturesque pirate as he sat at his rough table, a keg for a seat, a red bandanna handkerchief about his head, and full and baggy pants stuffed into knee boots. Having then recently returned from British Columbia, I told him about another old prospecting hand I had met (I had stayed at his shanty in Kicking Horse Pass), how the old fellow had married at the age of seventy-four, having, as he said, "escaped the hook longer than the most of 'em," and how he lost the top of his right ear. He had, he told me, kept himself together through all those years, until he tried to run a Ford car, which, one day, got loose and slipped down a slope, then overturned, in such a way as throw him out and pin his ear between a rock and the running-board; nor could he extricate himself. "I done my best," he told me, "then getting tired of being cramped, took out my clasp knife and cut myself loose." My neighbor listened attentively, then, when I had ended the tale of the ear, he slapped his knee, declared he knew the fellow well enough and gave

me, correctly, his name. So it came about that the flood-gates of my neighbor's memory were opened, and he told me much, just as the man without the ear, helped by Gordon's Dry Gin, had also told me much—which is not to say that the tale-tellers knew or pretended to know, personally, all the individuals whose doings they described; but they, like the old scops, or gleemen, treasure and pass on that which seems of importance and hold in esteem certain fine elemental qualities of courage, earnestness, and devotion to duty. Above all, they cherish that which has no savor of artificiality, conceit, or affectation.

Thus I came to hear the tale of the two brothers Ralston, of Georgia, who, in 1855 went roving with Cherokees in Oklahoma, mostly buffalo-hunting; of how they found gold along the Cache de Poudre, but could not work it, since the Cheyennes bore down on them. But news of the find reached Green Russell, and, in 1858, three Russells went with the party along the Santa Fé Trail, then panned along the Platte to South Park and presently found gold on Cherry Creek, which place became Auraria, and, later, Denver City. Then a butcher, named John Easter, of Lawrence, Kansas, having sold meat to an Indian, was offered as payment a goose quill with gold dust in it, which transaction changed the pattern of Easter's life. For when, in answer to his question where the gold

came from, the Indian waved his hand in the general direction of the Rockies, a new impulse informed the butcher. No longer would he be content with narrow and petty things, and self-limitation, but would thrust the whole tangle of business out of sight. Being gifted with imagination and eloquence, he soon persuaded others; and when summer came, the butcher found himself leader of thirty men with ten loaded wagons, and into the west they went, nor did the town of Lawrence hear more of them until one of the number returned with gold dust, and other men began to dream dreams of millions. So the new trek was on and "Pike's Peak or Bust" became a slogan.

It is strange that of all western characters that have taken the popular fancy, least is known or has been written of Charles Harrison. Yet the tale of his deeds is often on the lips of old prospectors and placer miners who worked in the Colorado fields. And if I had to choose, from flesh and blood, a parallel for Bret Harte's John Oakhurst, it would be Harrison. Into the Colorado country he came, from the Mormon lands, riding a stolen race-horse; and his companion, Bill Hunt, told how narrowly he himself had escaped death. Hunt, accused of horse-stealing, had been taken by a lynching party, and the rope was about his neck. Then Harrison appeared, a man cool, collected, even-tempered, well-dressed, and with an easy freedom about him,

at whose presence the noisy crowd grew quiet. But the crowd was chiefly impressed by Harrison's actions; for, standing with his back to a tree, he leveled his revolver, fired twice, and the two men at the rope dropped with neat holes in the center of their foreheads. What seemed particularly trying, was that the leader of the lynching party, on making protest, also fell, when Harrison's revolver spat again. To Hunt, who knew nothing at all about Harrison, it seemed incredible, when, at a word of command from that imperturbable gentleman, one of the lynching party stepped forward and took off the noose, then, again being commanded, brought forth a horse, so that rescued and rescuer rode away together, Harrison on the race-horse which Hunt had been accused of stealing. Yet they did not leave the Mormon country without further trouble, for a mounted party followed them a short distance; but so well did Hunt's delightful companion conduct matters, that the pursuers gave up the chase when two of their number fell dead. Hunt's horse, however, received a disabling bullet, so that the race-horse carried double for the remainder of the journey.

In Denver, Harrison made his temporary home; was known there as an efficient card player who ran a well-conducted gambling house, who played for any stakes, who lost and won with equal grace, who went about well-dressed in broadcloth and white

linen, who shot men, when shooting seemed to be required, with singularly untroubled grace. Once, for instance, he stepped into the street and lit a cigar, then became aware of a tremendous hulla-baloo, for a happy-go-lucky fellow came galloping, shooting right and left, and one of the shots hit a man who stood at the door of his restaurant. Harrison took a first puff of his cigar, drew his fourteen-notched revolver, fired nonchalantly, dropping his man, and went on smoking, with the remark, casually, to those who stood nearest, that he found it particularly trying to find any sort of disorder afoot in the early morning. Of Harrison's end, nothing is known, except that he joined the Confederate forces under General Price, in 1862.

Old prospectors tell, too, of the partnership of "Buck" Stancill and Dirty Face Harris, a happy-go-lucky brace of rascals who drifted into Colorado penniless and found gold when they were thinking of nothing more than cutting up a slain deer for meat. So they staked a claim, and dug, and stuffed the gold into pans, pots, rubber boots, and any other receptacle; then piled it on a rock, and still the gold came. Presently a boom town grew about them, with gambling houses, and dance halls and all the rest of it; and Buck Stancill built a theater, and engaged a Negro minstrel troupe to stay there and play, so the town of Buckskin Joe had its day of fame, until its death came as suddenly as its

birth. Like fairy gold, the riches of Buck and Dirty Face vanished; and for a time the two men who had congratulated themselves on their riches like the Biblical fool, wandered about the deserted streets, and in and out of the smoke-blackened shanties that had been gay places of delight; then Dirty Face went into the wilds, and Buck Stancill saw a great light in spiritualism, so set up an establishment in Chicago where he put people in communication with the dead, for a fee, and so in time swirled down into the eternal flood.

Then there are tales about the men of Oro City, or Leadville, as it came to be known; and to go to Leadville, today, is to be in at the death. Ichabod is writ large, what with streets of houses that are being destroyed for firewood; with the shabby remains of the theater built by Tabor; with the old-time gambling house a spectacle of vanished glory and glitter; with futility evident everywhere; with the woman who was once the head-liner in every newspaper now going about in tow sacks; with tough-handed and stout-hearted John Cortalini still hopeful of locating some mother lode and getting rich again unexpectedly and inexplicably.

That sad woman with feet swathed in tow sacks in lieu of shoes, isolate on her mining claim on Fryer Hill, is the widow of H. A. W. Tabor, who died on April 10th, 1899; yet in 1882 the newspapers had been telling a world hungry for a new

excitement how she wore a \$90,000 necklace, and how President Arthur attended her wedding, and how an enormous wedding cake, "chaste in design," stood on a separate table, and how her husband wore a "superb trousseau of broadcloth and diamonds."

Almost, one hovers between laughter and tears at Tabor's history; with those vivid and active few years, that dizzy lifting of a man from poverty to high fortune, that influence and fame, that cataract of wealth, that golden edifice, which, seeming solid, yet proved to be so frail and unsubstantial that it vanished almost in a day!

Tabor, born in Maine in 1830, might have been a ne'er-do-well farmer, had he not indulged in fancies when, hearing of gold in the Pike's Peak country in 1869, he went west with his wife and son, driving a wagon across the plains. Arrived in the gold country, there were ten years of dull poverty.

You see him as a grocery man in an undistinguished way, and as a fourth-class postmaster, until there came to him two Germans, who had given up shoe-cobbling to try their luck at gold-mining. They wanted a grub-stake, and Tabor staked them to the tune of \$17 (some say more, but it does not matter), for which Tabor was to get a third of such profits as might accrue. Romanticists have been busy with the tale of Tabor, but I tell it as it

was told to me by some one who knew him, and I am sure that, though there may have been memory lapses, nothing was set down in malice. Then—it is said that God sends fools fortune—the roving shoe-makers found sufficient to keep them in ease for the rest of their lives, and Tabor's share amounted to half a million, whereupon many expressed their opinion that Tabor was a man of parts, and so he himself began to believe, for, having luck, very little wit goes a long way. Statistically, what follows may be subject to careful audit, but the broad aspect will serve. Tabor, swayed by feelings too deep for words, offered his share to the Moffat interests, carelessly setting a price of a million dollars and in less than a year found himself twice a millionaire. Fortune played the pipes, and Tabor danced well while the tune lasted, even when Chicken Bill Lovell called the tune, and his deals generally left sorrow in their train. For Chicken Bill, having furnished himself with some of the surplus gold from Tabor's mine, loaded a shot gun with it, and blew the charge into the sides of a hole he had dug, then went to Tabor with a tale how he had found something worth while, but could not work it on account of an inflow of water. Tabor wrote a check for \$40,000, bought the hole, sent men to dig deeper and struck a vein that paid, for two years, a dividend of \$10,000 a month. In those days, and at that place,

such luck hardly made a ripple of comment; for there were others getting rich in fine serenity of mood—Meyer Guggenheim, who laid the foundations of the Guggenheim estate, and Sam Newhouse, who built the Flatiron Building in New York, and Moffat, and Tom Walsh. As for Tabor, he bought and bought, and each and every one of his hens laid eggs with two or three yolks, whereupon people began to discover in him exceptional wisdom and insight, while he recognized in himself godlike impulses, such as fitted him to be a ruler over enlightened people. So, a lieutenant-governor of the state being sought, Tabor offered himself for the crown, and great joy filled the land. After that he developed a lively taste for ideas, and a livelier taste for hospitality. You may see, in Leadville, the building (now the Elk's Club), that was the Tabor Opera House, where Grand Opera Companies played, and where Oscar Wilde lectured on art. In Denver he built a Tabor Opera House, a most palatial affair, with rare woods brought from Japan, and Carrara marble, and French silks, and a curtain painted by a Detroit artist; and the programs were printed on white silk, with gold letters, very satisfactory, except for reading purposes. Sometimes, at the head of his Tabor Light Cavalry (for he had his own army, as one might say), Tabor rode in splendid uniform, with belt and sword, and epaulets, and gold fringe, and plumed

hat of velvet, and gilt spurs. His dragoons wore red pants and blue coats and shining helmets. His Tabor Highland Guards of Leadville (organized when Jesse James and his gang appeared in the valley) had doublets, and kilts, and sporrans, and Rob Roy bonnets, also shoes with buckles, and dirks. In the Denver Opera House, where some thoughtless architect had hung a picture of Shakespeare, Tabor said a word for local aims and ambitions:

“What’s *he* ever done for Colorado? Take him down and put me up.”

So the face of the man who was a mere rum-mager in words went down, and the \$40,000,000 face of Tabor went up. Immensely receptive in a material way, Tabor bought mining lands in Utah, Texas, New Mexico, Idaho; he acquired a vast estate in California, and obtained an enormous concession in Honduras. He planned to corner the wheat market, talked about building a chain of Opera Houses from coast to coast, acquired insurance companies, banks, lumber outfits, smelters, factories, gambling houses, stock and bonds. And when men whispered that he was the most helpless man of modern times, the way became clear for him to walk into the U. S. Senate, and there to introduce appropriation bills, and to look wise, as one whose mind was as wide and deep as it was rich and full. Then came his second marriage, and

the gaudy wedding, and a more gaudy christening ceremony in due time, when his twenty-two-year-old wife bore him a daughter, with the newspapers telling the world how each and every baby pin had its diamond, and how the infant robe cost \$800, and how the lace flounces were bought for \$500 a piece. High soared the rocket of Tabor's career, to burst into coruscating flares, and dim, for the moment, the calm stars—then swiftly the dark. So the gods played their game, caressing their favorite to make of him a fool, inviting him into a paradise with winsome gesture, to fling him out into poverty and wretchedness.

Of other characters the old prospectors told, and still tell—not setting heroes up on high pedestals in any way to awaken romantic imagination, rarely abusive either, but in an impersonal way. Often there is merely a parenthetical reference. But, be it said, your old hands interest themselves very lightly, if at all, in such highly romanticized characters as Buffalo Bill, or Jesse James, or Billy the Kid—those they leave to the lovers of melodrama, occupying themselves with men of sterner stuff, undistinguished by commercial decoration.

“Now take this Comstock,” said my neighbor, the ex-pro prospector, apropos of nothing that had been said before. Thus abruptly he plunged into

a story. I see him now, as he would come to my cabin, a man of amiable and attractive character, small but wiry for his near eighty years, a flower stuck in his hat band (for he had a half mystical veneration for nature), his eyes bright and shining; a man given to complaint only because he could not do his ten and twelve hours a day without inconvenience; undistinguished looking in a crowd, but giving a sense of largeness of experience in a congenial company.

“Now take this Comstock. They called him Old Pancake because he lived mainly on flapjacks. A raw-boned fellow, lank-jawed, tall; his real name was Henry Thomas Paige Comstock, which was a whole lot to go to bed with when you come to consider. Let me tell you that he reminded me of this Doctor Von Wedelstaedt up in the Deadwood Black Hills country.” (Parenthetically would come the incidental character who had nothing to do with the story, and of whom it would be impossible to know more, since questions would disrupt the structure of the tale.) “Ever hear of Doctor Von W? He was the only white man up there who belonged to the Chinese Masons, and would parade with them, with his silk hat and gold-headed cane, proud as Billy-be-damned. But that’s skipping from Nevada to Dakota. This Comstock was one of a crowd who drifted into the Washoe Valley, from California, when the Mormons left; and

there was Sally Winnemucca, and a few white women; and Pete O'Reilly and his chum Pat McLaughlin, both Irishmen. The Irishmen found the gold, but Comstock horned it in by accident when he was out looking for a strayed horse and claimed that he'd staked out that land, and rightly ought to have a share. The year was 1859. I know some of them concerned, but was a young fellow then and didn't take all the notice I should have done."

Thus did William Van Horn begin, and the story would follow in orderly sequence with all ancillary matter eliminated, and salencies only retained. The tale told how a few men formed a company. They were placer miners who never suspected the possibilities of quartz mining, and they found from \$500 to \$1,000 a day. Then up went rockets, and down came sticks with dull thuds. McLaughlin sold his share for \$3,500, and went on a jamboree, to wind up as cook in a restaurant, and die penniless. O'Reilly having got \$40,000 for his interest, dabbled in the stock market, lost and went insane. Comstock sold out for \$11,000 muddled it away and committed suicide in Butte. Jim Finney, with \$8,500, started to paint the town red, but fell from his horse and broke his neck. George Hearst stuck to the game and founded the Hearst fortune.

It made a good tale, especially that part where the ex-pro prospector told of the growth of law and order in what was really an anarchistic society—

with the appointment of the rangers, and the framing of rules and regulations specifying crimes and misdemeanors, such as hanging for murder, and stripes and banishment for theft; or a left ear set as the price of cattle-stealing, or the very wholesome decision that ownership of a claim should be predicated in occupancy and use. But for a tale of pluck and endurance, old hands tell of William M. Stewart, who, in a winter storm, found himself the poorer by half a million dollars, when his Nevada mine flooded, and all work had to stop, though there were high-priced men on his payroll whom he could not afford to lose. In all Virginia City he could get no credit, although a boarding-house keeper agreed to feed men and mules (while Stewart "got half a chance"), with provender for the latter at twenty-five cents per pound. So off set Stewart, on foot, in the winter cold of high latitudes, facing a journey over mountains, headed for San Francisco. On the way he met another lone wanderer, Salisbury by name, headed for Virginia City, who warned Stewart that it was death to go on; and, almost as they talked, down came an avalanche that swept Salisbury away, nor was his body discovered until six months later. Not until he reached Sacramento Valley did Stewart find a horse to ride, and those men he met found it hard to believe that he had crawled over those mountains, snow-bound in winter severity, with all com-

munication between settlement and settlement abandoned. Nor with a horse were his difficulties ended, for the valley being flooded, there were miles of trackless wading; and soon the horse had to be traded for a boat. On his return journey, the borrowed \$32,000 in a satchel strapped to his shoulders, he passed, more than once, parties, express riders and others who had been forced to halt until more favorable conditions prevailed.

Of such characters the old-timers delight to talk; and it seems to be a stinging criticism upon books which make to appear as heroes those who have triumphed over unprepared men, that men of the frontier rarely show interest in the popular bandit.

Undoubtedly, the rascal most detested by all frontiersmen of his day was Henry Plummer, who made Montana and Idaho his field of action in the 1860's, and who played his Jekyll and Hyde part for a time in thoroughly competent and business-like way. The chatty ignorance of fiction writers who would have Plummer as an English gentleman gone wrong, are curtly dismissed by those who know, though it is generally admitted that he had an education in Connecticut, and could play the gentleman in a superficial sort of way, at least sufficiently to impose on the rough diamonds of the frontier; but whiteness of linen, a silk hat, and broadcloth, went far towards establishing a repu-

tation when he ran his gambling house in Lewiston. There were whisperings that he had an ugly record in Nevada, that he had been engaged in a hold-up or two, that he had beaten a man to death in a saloon row, also that he had been nothing more heroic than a baker before he became a gambler; but Plummer had a quick pistol and was sudden and violent in quarrel, so whispers remained whispers. What came to pass was that Henry Plummer became a Jonathan Wild; leagued with outlaws secretly, while acting as an active member of the Vigilance Committee; and in his second character murdering with gun and knife those of the Committee who were active in apprehending rascals. Nor did suspicion prevent his election as sheriff (perhaps the machinations of his outlaw associates helped in this), and, for a time, looking into the past, it seemed as if disorder bade fair to win. But on the stage stepped another character named James Williams, a Pennsylvanian, simple and unlettered, but of clean intelligence, who not only listened to whispered suspicions but kept his eyes open and deduced conclusions logically from premises. James Williams, livery stable man, had a mind of his own, and also somewhat lacked that imagination which often makes cowards of men; believed, too, in that freedom for the individual which ended where the freedom of another commenced. Presently the liv-

ery stable keeper became the silent man who observed closely, who listened attentively, who pondered deeply, and who was highly regarded in a very sincere way by a new Vigilance Committee. You see him as a stolid investigator, to whom men told tales while he went about in his stable looking to the comfort of his horses; following him, while warning him, in a friendly way, that they did not wish to be quoted. Putting things together, William came to the conclusion that there were twenty-seven men in the Plummer band of hold-up men, two of whom he knew to be horse thieves, Frank Parish and Bill Shears; that there were three, also known, who went back and forth with messages; that Plummer himself did that which ostlers had done in the days of Dick Turpin, located wealthy travelers; and that some dozen and more were the real hold-up men who obeyed the orders of the under-cover men. Informers who did not wish to be quoted were made to tell their tales to bulldog-jawed John X. Beidler, a man of iron resolution, who swore that he would play the game of executioner, and who held true to his promise when the time came. Not until Red Yeager, one of the gang confessed, did the "don't-quote-me" men ride free of their prohibitions; then every one seemed to be lining up on this side or that, very definitely, and the timid souls ran for protection to the forces of law and order, while those who had

hesitated when victory seemed in doubt, became firm in decision to stand strong for the protection of a defenseless people. Out then went the Exterminators, twenty-one strong, under the leadership of Williams and Beidler, to catch one of the gang here, two there, at ranches, in cabins, in diggings; and after swift trial, the hangings followed. Some confessed with the rope about their necks, and some died defiantly; but Plummer, his nerve gone, whined miserably, before his soul went on its mysterious flight. By March 3rd, 1866, thirty-three executions took place. Then individual effort gave way to legalized methods, when Montana became a state.

William F. Cody's reputation as a scout (and his services were as valuable as Carson's), has been submerged in his character as showman, thus falsifying Pope's declaration that the reputation of a man depends on the first steps he makes in the world. Yet those first steps were important since, as a boy (he was born in 1846), he mingled among Kickapoo Indians, learning their ways, their speech, and habits, which knowledge stood him in good stead when he became a Pony Express rider. Between 1863 and 1865 he served as scout for the Federals, working part of the time in company with Wild Bill Hickok, and, in 1868-9 with General Sheridan as chief of the scouts. Being mustered out at Fort Leavenworth he married

Louisa Frederici, by whom he had a daughter, his only child. Contrary to popular report, the name of "Buffalo Bill" attached itself to him because of a feat—a wasteful slaughter some called it—accomplished at Fort Wallace, and was not a self-applied stage name. An argument having arisen between friends of a scout named Comstock, and friends of Cody, as to which should be considered champion buffalo killer, a stake of five hundred dollars was put up, and all hands rode out to pick up a buffalo herd, which was encountered about twenty miles west of Sheridan, Kansas. By agreement Cody took the right half of the herd, and Comstock the left, each being otherwise free to act as he chose. Comstock rode in from the rear, killing as he went, and his number amounted to forty-six, slain within a radius of three miles. Cody, mounted on his horse Brigham, using his pet 50-calibre rifle which he called Lucretia (there was always a strain of the romantic in him), rode to the head of his chosen half and killed the leaders, sending the beasts to milling around, and won the championship with sixty-nine head, the carcasses all lying within a comparatively small circle. Later, when in the employ of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, he killed a total of four thousand two hundred and eighty buffalos within eighteen months, wherefore the name given to him after the battue became so firmly clamped, that William F. Cody seemed as

oddly ill-fitting as the name Samuel L. Clemens to Mark Twain. Buffalo Bill, indeed, was only twenty-six years of age when his stage career, in a play called *Scouts of the West*, written by Ned Buntline, was presented at Nixon's Auditorium, New York, and afterwards at Niblo's Gardens; with Cody as leading character, J. B. Omohundro (Texas Jack), and Wild Bill Hickok supporting him; Buffalo Bill receiving a salary of \$500 a week. The critics, it seems, were severe in their reception of the play, which had taken only four hours to write, though Cody seems to have taken somewhat seriously the many heroic situations in which he appeared. In 1877, Cody himself appeared as a playwright, with *May Cody, or Lost and Won*; and ten years later had organized his Wild West Show, which not only circled this country, but toured Europe; so, somehow, the scout's services in the Nebraska Legislature, his work at Fort Larned as scout, his duties performed in the Sioux War of 1876, when he served with the Fifth Cavalry and, in hand-to-hand combat, killed Chief Yellow Hand, seem subordinate to his career as public entertainer; and the muddled and gaudy exhibition on Lookout Mountain, near Denver, which was gathered together after his death in January, 1917, helps still further to pale his valuable services into something almost like insignificance.

Again, Wild Bill Hickok as a popular enter-

tainer dimmed his own reputation as scout, and fiction-mongers also helped. His services with Frémont in the early months of the Civil war, his work as a spy in Arkansas and southwest Missouri seem almost forgotten, and his fame bids fair to rest on his services as marshal in Hays City and in Abilene, Kansas. Romanticists have made a great to-do over his escape from prison, following his capture when posing as a Confederate officer, imagining a stronghold of stone, chains, and iron-barred windows, but the evidence is otherwise. The prison seems to have been a farm shack, so little designed to hold a man that "the door had a sort of home-made lock, which, from the inside, was opened with a case-knife," and the case-knife "was in an auger-hole in one of the logs" inside the prison. The peculiar arrangement was, apparently, an ordinary wooden latch such as may be seen in any country hen-house, intended to be used from the outside, but, on occasion, lifted from the inside through a slot by means of a nail, or, in this case, the old knife. So escape and its problems brings to mind the adventure of Tom Sawyer and Jim in the outhouse, rather than Casanova or Jack Sheppard. Moreover, what followed has the look of an atrocity rather than an act of daring, for Bill "made some trivial request which the guard must come inside to grant," then "seized him by the hair . . . and cut his throat with the old case-knife." Considering that the

other members of the guard were in a shed some distance away, and that a tremendous thunderstorm was raging, and that the door could be closed from the outside, and that Bill had the means of opening it from the inside, the escape hardly seems an adventure revealing the splendor of great deeds unquenchable forever. Neither, by the same token, can the affair at Springfield, when Wild Bill killed Dave Tutt on the public square, be said to reveal Bill Hickok as a god-like Antilochus. It was a miserable and silly squabble which commenced in a gambling house, continued in an atmosphere of braggadocio, and ended in a trial which proclaims very little fairness and still less ability on the part of the lawyers, and very little logical lucidity in those who have attempted to claim Hickok a hero for the part he played. The sad side of this deification business is that there comes about a distortion and a loss of balance, by which prominence is given to that which would be better forgotten, while valuable deeds of non-spectacular nature are overlooked. Still, Hickok had something in him of the dramatic, and he went on the stage by a sort of natural transition, following that display of walrus mustache, and long hair; a display the Carsons, and Bridgers, and Jedediah Smiths would have regarded with ineffable scorn. We see, at the close of the Wild Bill career, the hero taking a fling in the Black Hills on the dis-

covery of gold; see him married to a showman's widow, eleven years older than himself; see him in the last scene, in a Deadwood saloon, playing poker, when Jack McCall came in, jerked out his gun, fired, and Wild Bill fell dead. The date was August 2nd, 1876.

There are other names which evoke no great enthusiasm on the frontier, or where the frontier was once, when a frontier still existed. The Younger brothers, Jesse James, Billy the Kid, Black Jack, Laura Bullion, Calamity Jane, Charles Quantrell—some of them glorified in Beadle's Half Dime Library, might, if they appeared again on earth in the section where they played their parts, wallow in self-pity, since they would evoke hardly anything except derision for themselves as heroes. Certainly the Younger brothers, there were five of them, working in partnership sometimes with the James brothers, effected some daring raids in Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Minnesota, and along the Mexican border. But the danger to the raiders is infinitely less than appears on the surface, since those who rode on stage coaches, or on trains, or who worked in banks, were by no means prepared to kill men in defending property, even had they been so inclined; nor must it be forgotten that in man-killing, as in everything else, people improve with practice, and your ordinary citizen gets very little of it. Being a bundle of as-

simulations as well as what heredity makes us, most men are for a quiet and orderly life, and must necessarily fail to meet men of primitive instincts on their own terms. And it is imperative that we see hundreds and thousands of settlers on farms and ranches, as well as in towns, whose sole idea it was to live in peace and quiet, attending each to his own affairs, and certainly not disposed to act as unofficial peace-officer when a bad man chanced to be in the vicinity. Furthermore, an outlaw, a train-robber, or a bank-robber would not proclaim his profession when in town, or when stopping at a ranch house; and if he had done so, the chances are all in favor of his being treated exactly as the sheriff himself would have been treated.

Examine the important raid—that which occurred in Northfield, Minn., on September 7th, 1876. Today Northfield is a quiet town of some 5,000, and in those days it was much the same, inhabited by people of good-will and trustfulness—mark well the trustfulness—cultivating those civic virtues which are generally cultivated as a matter of course. It goes without saying that the bandits had familiarized themselves with the general situation and knew that every one would go about as usual in the honest conviction that all was well. Into the town rode Jesse James, with two of the Younger brothers, Jim and Bob, and, having dismounted, they lounged about on the platform of a

store next to the bank, squatted on their heels, cowboy fashion, then fell to whittling their pieces of pine, talking the while. The town marshal himself would have seen nothing remarkable in that, nor in the fact that when two more men trotted into town—they were Clell Miller and Cole Younger—the whittlers snapped shut their whittling knives, and went into the bank. In front of the bank Cole Younger seemed to find something wrong with his cinch; so dismounted, and busied himself, while his companion slipped to the ground in front of the bank, then letting his lines hang to the ground, took his stand at the door. At that moment a school boy, passing the bank, saw something through the window that made him catch his breath, that made him look again to make sure, then hurry away; and as he went others of the gang rode into town. What the boy had seen was the holding up of two bank clerks, and the seizing of another by one who took out his knife and made as if to cut the throat of the clerk, because of his refusal to open the safe. Some say that the cashier, Haywood, entered by a rear door, and, seeing what was afoot, attempted to draw a revolver; others say that he did draw, but what is certain is that a bullet from Bob Younger's gun dropped him, dead.

Then, for the school boy had done his work well, from all points came citizens, some shooting

wildly, some firing from cover and with care; and first Chadwell, then Clell Miller were shot while mounting. Horses, too, fell under fire. Bob Younger received a shot in the elbow, and Cole was wounded in the hip. The two James boys were also wounded, but slightly. One citizen, a man named Gustavson, was killed. So, defeated, the outlaws mounted and fled, firing as they went, but somewhat ineffectually, since people were naturally hiding for safety's sake.

Before a week had passed, the pursuing posse had surrounded the outlaws in a woods, but both Jesse James and his brother Frank escaped in the darkness of night, on foot; then, having stolen a couple of horses from a farm some distance away, got clear. Next followed a storming of the hiding place by the sheriff and six men, with much shooting from cover, but with the results unknown, until Charlie Pitts broke away, ran a short distance, then fell dead. The pursuers kept up a hot fire until Bob Younger stood forth, with hand upraised, and announced a surrender. Something like dismay took possession of the citizens when they saw Cole Younger with a bullet hole beneath his right eye, and eleven bullets in his body, while his brother Jim's lower jaw was almost shot away. When Cole Younger died, in March, 1916, following his parole, in 1901, after a life sentence, seventeen bullets were found in his body, and there

were twenty-six other scars from wounds received in fights. James Younger, also sentenced for life at the trial which took place in November, 1876, was paroled, but committed suicide in October, 1902. Robert Younger died in prison. Bruce and John, who were not engaged in the Northfield affair, met their deaths in bandit fights. As for the James brothers, while, by a polite fiction, they were said to have been guerrillas in the Civil war, it is difficult to draw a line that would separate their activities from organized banditry. It is true that some identified hard-cases who espoused the northern cause wrecked terrible wrong on the James homestead, resulting in an explosion which tore off the arm of Jesse's mother and killed his foster brother (for Mrs. James married again after her first husband, the Reverend Robert James, died); whereupon James joined "Bloody Bill" Anderson's force, at the age of sixteen; but a certain scatter-brainedness seems to have been in the lad, since, at the close of the war, he made no effort to settle down, but went headlong into a picturesque career as train-robber and hold-up man. One of his boldest flights, however, did not come off; it was the attack on Leadville at the time of Tabor's early magnificence, and it was undoubtedly thwarted by those gaudy guards in kilts, of which brief mention has been made. Still, there were deeds of daring and violence enough, which, so well-planned

and well-conducted, mark Jesse James as a man of certain qualities that might have gone far to win him renown, had he been a Conquistador. Jesse James, like so many others of his calling, pursuing individualism to its logical ends, found himself in a place where he must go forward. So also did the Ford brothers, Robert and Charles, who were members of the gang. Doubtless the Fords were blackguards, else they would hardly have been in the gang; and that Jesse James, too was a blackguard, cannot be doubted. Nor can it be doubted that the reward for the capture of the outlaw king, dead or alive, was offered in the hope that it would lead to the splitting of the gang, and, in consequence, to the greater safety of society. So there was a somewhat elaborate machinery set up for a certain purpose by law establishment; and Robert Ford became the executioner, at the age of twenty; and society was saved to a certain extent, yet, upon the head of the executioner fell execration most abundant. One admits the traitorous nature of the act, the shooting of an unarmed man when his back is turned, and resentment arises. But, as Emmett Dalton, of the Dalton robber gang pointed out, an equal storm of execration broke about the head of Pat Garrett when he killed Billy the Kid. I am not here indulging in argument, but am endeavoring to set forth the frontier man's puzzlement at the attitude of people, "back in the states," who

rushed into print to express themselves. To the man on the ground it seemed a most excellent thing that the terrorizing outlaw was snuffed out, whosoever the sufferer, and it was no mood of primitive barbarism that evoked a sigh of relief, when, four years after the killing of Jesse James, in 1882, Charles Ford shot himself, and when, in 1892, the news came that Bob Ford had been killed in the course of a quarrel in a gambling house. Indeed, all this which I have been saying, is but an offshoot of my contention that on the frontier, as everywhere else, the majority of men were peaceful and law-abiding and wished to lead quiet lives engaged in their personal and private affairs, and all tending to that end was judged good.

As for Quantrell, you get in an alleged history of him written (or dictated with promptings) by one of his followers, Harrison Trow, an old man in his dotage, a most excellent example of the strange belief that, if cant is added to crime, crime is thereby lessened. Ohio, the village of Canal Dover, was the place of his birth, in 1837; and at the time when, according to Quantrell's own statement, repeated faithfully by Trow, he was on the Santa Fé Trail bound for California and met with bad treatment at the hands of Jayhawkers, being left for dead and being rescued by Shawnees, he was, according to indubitable records, engaged in the humdrum occupation of teaching school in Kan-

sas. In 1859 we find him at Fort Bridger, doing fairly well as a tin-horn gambler, but before the end of the year working in a restaurant. Returning to Kansas, he tried to hunt with the hounds and run with the hares, under the name of Charles Hart, by enticing Missouri slaves to run away and cross the border into Kansas, then capturing the unfortunates and selling them down the river, or returning them to their owners when the reward offered was sufficiently attractive. Murder for robbery was charged against him, also horse-stealing, and by 1861 he had developed so far as to be the leader of a gang of seven men, all with a price on their heads for practices disharmonious with the welfare of the country-side. How he became a hanger-on to the Confederate Army is not clear, but somehow he managed it, and his gang became a considerable body, of which he called himself Captain. The doubtful historian, Trow, says, listing many names, and among them Cole Younger, "myself and several others of like daring enterprise . . . an organization was at once effected and Quantrell was made captain." Also, he tells us that "it was part of Quantrell's tactics to disband every now and then," and that "attacks" were predicted because "the men needed heavier clothing and better horses."

With all Mr. Trow's simple earnestness, and his "Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of rum!" spirit, there is

no gainsaying the fact that the attack on Aubrey, Kansas, in February, 1862, by thirty men wearing federal uniforms was a raid on an unprotected village in which five quiet citizens were wantonly killed. As for the march into Arkansas, by no stretch of fancy can it be regarded as anything other than a marauding expedition by banded outlaws. But Quantrell's followers grew in number, recruited as the band was by rascals everywhere who hoped for plunder, until the "army" numbered well over four hundred. Then, "in the spring of 1863," says Trow, "Quantrell issued a proclamation to the Federal forces of Kansas that if they did not stop burning and shooting . . . he would come to Lawrence at some unexpected time."

So came the battle of Lawrence, on August 21st, 1863, when, to quote Trow again, "It was a lovely morning. The green of the fields and the blue of the sky were glad together. Birds sang sweetly," and "Quantrell sent Cole Younger over to the hog pen to catechize the industrious farmer" on the edge of town. Then followed the raping of an unprotected town, with the murder of 182 men, the sacking and burning of houses, then a retreat with the loot. And the work was the work of a twenty-three-year-old boy, vagrant-minded, certainly contemptible and worthless, as judged by his youth and boyhood days, one who would probably be

listed as defective in mental health by those who knew how to decide. His end came in Kentucky, May 10th, 1865, when the trouble-maker with a few men was surprised by Captain Terrel, and Quantrell was shot in the back while trying to escape.



CHAPTER IX

DOWN in the Devil's River country, near Howard's Well, in a valley tributary to the Pecos, I came by sheerest accident upon the ironwork that had been part of a wagon train, a melancholy reminder of an Apache raid in 1879, when sixteen wagons were burned, and mules captured, and the teamsters killed. As mementoes, I gathered up three or four iron arrowheads, kept them awhile, then lost them or gave them away. A lone wanderer collects very little indeed with which to astonish future generations. His possessions must needs be in memory. The incident therefore stands bright in my mind, because, while I looked and wondered, a Texas ranger of my acquaintance rode up, so we sat and smoked, and talked, not in any consecutive

way, but saying things with long silences in between. Mostly we discussed the size of old-time ranches, and how, because of the cattle industry, there had come into existence a new set of trails that run north and south instead of east and west as the Spanish Trail, and the Santa Fé, and the Oregon Trail had done. I remember that the ranger talked with a sort of wonder of how rovers always kept, to the main, to their own latitudes—the Scandinavians to the northern regions, the Anglo-Saxons choosing less severe climes, the Mediterranean folk traveling along the Gulf countries; then he said, emerging from his thoughts, "There seems to be a sort of order in things. First, men came for gold—the Spaniards. Then men hunted for hides—the fur traders. Then a new lot went for gold—the Forty-niners. Then it was hides again—these ranchers." Like a wise man he built no hard-and-fast theory, but added the qualifying remark, "more or less." We smoked awhile in silence, and I remember meeting his glance and thinking that his were honest eyes. Then he said, "And the new trails made Abilene."

I added, "And how many little towns like Ozona, and Sonora?"

"A raft of 'em," he said.

I remember very distinctly what he said next, could almost vouch for the exact words.

"If they put up monuments to mark the coming

of new ways, that one in Abilene to Tom Smith, the Abilene Marshal, would mark the coming of the cow country. Ever notice it? I mean the inscription."

I said I had not, and he quoted: "Died a Martyr to Duty, November 2nd, 1870, a Fearless Hero of Frontier Days, who in Cowboy Chaos Established the Supremacy of the Law."

We rode together a few miles, and I lost my companion when our ways parted at a place where he went along one draw, and I another; but our talk had given abundant thought for reflection, as I rode on into Fort Stanton. I thought how the Tom Smith monument did, in a very marked way, stand for the coming of a new order; how those plains, which for long had been regarded as hopeless wastes, turned out to be as useful as the diarist, who went with Doniphan, had predicted; how, with the coming of the cattle, new trails were made from south to north, parallel with the famous Chisholm Trail, over which vast herds were driven north to Red River, and thence to Abilene for shipment, a drive which took three months, and the first man to make the drive was one whose name is almost forgotten—Joseph G. McCoy. I reflected upon the rapidity with which those wide spaces had been occupied, and how, in the 1870's, they became narrowed because into the Big Spring Country, which Susan Magoffin and others had thought to be so

desolate, a new kind of adventurer came. His name was T. C. Henry. He planted winter wheat as an experiment, and was ridiculed for doing so, yet found the results so satisfactory that he planted more and more, as did many others. Then the wheat growers gave notice on the cattlemen that, because herds destroyed arable lands, they would be expected to ship their Texas cattle to some other point than Abilene, as "the inhabitants of Dickinson will no longer submit to the evils of the trade." So came more limitations, and more, and the land baron found his day passing, although, as shall be said presently, there are still immense holdings. Mark, too, with the vanishing of those holdings how a thousand, ten thousand towns died or changed, and the wide country-side knew a purging and a cleaning; knew a getting rid of loosely-banded communities, where warped and crippled conditions prevailed; and—it must be said—where men took a sort of malignant satisfaction in the success of the strong-arm outlaw, or if not a malignant satisfaction, then, at least, an apathetic attitude against which rangers and other officers of the law had to strive.

You see those trail-side towns, mere collections of flimsily-built houses of clapboard, obviously temporary. You see run-up-in-a-hurry stores, with ridiculous false fronts; filthy eating houses, redolent of grease and fried fat, with smeared counters,

and partially washed plates; a Silver Dollar saloon, with corrugated-iron walls, and ornate bars, and gambling rooms in the rear, the gambler respected and well dressed, and regarded with something akin to awe; an ill-furnished school house, where children were taught by any "book-learned" ne'er-do-well who chanced to drift into town; a water-works consisting of a windmill and a dirt tank, and a barbed-wire fence, the ground about trodden into a quagmire by the hoofs of numberless cattle; a disorderly general store, which "carried" small cattlemen from season to season, and which often dispensed the shoddiest goods; a drug-store, many ugly sheds, and backhouses; a barber who often acted as notary, justice of the peace, and postmaster; a livery stable, a blacksmith, a feed, hide and pecan dealer; sidewalks of slats and boards insufficiently nailed together and stained with tobacco juice, irregular in design, height, width, method of construction, made by men of original and rudimentary notions of building; the roadway the bare prairie, from which rose, with every breeze, clouds of pungent dust, and which bred and harbored a multitude of flies; the hotel a melancholy boarding house kept by a woman of untidy mind, whose husband hovered in the background without even pretending to look useful; posts and hitching rails chewed by long-suffering horses to strange shapes; buggies, surreys, buckboards, hacks, left standing

anywhere; street illumination absent; the sidewalks never busy, but with knots of men here and there, and stolid Mexicans and cowboys squatted on their heels or leaning against awning posts, and women not so much dressed as upholstered, with flounces, ribbons, feathers, and bustles; men driving wagons loaded with buffalo bones, gathered where buffaloes roamed no more; freighters with oddly-assorted teams and still more oddly-assorted harness, a tangle of straps and ropes; fancy ponies in conspicuous places with silvered harness; a Chinese laundryman, a Negro cook or two; a jail, and a court-house, of indescribable filthiness; a peripatetic photographer who often played the fiddle at dances, and whose displayed tintypes revealed an extraordinary amount of human ugliness; sewage disposal a matter of individual taste and conscience; dogs, chickens, pigs; coils of wreckage in vacant lots; the rooms of houses dark and uncomfortable—yet, there withal, children were bred who, unswayed by the fashion of the world about them, absorbed and transformed according to the spirit within; for had this not been so, that unhappy, wrongly-glorified, dirt-sodden, unimaginative Wild West could not have passed away, and the healthful purging would never have been.

It is difficult to conceive, today, the size of the holdings of some of those men who put an end to their roving to seize upon land, as the King-

Kennedy outfit did; to stock their property and to let it increase and range, until the owners could lose a hundred thousand cattle, nor be cognizant of the loss until round-up time. There was Melvin Ferrar, the Virginian who quit roving in 1854, and, laying claim to lands west of the Pecos, in 1860 had his herds grazing over ten million acres of land, and vaqueros who were said to be busy branding calves half the year, and shipping cattle the other half. Brewer tells of a Californian ranch, in 1862, "the nearest edge of which was fifteen miles from the house."

Consider the strange history of Henry Kreicer, who changed his name to Miller, who went a-roving from Germany in 1847, and whose wealth was a five-dollar bill when he reached New York, and whose estate today is more than a million acres in five states, his live stock a million and more head, who owns farms, banks, rivers and lakes, reservoirs and springs. From dishwasher to butcher, then to the buying of native cattle by ones and twos he went, until, and here is the wonder, he came across Henry Hildreth, who owned a Spanish grant of nearly nine thousand acres on which ranged seventy-five hundred head of cattle, and found that Hildreth, hating his possessions, would sell the land for \$1.25 an acre and the cattle for \$5 a head, because he wanted to try his luck at gold-mining. Gifted with a vision and the power to

describe it, the adventurer found it no difficult task to persuade bankers, and thereafter, for thirty years, Miller's occupation was to buy and buy, a farm here, a section there, school land, homestead land, waste land, anything that offered. He built dams, dug canals, reclaimed swamps, found it possible to graze cattle on Nevada wastes over which adventurers had struggled in peril of death from thirst, bought tracts of alfalfa land in Oregon, drilled and found oil, mined and found coal, grew richer on droughts which ruined other men, created a principality and had a power greater than any medieval baron when he died, in 1916.

Miller, however, never suffered from depredations as the adventurers in the cattle world had suffered in Texas. From the lips of one named Jim Scott, of Irion county, Texas, I heard the tale of how he, with others in the year 1873, made a raid into old Mexico across from Duval county, and, attacking a cattle-thief camp, scattered the rustlers. Near the camp-fire they counted eighty newly-slain cattle, and at another skinning place there were nearly three hundred carcasses, and not far off another four hundred, and the hides they found all bore Texas brands. It was one, only one, of the many camps, the owner of which paid tribute of one-fifth of their stealings to Juan Cortina, the cattle-thief king; and there were hundreds so paying, who if they did not pay, suffered hanging as

penalty and punishment. Cortina shipped much of the stolen cattle to Cuba on contract, and so impudent were the thefts that as many as seventy thousand were driven over the border in one raid. Dobie tells of one herd thus driven, numbering at the start sixteen hundred, of which a thousand died on the trail from overdriving and thirst.

And in early days, not only were Mexican raiders active (sometimes they were led by Americans), but there were Lipan, Comanche, Kiowa, and Kickapoo Indians, who planned and timed their raids with judgment and sometimes attacked driven herds too. Thus, Charles Goodnight and his partner Loving were set upon in the Brazos Valley, by Comanches, when making a drive to Fort Griffin; and while the mauraunders were driven off, the cattle stampeded, so that three hundred went astray. On another drive they lost four hundred.

But disorder turns the minds of men to order, and for the confounding of Indians, the Texas Rangers came into being in 1836—and so well did that body conduct itself that (passing over its work in the very early days, which was effectiveness itself), between the years 1865 and 1893, it pursued 128 raiding parties, fought 84 battles and recovered 6,000 of stock, and rescued three kidnapped whites, all with a loss of only twelve men.

Yet, be it borne in mind, evil came not alone

from the hands of foreigners and Indians. There were "bad men," not only those who operated in company with Mexicans and those who raided into Mexico, but hold-up men and outlaws, who robbed individuals, as well as stage-coaches and trains. And if it be thought that pickings on the range must needs be negligible, since cattlemen would hardly carry ready cash with them, let one incident serve to dispell the error. For there is the testimony of Captain Gillett, of the Rangers, that, in the year 1873, when he, then a lad, was with companions driving a herd of cattle to market, a cow-buyer halted them. After a swift appraising glance he offered spot cash at \$10 a head, and the deal being agreed upon, "he got down off his horse, lifted a pair of saddle-bags off, and counted out \$3,000, in twenty-dollar gold pieces." It is significant, too, that Sam Bass and his gang took \$60,000 in twenty-dollar gold pieces, in his Ogallala hold-up.

You must see those guardians of the border, the Texas Rangers, as un-uniformed, living in the saddle with the sky for a roof, fearless, quick on the trigger, excellent horsemen, each man at times acting on his own responsibility. A tale is told of a certain Texas mayor who, unnerved by a riot in his bailiwick, sent to Austin for a detachment of Rangers. On the arrival of the train one man stepped out.

"Where are the Rangers?" asked the mayor.

"They sent me," was the reply.

"Only one?" asked the mayor, voicing disappointment.

"Well, is there more than one riot?" returned the Ranger.

If not true the tale ought to be, since it illustrates the independent, individualistic, very self-sufficient methods of that band of law-enforcers.

The reputation of the Rangers, indeed, has built up a sort of positive suggestion, in the crowd to be governed or kept in order—exactly that suggestion of power which enabled Napoleon, and Sam Houston, and Theodore Roosevelt to govern their followers. Rangers are regarded with an awe, mingled with admiration, which makes for strange effects; as when, in El Paso, many years ago, a gang started to paint the town red. Casually, as it seemed, four Rangers rode into the plaza and dismounted; not staying together but strolling various ways; not proclaiming themselves, but merely being on the ground and ready to do what seemed best to do. It was enough. The hard-cases were still hard-cases, but they moved about in more liberal and disinterested spirit, and the downward tendency ceased to be.

As to that reputation for effectiveness there are instances, ancient and modern, enough. To take one, evidencing capability in a certain direction, almost of yesterday: The scene is the Red River,

the occasion, that one when the governors of Texas and Oklahoma were foolishly disagreeing about the use of the bridge. Oklahoma state troops were at one end, a detachment of Rangers at the other. Governor Murray had said, in a burst of unwisdom, something scornful about the Rangers being more picturesque than useful. Those were not the words, but the spirit of his remark is thus sufficiently reflected. Nor was what followed done with any publicity in mind, since it was a mere camp amusement, without spectators or newspaper men present. At a distance of fifty feet, twenty matches were stuck in a log, in a line, and, shooting from the hip, Captain Tom Hickman hit eighteen out of twenty. Next, with his revolver held upside down, Ranger Ross, at a distance of twenty paces, split a playing card set on edge. Obviously, in face of such marksmanship, braggadocio would be apt to disappear and be no more.

As for instances of determined action, they, too, are numerous enough. In the Mason County war, in 1875, a feud in which white man scalped white, and murder threatened to become a wide-spread habit, a handful of Rangers brought order into a community where every man was on one side or other, even some of the Rangers having their partizanships, though the latter, honestly proclaiming their prejudices, were permitted to refrain from activity. Again, accompanied by a Dallas detective,

Ranger Armstrong took as prisoner that world's champion desperado, John Wesley Hardin, whose killing record amounted to twenty-nine. Lone-handed, Gillett captured the outlaw Dick Dublin, taking him from the midst of friends and relatives who had sworn vengeance on the officer. Other characteristic deeds come to mind: the pursuit of the Indian Victoriana; the exploit of Sergeant Reynolds, in taking Horrels, the murderer, prisoner, in a community so friendly to him that the sheriff declared that no arrest could be made, and the guide said he would not lead the Rangers to the house for a million dollars; the memorable fight with the Sam Bass gang in which the bandits conducted themselves like Homeric heroes; the capture, very recently, of the Yancey-Storey outlaws by Captain Tom Hickman; Baylor's round-up of stage-coach robbers, at Ojo Caliente; the round-up of outlaws and cattle thieves in Kimble County, and the clearing up of the mystery of the Peg Leg stage-coach robbers; the courageous act of John Banister at Junction City when he attacked twelve Indians; the clearing up of numberless chihuahuas, or scab towns; and that brilliant exploit leading to the arrest of the Bacas, in Mexican territory, in face of tremendous odds.

Back and forth one goes in Ranger history to see fine dominance over that which jeopardizes order. And, leaping back to the 1860's, one comes upon an

interesting instance of persistent search, that had its reward in curious fashion. We owe the tale to Ranger James Pike, an Ohio boy, who went a-roving in 1858. Summarized, it runs as follows.

In 1836, following the battle of San Jacinto, Comanches captured a nine-year-old white girl named Cynthia Ann, together with four adults; and while one or two of them later found a way back to civilization, all traces of the child were lost. During the years that followed, to prevent further trouble, the Comanches were rounded up into a reservation in Shakelford, Young, and Throckmorton Counties, and they got along very well until 1859, when one of those disgraceful outbreaks of rascal-led white men took place. A crowd fell on sleeping Indians and slaughtered them, men, women and children. Instantly revenge was aflame, and a Comanche uprising followed, hate engendering hate, deed breeding deed. There were fears expressed by the wise that a madness of Indian extermination would follow. Into that storm rode the Texas Rangers, of which Pike was a member. Into the storm also rode John R. Baylor, full of the poison of hate, with a hastily gathered company of hard-cases, his hate born of disappointed ambition, since he had been dismissed from the Indian service for alleged incompetency as agent. Also into the storm went Captain Plummer, with the 1st U. S. Infantry, and Plummer sent Baylor

and his gang to the right-about, after a hot, wordy session, though not until one of Baylor's men had wantonly shot an eighty-year-old Indian. Then came the hasty retreat of Baylor and his gang, persuaded by Rangers with great urgency, who also, in the rout, made it clear that they were there to protect the Indians and intended to do so. Now comes what may be called Historical Confusion, with certain incidents emerging, much as tall, persistent waves emerge in a tumultuous rapid: the removal of Indians to a place of safety by the U. S. Infantry, with the Rangers acting as protective guard for the Indians; hard-case settlers stealing the Indian's stock; antagonism to the Rangers for the part they played; the Indians finally located in Indian Territory; an attack upon Superintendent Neighbors and Captain Ross, of the Reserve, on their return to Texas, by what appeared to be a party of red men, but who were furnished with white men's appurtenances. "The Indian I shot," testified Captain Ross, "has short hair. I'm going to wash the paint off his face and see if he is not some old acquaintance of mine"—and the dead man turned out to be a redheaded white man.

So we come to the important emerging thing for this particular incident of Cynthia Ann, when Comanches, on the newly-established reservation, broke out in minor revolt under Chief Nocona; a revolt quickly quelled by the Rangers, with the

shooting of Nocona, and the capture of his squaw and child. One Ranger noticed that the squaw's eyes were blue, and another recalled the case of Cynthia Ann, mentioning the name, whereupon the squaw became strangely excited, struck her breast with her fist and said, rustily, "Cynthia Ann!"—the only non-Indian word she knew. Investigation showed that she was, indeed, the grown-up white child, but every effort to accustom her to white ways failed, and she died in time, a Comanche at heart, always mourning her Indian child, a boy, who, as she supposed, had been slain in battle; grieving the more when the child that had been captured with her died. It remains to be said that some years later, an Indian, called Quahnan, who became useful to the Rangers in their management of Indians because of his opposition to border raids, turned out to be the cross-breed son of Cynthia Ann. His name lives in the small Texas town on the Texas-Oklahoma border.

As to those occasional outbursts of violence on the frontier, I assert that they are not characteristic of frontiersmen, and that the majority of people on the frontier have always been orderly minded, with a healthful spirit of fair-play, their time well occupied with petty affairs of the daily life. But also there have been, among them, men who can be considered in no other light than as victims of moral and mental disease, dangerous microbes in the

body social—fellows atavistic, atypic, morbid, who exist today as well as yesterday, and here as well as there. One may regard them as moral monsters, or instinctive criminals, or as hovering on the borderline of crime in such narrow way that a touch will send them off. But it is probable that such individuals are more numerous where people are crowded, than where life depends upon individual exertion, as on the frontier; though in the latter case their deeds make more noise, since they are more spectacular, and the victims of their ferocity are more conspicuous. Nor must it be forgotten that every crime tends to stir up certain morbid instincts in weak and ill-balanced natures, which exist on the frontier as everywhere else; but perhaps, again, those are not as numerous in places where men are directly fronted with responsibility. Yet every one will recall instances where one crime finds an outcropping of criminals, even in a highly organized society. As for the Indian, what can he know of the forces behind appearances—the strong military arm of which he sees but a mere finger tip, in Rangers or troops? Enlightened opinion makes no wholesale condemnation, but rather deplores widespread misunderstanding. Enlightened opinion cannot see military aggression in the treatment of Indians, but rather heroic measures, undertaken because a flame, leaping into a conflagration, must be quenched by all possible means.

How many cases come to mind, of deeds done by individuals which were the cause of wholesale massacres—that affair in the Sacramento Valley, when an arrow shot by an Indian resulted in the indiscriminate killing of all Indians found, male and female; that piece of treachery on the part of Mexicans, when trusting Indians were slaughtered, and which led to Manco Colorado's sworn enmity; that terrible affair at Trinity Bay! The last has almost a ring of exaggeration about it, yet it is true. There was the little island near Eureka, on it not an able-bodied man, but only the old and infirm, women and children, keeping camp while the men were out on a hunting and fishing trip. To the island came a few whites, and who so narrow as to call them anything but thorough-paced criminals, for, without slightest shadow of cause, they murdered every living soul there, and more than a hundred were slain that night. As might be expected the Indians swore revenge, started to take it, and so broke out the Klamath War, in which (I quote William H. Brewer's journal) prisoners were taken by neither white nor Indian, "and desolate farms, the ashes of buildings, and mutilated dead" made a sad trail. That was in 1860, and Brewer saw the aftermath three years later.

Then there was that other sad piece of business of 1873, also in the Klamath country, when, after many killings, Major James Jackson started to

round up the Modocs, who took up their stronghold in that lava land which, as any one who has seen it will testify, makes a very effective set of natural fortifications, in which troops could hardly operate; so the white men fell to wiser courses, and a peace commission was appointed. So came a conference, with each side setting forth its tale of wrongs endured, and opportunities to be embraced, and its wish to diffuse what was good and fair. And, to emphasize his great purpose, General Canby drew a straight line along the ground, and declared that it showed how the white man's law was straight and direct. Thereupon Captain Jack, the Indian chief, also drew a line, but one viciously zig-zagged, saying, "Your white man's law is crooked as this," then went on to give instances of wrongs inflicted on his people, citing the affair of Eureka Island, as well as others. He, too, had demands to make and proposals to offer, nor could he be made to know how those in front of him were not authorized to settle matters definitely and finally; and when they told him that his proposals must needs be referred to others, Captain Jack, conscious of a thickening cloud of angry resentment among his people, demanded: "Do you agree? Speak. I am tired of waiting. We are all tired of waiting."

Then others spoke, some pacifying, some explaining. But the devil of misunderstanding was

afoot. General Canby staggered and fell, with a bullet under his right eye. Several shots hit Meacham, and one dropped another commissioner. Thereafter, over that waste of lava, trouble was king for a long time, with General J. C. Davis finally surrounding the Modocs and forcing their surrender; which being done, he decided to hang a dozen captives outright, as an example, though in that he was prevented by wiser counsels. Those wiser counsels in turn were resented by white settlers, who, taking the law in their own hands, held up a train in which were Modoc prisoners and shot several Indians. So matters went downhill, and downhill, with passions under lessened control, until, on October 3rd, 1873, Captain Jack stood on the gallows and made a last speech, of magnetic quality and full of vital import, and by his dying, I think, helped some to see rightly. Certainly, by his words, he showed himself to be no ordinary person, but one who might have been a constructive leader, had moderation earlier prevailed, and had criminals not fired the spark that led to the explosion.

So something has been told, but how little of the whole story has been told! For out of that strange procession that marches across the stage, led by the Viking, rovers, rangers, and rascals, one can

pick out but a few, an individual here and another there as the eye chances to light; and even as one looks for a moment, fresh ranks of them go trooping by—men of foreign speech, and men of homely tongue; those “hateful to God and to the enemies of God,” as Dante says, and those of high purpose who devote their energies to its fulfilment. Lath and plaster men who caper to attract the world’s attention, and some who hide a secret of dark guilt, and others of modesty and dignity, and many who have gone on their ways unnoticed, though well-doing had become a very second nature to them, their lives spent in cheerful obedience to the call of duty. For there have been many Frémonts, and many Carsons, many La Salles, and many Eiriks who lacked heralds to trumpet their passing.

On they come, up-builders mingled with destroyers; men of discipline, and rebels against constituted authority; men of order, and others of disorder and confusion; some who seek quiet, and some who move amid loud uproar; some capable of self-rule, and some destined to be chaotic; mild-mannered men, and men who are defiant; men forgetful of self, and men regardless of human rights; quiet workers and sensationalists side by side; men who augment and men who diminish the total of good in life; men with a clear eye to that duty which lies nearest, and men of selfish passions; the clean-handed, and those who are malefactors.

Out of the desert they come, and out of the mountains—stout-hearted Tom Smith, Marshal of Carson City, who carried no gun, and said that the good officer brings in his man alive; Ed Schieffelin, who found the Tombstone gold; and the Clantons, and Earps, and John Ringo, and Curly Bill; and the fool who found gold and gave away in a day \$12,000 worth of jewelry; and jail-breakers, and stage-coach robbers, and poker players, and that man of exaggerated self-confidence, Doc Holliday; and the Geronimo warriors, and Geronimo himself; and quiet-minded Colonel Hooker, who showed the world that alfalfa could be planted to thrive in Arizona; and stolid, solid Charles Meyer, who knew nothing of written law, but enforced it by the light of common sense; and Ed Beale, who made the first wagon road in Arizona; and General George Crook, who went about among the Apaches “without baggage and without fuss,” and did in quiet what noise could never have done.

Out from the southwest they come—spectacular Sam Houston, cold as a lizard and proud as Satan, mysterious, masterful, Indian at heart; and that Jo Taylor and his family, who stood off a band of raiding Kickapoos while his children molded bullets, and won at odds of fifty to one; and Stephen Austin, who first dreamed of an independent Texas, and wrought for it, in spite of poverty and prison; and those men of the Alamo and their

leader, William B. Travis, soft-voiced and steel-hearted; and James Bowie, who fought from his deathbed; and the Mexican, Seguin; and frontiersman David Crockett, with his merry fiddle-bow; mightiest and noblest of souls, these! And what of Colonel Slaughter, pioneer who put up the first windmill in Big Spring country, so bringing hidden streams to arid lands on ten thousand ranches, so that no longer need cowboys strain foul, bug-ridden water through their handkerchiefs! There comes, too, many a stage-coach driver, with horses no such creatures as artists depict, well-groomed and trained, but unbroken bronchos, roped and tied down and harnessed and hitched by main force, and released for first service when the corral gates were flung open.

Sinister figures, victims of arrested development, there are too—that cat-eyed McCoy, who banded together in Pennsylvania in 1877 those calling themselves “Molly Maguires,” a band that worked with poison and dagger and torch and terrorized a million people, until they came near to making an indelible stain on the state’s history. There marches, too, Donald M’Andrew, at the head of his masked men, robed in white, hideous and fantastic, terrifying decent folk of 1866, bullying, whispering with poison tongue, murdering; then, following in their steps, the buffoon rascal Simmons, of a later day, to excite a passing frenzy.

Rocardo Policci of the Black Hand also marches, blood-stained and evil; and hard-case Captain John Whitman, of the brig *Olive Pecker*, whose brutality provoked a mutiny and his own death at the hands of his cook.

A roaring, disorderly, loose-marching company comes, many men of many sorts—Indians, in feathers and war-paint, who left their own kind to fight with the white man; and white men, who left their own to fight with the invaded; loyalists or renegades, knaves or knights, with no line of distinction, but only a point of view to classify them; men who ran supreme risks to serve strange ends of their own, sometimes for the joy of action, sometimes for gold, sometimes for position, sometimes for principle, and sometimes chaffering for a price with two parties without certainty of allegiance to either.

And what tales remain to be told of those men of uncontrolled emphasis—pirates and buccaneers, smugglers and smuggler-pirates, privateers, corsairs, men of reckless valor—Gasparilla, who thought to oppose his rascals against entrenched authority; La Fitte, hovering between heroism and downright ruffianism; Blackbeard Teach, the terror of the Virginian coasts, who took toll of planters and citizens and fell by the hand of a quiet man who had little thought of killing; and the crew of the *Tonquin* and the Indians who seized that ship.

And what men of tireless energy and dauntless spirit are these, their names not loudly trumpeted, many of them forgotten, despite lives of high and severe discipline, their deeds doughty and fruitful: men of the John James Audubon type, and men with spirit akin to that ornithologist Alexander Wilson who left his weaver's shuttle; men capable of fatigue, bound to a purpose, strong and self-contained, riding or walking over vast stretches of country for science's sake—map-makers, surveyors, naturalists, geologists, archeologists. The names of some leap to mind: La Harpe, Du Tisné, La Vérendrye; Peary, in the Arctic, with all those years of patient endeavor; one-armed Major Powell, daring the turbulent Colorado: Jacob Hamlin, and the Negro Estevanico; and Almon Thompson, who, first of white men, explored the Shawitz country; and Richard F. Burton: and men who kept on as did those of the Brewer expedition in California, their loyalty unshaken in spite of legislators and those who lacked sympathy with noble aims; men of vision and fidelity; men who could cling to their objective against countless obstacles, who held true to Polaris despite incredible hardship, discouragement and disappointment.

Hail to them! Hail to all those of serious purpose, of hope and ardor, of that conduct which makes the man! Hail to the men of good-faith,

the men of patience, of courage, of cheerfulness!
For such have won, and such shall ever win, not in
the reward of accomplishment, nor in the noise of
acclaiming voices, but in their high endeavor, the
Distant Prize.

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